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Italy - Descr. and trav., 1800-
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THE IDLER

IN

ITALY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

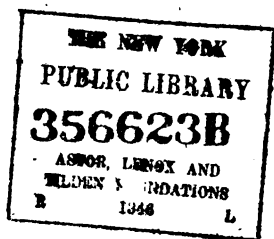
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JOURNAL OF A TOUR.

August 25th, 1822.—AND so, I am leaving my home—my happy home!—There is something sad in the thought. I looked often at the pictures, and the various objects of use, and decoration, in the apartments, with a sort of melancholy feeling, that I anticipated not I should experience, on undertaking a pleasurable tour—a tour I have so long desired to make. Yet now, that the moment of departure is nearly arrived, I almost wish I was not going. Yes, the quitting home for an indefinite period, makes one thoughtful. What changes, what dangers may come before I sleep again beneath its roof! Perhaps, I may never—but I must not give way to such sad forebodings. The taking leave of friends is painful, even those whose society afforded little pleasure, assume a new interest in the moment of parting. We remember only their good qualities; but, perhaps, this oblivion of their defects, proceeds from the anticipated release from their consequences. This it is that makes us often part from our friends with more kindness, than we feel in meeting them.

DOVER—Would be more agreeable, were it not associated in my mind with lurching steam packets, and qualmy passengers; to-morrow I shall be exposed to a contact with both, which, though of short duration, is, nevertheless, anything but pleasurable. Misery, it is said, makes us acquainted with strange companions. A

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steam-packet I am sure does; for I have never entered one, without beholding a most heterogeneous medley of people, the greater part with countenances indicative of sufferings actual, or prospective.

Heaven defend me from inn beds! where, stretched on a mattress harder than board, or sunk in a feather-bed breathing not of Araby the blest, one is condemned to count the weary hours of night, praying for day to release one from such discomfort. I see the packet, that is to convey us to Calais, tossing and heaving near the pier—would that the voyage were over!

CALAIS, 27th.—What a passage! Old Neptune seemed in a passion at our leaving his favorite isle; and assailed us with sundry waves, so judiciously applied, as to drench several of the pale voyagers, who in revenge returned the visits, far more offensively. The sky was gloomy and portentous, and the sea of a dingy leaden green, except when broken by the waves, which came like warriors on white coursers, speeding over its dark surface.

The packet was full, to overflowing; the cabins crowded, and the deck thronged. As I marked the rosy cheeks, and crisp curls, of many of my fair countrywomen, and the closely buttoned coats, and bluff countenances of the men, I was disposed to pity the misery that awaited them. Many of the ladies, and nearly all the males, declared that *they* never suffered from sea-sickness; but, before we had more than half crossed the channel, they had either disappeared, or were seen leaning over the ship's side, intently gazing on the sea.

Various sounds of wo, reached my ears, mingled with the hoarse voices of the sailors, and the loud wind that whistled through the sails—and the steward was continually demanded, in tones that betrayed the utter helplessness of those who uttered them. A new-married pair, proceeding to the Continent to spend the honey moon, and who entered the packet all smiles, and love, were amongst the first, to yield to the fearful influence of the briny element. The bridegroom had been encouraging the bride, by asserting that *he* was so used to the sea that

he heeded it not; an assurance, that seemed very consolatory to her. He sat by her, and supported her waist with his encircling arm, until an ejaculation of "Take me to the cabin, Henry, Oh! Oh!" broke from the lady. He attempted to assist her to descend to the cabin; but, alas! before he had moved three paces, he reeled, and crying "Steward, Steward," consigned his bride to the tender mercies of that useful person, who, basin in hand, escorted her below; while her liege lord eased his full breast over the vessel's side. Husbands left their wives, and lovers their mistresses, when assailed by this disgusting malady. Self—self—alone seemed remembered; but, in all this exhibition of our natural egotism, mothers, and mothers alone resisted—they, though half dead with sickness, could still think of their children, and forget their own sufferings, to alleviate those of their offspring.

What a pitiable sight, did the passengers present, when they rushed on deck to leave the ship! Pale faces, languid eyes, parched lips, uncurled locks, bulged bonnets, and rumpled caps, frills, and draperies, were to be seen at every side. The poor bride's smart pink bonnet was shorn of its brightness, and looked nearly as altered, and faded as her cheeks; which, half shaded by her straight dark locks, betrayed the sufferings she had endured. The bridegroom met her, with a rueful countenance, declaring that, "It was very odd, quite unaccountable, that *he*, who had crossed the sea so often, without being ill, should now have suffered so much."

I thought she looked reproachfully at him, for having deserted her, in this her first trial in wedded life. Ah! fair lady, it will be well if you have not, hereafter, greater proofs of man's selfishness!

A sea voyage, however short its duration, is a most unfavorable medium for judging mankind; and they who wish to preserve the illusions of love, would do well to eschew this ordeal; which, like the grave, separates those whom the wily archer has united. It is difficult for a man, to believe in the divinity of a beautiful woman, after he has seen her heaving, like a Pythoness, with extended jaws, upturned eyes, and ——— But for a

woman, who, conscious of her own helplessness, relies for succor on the man she loves, what can restore her confidence in his supposed strength and superiority, when she has beheld him—oh! degradation of the manly character—overpowered by sickness in its most revolting shape; and heard him uttering sounds that betray at once the internal strife, and his consequent probable oblivion of her very existence!

Oh! the comfort of a French bed! commend me to its soft and even mattresses, its light curtains, and genial *couvre pied* of eider down. Commend me, also, to a French cuisine with its soup, *sans* pepper, its cutlets *a la minute*, and its *poulet au jus*, its *café a la creme*, and its dessert. But defend me from the slamming of French doors, and the shaking of French windows; and above all, from pye-dishes, as substitutes for washing-basins; and from the odors of cigars, with which the clothes of the waiters of all French inns are impregnated.

ROUEN, 28th.—To avoid the uninteresting, and often traversed route of Abbeville, we have taken that of Rouen; and have been repaid, by passing through a much prettier country, and, above all, by seeing the cathedral.

This is, indeed, a noble pile, and inspires one with a respect for its founders. There is something highly imposing in the sight of such an edifice, with its towers and spire; and all the picturesque decoration of Gothic architecture with which it abounds. *They* surely must have truly worshipped the Deity, who took such pains to build a temple for His homage: though persons are not wanting who declare, that such temples owe their foundation less to devotion, than to superstition.

The church of St. Ouen is beautiful, and the gorgeous stained glass windows, add to its rich effect. We do not sufficiently employ stained glass, in our domestic decorations; it being generally objected to on the plea, that our sky is too obscure to admit of our exclusion of any portion of its light. Yet if instead of staring without impediment at our leaden clouds, their rays came to us in hues almost as beautiful as those of the prism, this ad-

vantage would be more than an equivalent for a slight diminution of their brilliancy.

At the Benedictine Abbey, they showed us a MS. missal, richly ornamented; the adornment of which, is said to have employed a monk for thirty years. What a waste of time! yet he who could so pass thirty years, was not likely to make a more judicious use of it. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Who would now give thirty months to a work, unless he was assured of receiving a large remuneration for it, either in gold, or in immediate celebrity? Time is become more valuable; and men are proportionably less disposed to devote more than a limited, and a well paid portion of it, to posterity. Posterity! how few work for it, how few think of it, and how few live for it! Luckily for our generation, we have had a Wellington; and *his* fame will preserve our times from oblivion.

The Museum at Rouen contains some passable pictures, chiefly by French masters; but as I as much dislike filling my pages, as my head, with catalogues, their names shall find no place in my journal.

I wish the English had not to answer for the death of Joan of Arc. It was an unnecessary barbarism, that I liked not to be reminded of, and that casts a stain on our country. Some fragments of a tower, in which it is asserted that she was confined, were pointed out to us. Poor enthusiast! her courage deserved a better fate!

Who could pass through Rouen, without remembering that it gave birth to Corneille? Glorious privilege of genius, which can render a name deathless, and awaken sympathy for the spot that gave it life. Fontenelle, Fleury, and Vertot, also, were born at Rouen, but one forgets *them*, in the stronger interest excited by the memory of Corneille; that mighty mover of the passions, and powerful delineator of their struggles and results. Yet Fontenelle, too, deserves to be remembered, if it were only for his "Plurality of Worlds;" a delightful work that renders a gratifying homage to my sex, by making one of it the medium of conveying lightly and pleasantly many of the most valuable elements of philosophy, in a

dialogue full of sense, vivacity, and refinement. His dramatic works fall infinitely short of those of his uncle Corneille; but his "Dialogues of the Dead," and his "Reflections on Dramatic Poetry," are excellent.

One is often tempted to wish, that anecdotes, derogatory to literary characters, were less generally known. Who can think as well of those writers, whose works have charmed us, after having ascertained that they were cold, selfish, and unfeeling? Thus, many of the anecdotes related of Fontenelle have left a prejudice against him in my mind that renders me less disposed to remember him with complacency. None of them is more illustrative of the selfishness of his disposition than that related of him by Grimm, who states, that Fontenelle, having a great partiality to asparagus dressed with oil, was, on a certain day, that he intended to regale himself with his favorite dish, surprised by a visit from the Abbe Terrasson, who proposed staying to dine with him. Fontenelle told him of the asparagus, when the Abbe Terrasson declared, he would only eat it dressed with butter. The host explained the sacrifice he made, in consenting that one half should be dressed with butter; but shortly after, the Abbe Terrasson fell from his chair, struck dead by apoplexy, when Fontenelle ran to the door of his kitchen, exclaiming,

"All the asparagus to be dressed with oil—all to be dressed with oil!"

Dining at Lord Hyde's a few days after, he remarked, that the anecdote of the Abbe Terrasson had brought asparagus into fashion, and increased the price. With an esprit the most caustic, and epigrammatic, he was inordinately fond of praise. A person one day said, that to praise Fontenelle required the finesse and talent of Fontenelle.

"*N'importe*," replied the latter, "*Louez moi, tous-jours.*"

Vertot's works are very voluminous, and his "Histories of Revolutions," of which he wrote no less than three, are worth perusal.

ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE, 30th.—I like this old place. Its very atmosphere inspires a dreamy sort of reverie, in which the mind is carried out of the busy present, into the pensive past. Here dwelt the Sybarite Louis XIV; and here died, in exile, the dethroned James II of England! How many heart burnings must the latter have endured from the period of being treated as the fêted monarch, until he became to be considered only as the pensioned refugee; his misfortunes aggravated, by the knowledge that a daughter usurped his throne. He must, indeed, have felt "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child." That the ties of consanguinity are less regarded in the families of sovereigns, than in those of any other class, history has given us many examples; from the most remote periods, down to modern days, nay, even to Austria, in its abandonment of Napoleon. The son-in-law, the husband of a daughter, and the father of a grandchild of that royal house, Napoleon was too much of a *parvenu* among sovereigns, to have calculated on this desertion. A legitimate king would have been prepared for it.

The forest of St. Germain is delightful, and as I observed the sunbeams glancing through its umbrageous shades, my imagination peopled it with a royal cavalcade, as in days of yore; when the fourteenth Louis, attended by his courtiers, and ladies, pursued the chace, and the sound of hunting horns rang through the woods. Here appeared the fair and timid La Vallière, struggling between love, and religion, and doomed to find in a convent the peace a court denied her. Then passed the beautiful, but vain and ambitious de Montespan, proud of her shame, and glorying in her sin. Fontanges, and a whole host of other beauties glided by; the cortege closed by Maintenon with grave yet sweet countenance, already meditating on the throne which she aspired to share; and enslaving her royal lover, by a resistance, whose novelty formed, perhaps, her greatest, if not only attraction.

I could wander for hours in the forest of St. Germain, reflecting on the glittering pageants that have appeared among its stately avenues in the olden time; and on the

mighty changes that have since occurred. Here, all remains the same. The same blue sky looks down on the gigantic trees; the same air rustles their leaves; and the same green sward offers a carpet to the feet. But *they*, the proud, the gay, where are they! *He* who abandoned the palace of St. Germain, because it commanded a view of the towers of St. Denis, where he was one day to repose, has long been consigned to that spot, he could not bear to contemplate, followed by little regret, and remembered but as a vain-glorious voluptuary; a slave to love and luxury, in his youth, and to bigotry and superstition in his old age. The coarser vices of the fifteenth Louis screened the memory of his predecessor from the severity of censure he merited. Pompadour, and Du Barry, were considered to be more degrading mistresses to a monarch, than *les grandes dames* selected for that *glittering shame* by Louis XIV, and the park *au cerf*, a more demoralising example, than a court, which might be almost looked on as a harem. French morals were shocked at the low intrigues of one monarch though they had more than tolerated the more elevated profligacy of the other. But a true morality would be disposed to consider the courtly splendor attached to the loves of Louis XIV, as the more demoralising example of the two, from being the less disgusting.

31st.—Left St. Germain with regret; but the fair, to which crowds were flocking, destroyed its greatest attraction for me, who like its solitude and repose. Fine ladies and gentlemen, mingling in the dance, with grisettes, and shopmen, beneath trees from which lamps were suspended, soon fatigues even a looker on; and the witnessing whole piles of edibles demolished, and whole bevvies of lovers rendering themselves agreeable, by filling the ears of their mistresses with flattery, and their mouths with cakes and *bon-bons*, soon ceases to interest. What most strikes me in France, is the predetermination of being gay, evinced by all who frequent any place of amusement. Here, are never seen the vapid countenances, or *air ennuyé*, sure to be encountered at

similar scenes in England; where people, especially those of the upper class, seem to go, only for the purpose of exhibiting their discontent. This facility of being amused, is a great blessing; more particularly to those, who cannot exist without at least making the effort to seek amusement. For myself, a book, or the society of two or three friends, is always sufficient, provided the book be one that makes me feel, or think—in fact, be what I call a suggestive book—and that the friends are imaginative people. But defend me from matter-of-fact ones! who reason when they ought to feel, and reduce all to the standard of their own mediocrity.

PARIS, 31st.—Always gay and pleasant, but frivolous Paris! where to amuse oneself seems to be the sole business of life with all thine inhabitants, from the elegant duchesse of the Faubourg St. Germain, down to the *piquant grisette* of the Rue St. Denis. These people possess surely a most mercurial temperament, and give way to its excitement with a most philosophical *laissez aller*. We English are, or fancy that we are, wiser. Are we happier? Does the forethought, that impels us to pass half our days in acquiring means for enjoying the other half, leave us in a state to appreciate its advantages when they arrive? And are not the French wiser, who snatch at the present and abandon the future to the arbitrement of chance? How thoroughly English it is of me, to enter into this grave and hypothetical disquisition! while a bright sun is shining through my windows numberless carriages rattling past them, and crowds of well dressed people flocking to the 'Tuileries' gardens in front of my abode.

I have just returned from a visit to my old friend the Baron Denon, who was, as all my French acquaintances profess themselves to be, "charmed to see me." I like this warmth of manner, even though it may not always spring from the heart. It is at least an amiable deception calculated to give pleasure, and to injure no one; though we English denominate it by the harsh term of insincerity. The good Denon is a most amusing man, a

compound of *savant* and *petit maître*; one moment, decanting on Egyptian antiquities, and the next, passing eulogiums on the *joli chapeau* or *robe* of his female visitors. He seems equally at home in detailing the perfections of a mummy, or in describing "*le mignon pied d'une charmante femme*;" and not unfrequently turns from exhibiting some *morceau d'antiquité bien remarquable*, to display a cast of the exquisite hand of Pauline Borghese.

His anecdotes of his idol Napoleon, are very interesting, and, of course, are colored by his partiality. He told me, that on one occasion, Napoleon wished him to make a sketch of Marie-Louise, for a statue which he intended to have executed by Canova. She was to be represented as a Roman Empress, with flowing drapery, bare arms, and a tiara. Denon was in her apartment, endeavoring to place her in a graceful posture; to accomplish which he found to be, if not an impossible, at least a difficult task. Napoleon, who was present, appeared mortified at the total want of natural grace of the Empress; and when he next met Denon alone, remarked, "that it was strange that a person so perfectly well shaped, should be so remarkably stiff, and *gauche* in all her movements."

May not grace be considered to be the *esprit* of the body?

Denon would be nothing without his collection. His house is a perfect museum, and furnishes him with an inexhaustible topic on which to expend his superfluous animation, and scientific discoveries. Delighted with himself, and grateful to all who seem to participate in his self-adoration, he is the most obliging of all egotists; and, what is rare, the least tiresome. "*L'Empereur et moi*" forms the *refrain* of most of his monologues; and it is evident that he thinks one, in no degree inferior to the other. His vanity, *always* harmless, is frequently very amusing. It consoles him under every change, and solaces him under every privation. It also renders him observant of, and indulgent to, the vanity of others; which he conciliates, by a delicate and judicious flat-

tery, that seldom fails to send his visitors away, no less satisfied with him, than with themselves. He resembles certain mirrors, in which, though we know our image to be too favorable, we take an infinite pleasure in contemplating it.

September 1st.—MY BIRTH DAY.—I could be *triste*, and sentimental, were I to give way to the reflections which particular recollections awaken. In England, I should experience these doleful feelings, but at Paris, *tristesse*, and sentimentality, would be misplaced; so I must look *couleur de rose*, and receive the congratulations of my friends, on adding another year to my age; a subject far from meriting congratulations, when one has passed thirty. Youth is like health, we never value the possession of either, until they have begun to decline.

There is no place, where privacy is so little to be enjoyed, as at Paris; unless one uses the precaution of locking one's door. I allude of course to an *hôtel garni*. Every five minutes, some *garçon en veste, frotteur sans veste*, or *laquais de place*, looks into the *salon*, or *chambre-à-coucher*, mutters a "*Pardon, madame*," and retreats, leaving one quite mystified, as to what could be the excuse for the intrusion. The *horloger* who regulates the *pendules* of this hotel walked into my chamber, *sans cérémonie*, this morning, ere I had left my pillow; wound up the time-piece on the console, most methodically, and then withdrew, without a word of excuse, to my great astonishment, and to the horror of my *femme de chambre*; who followed him to the ante-room, to explain the indecorum of his conduct. An English clockmaker would be quite as much embarrassed, could he find himself in such a position, as the lady into whose room he had intruded; but a Frenchman is never embarrassed, and considers another person's entertainment of this feeling, as a proof of *gaucherie*.

Oh! the noises of every description, that assail one's ears, from early morn to midnight, in a Parisian hotel! the neighing of horses in the court, the rumbling of carriage wheels, the swearing of coachmen, the grumbling

of the porter, shrill voices of the female domestics, and occasional snatches of songs of the laquais; with the chirping of birds, talking of parrots, yelping of dogs, mewing of cats, and ringing of bells! How often, since my short sojourn here, have I been tempted to wish, that "I had the wings of the dove, and could flee away and be at rest," for this perpetual din confuses and overpowers me!

There are many English here; and almost all are full of complaints of the extravagance of the charges, badness of the dinners, and total want of comfort. Those accustomed to even a lavish expenditure at home, are disposed to be parsimonious abroad; and murmur at charges in Paris, that in London would be esteemed very reasonable. But the truth is, we English are prone to murmur; it is the safety-valve of our bilious temperament: and the moment we are out of England, and are deprived of our never-failing topic for complaint, our climate, we vent our national discontent on other subjects.

2nd.—There is something peculiarly light, and agreeable, in the air here, and the animals, as well as the people, seem influenced by it. The trees in the Champs Elysées, and Tuileries, have assumed their rich autumnal hues; and the ladies have added to their summer costume, a warm shawl, thrown over the shoulders with a grace peculiar to Parisians. The animation of their countenances, elegance of their *tournures*, and smallness of their feet, are remarkable; and, joined to a certain *air dégagé*, equally free from boldness, as from awkwardness, render them extremely attractive. It strikes me, that French women are more formed to be admired, than loved; and English women, *vice versa*. The constitutional gaiety and animation of the former, with their quickness at repartee, and love of society, while it serves to render them very agreeable, is not conducive to the creation of the soft, and grave sentiment of love: hence, the tender passion is more *talked of*, than *felt*, in France, and intrigues of gallantry are more frequent, than attachments founded on strong affection. Society, is the paramount object of

life, with a fine lady in France. For this, she dresses, thinks, talks, and arranges her house, all of which she does *à merveille*; and no where, consequently, is society better understood, or more agreeable. A perfect ease, and yet a scrupulous decorum, a vivacity that never passes the limits of good breeding, and a knowledge that never degenerates into pedantry, characterise it; as all must admit, who have had opportunities of judging.

An acquaintance of mine, once expressed his opinion of French ladies by saying, "They are pretty, lively, and amusing, but are too clever; and seem too certain of their own attractions to catch hearts, though they win admiration."

The politeness for which Frenchmen are proverbial, is much less flattering to individual vanity, than is the less ostentatious civility of Englishmen. The former is so general in his attentions, that he makes one feel, that the person to whom he is addressing them, is only receiving what would have been equally offered to any other lady by whom he might chance to have been placed; whereas, an Englishman, is either silent, or reserved, unless animated by a contact with some person who has pleased him: consequently, his compliments have a point, and, if I may use the expression, an individuality, that convince *her*, to whom they are addressed, that they could *not* have been applied to another. A Frenchman never forgets that he is talking to one of a sex for which he professes a general veneration; the Englishman forgets the whole sex in the individual that interests him.

Accomplishments, such as music, and dancing, considered to be peculiar to women in England, are as generally cultivated by males as by females, in France. This habit, I think, though I know many will disagree with me, is injurious in its effects; because it assimilates the two sexes, which ought ever to retain their peculiar and distinct attributes. The more masculine a man's pursuits and amusements are, the more highly will he be disposed to estimate feminine accomplishments, in which he can have no rivalry; and which, by their novelty, may tend to form a delightful recreation for his leisure hours. The

manly occupations which call him from home, render him more susceptible of the charm of female society when he returns to it; hence I would encourage a system that tended to make women as feminine, without being effeminate, as possible; and men as masculine, without being coarse.

But, mercy on me! here am I systematizing, in the midst of noises, that give one an idea of Noah's ark; instead of enjoying the bright sunshine that is so tempting. *Allons!* for a *promenade en voiture*, in the Champs Elysées, and after that, a *piéd* in the Tuileries gardens.

3rd.—*La cuisine française* has greatly degenerated even within my memory. The judges of the culinary art of *l'ancien régime*, declare that the *parvenue noblesse* of Napoleon's creation destroyed it, by bringing into vogue the savory, but coarse *plats* of their humbler days; but I think the influx of strangers, in 1814, did more to deteriorate it. Those who would form a just notion of *la cuisine française* in its pristine glory, must acquire a knowledge of it in the *salles-à-manger* of some of the *vieille cour* in the Faubourg St. Germain; or in a few of the houses of our own nobility in London, who have preserved some *chef de cuisine*, whose *savoir* has not been corrupted or palate impaired, by the impurities of the modern French school. In such houses, they will find a preponderance of white over brown sauces; onions will be rendered innoxious by being stewed in loaf sugar; and fish, fowl, and flesh will be refined by a process that, while expelling their grossness, leaves all the nutritious quality. A perfect French dinner is like the conversation of a very clever and highly educated man—enough of the raciness of the inherent natural quality remains to gratify the taste, but rendered more attractive by the manner in which it is presented. An old nobleman used to say that he could judge of a man's birth by the dishes he preferred; but above all, by the vegetables: truffles, morels, mushrooms, and peas, in their infancy, he designated as aristocratic vegetables; but all the vast stock of beans, full-

grown peas, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cauliflowers, onions, &c. &c., he said were only fit for the vulgar.

The Spaniards have introduced a taste for garlic in Paris, and the restaurants have adopted it in many of their *plats*, the odor of which, fortunately, warns one in time. Apropos of garlic, somebody said that the Spaniards were so patriotic that they never forgot their country; "How can they," observed a listener, "when the taste and smell of it never forsake their mouths?"

4th.—The dinners at our hotel are execrable; and so seemed our friend, Mr. Moore, the poet, to think yesterday. I hate going to dine at a restaurateur, though it is quite *à-la-mode* for the English to do so here; and consequently I prefer a bad dinner at home. But it really was provoking to invite T. Moore to partake a repast so unworthy of him. A mouth that utters such brilliant things, should only be fed on dainty ones; and as his skill in gastronomy nearly equals his skill in poetry, a failure in one art must be almost as trying to his temper, as the necessity of reading a failure, in the other: nay, it would be worse, for one may laugh at a bad poem, but who has philosophy enough to laugh at a bad dinner? A true gastronome might, on seeing one, exclaim with the good Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day;" for no substitute of *côtelette-à-la minute*, or *recherché souper*, can atone for the first disappointment. As our cook is considered to be one of the most accomplished artistes, the novelty of a bad dinner abroad may be endured with Christian patience; but so thought not some of our friends, who were eloquent on the abomination of charging extravagantly for fare that was only fit for those who look more to the quantity, than to the quality.

5th.—I have passed the morning in descending *La Montagne Russe*, a very childish, but exhilarating amusement. One soon conquers the nervousness attending a first descent; after which, the extreme velocity with which one is hurried along, is so agreeable an excitement, that I am not surprised to find that many people

have frequent recourse to it. T. Moore often visits this spot, and greatly enjoys a descent. It is pleasant to observe with what a true zest he enters into every scheme of amusement; though the buoyancy of his spirits, and resources of his mind, render him so independent of such means of passing time. His is a happy temperament, that conveys the idea of having never lived out of sunshine; and his conversation reminds one of the evolutions of some bird of gorgeous plumage, each varied hue of which becomes visible as he carelessly sports in the air.

Our domestics already murmur at the hardships to which they are exposed, and begin to sigh for the flesh-pots of England. What will they think of Italy? where, by all accounts, servants live in a state nearly approaching patriarchal simplicity. After all, a certain station of life brings with it its own annoyances. The greater number of domestics one is compelled to keep, the greater are the torments they inflict; for they are so incapable of submitting to aught in the shape of hardships, and are so prone to consider every deviation from their ordinary routine of comforts, as such, that they are generally found to be more troublesome than useful, out of England. The ladies' maids sigh for their tea and toast, and the men groan at the absence of their beef and porter. I have observed that persons accustomed from infancy to the utmost luxury, can better submit to the privations occasioned by travelling, than can their servants. The minds of the one class being interested by novel scenes, forget, in the excitement they experience, the loss of those physical enjoyments which habit had rendered almost necessary; while the others, having no such gratification, daily and hourly feel the want of that which constitutes their principal pleasure—a luxurious table. The greater the degree of mental occupation, the less will be the fastidiousness of the palate, or the anxiety to indulge it, but those who pay least attention to the mind, are precisely those who devote the most to the body.

The English here appear to enter into the amusements with a most business-like assiduity; each tells one that he or she *must* go to the theatres, (*bongré malgré*) for

every one goes; must drive in the dusty Bois de Boulogne or more dusty Champs Elysées, because every one drives or rides there; must form one of the crowd at the English ambassador's on a certain evening; and do half-a-dozen other equally tiresome things; all of which they profess to detest doing, but to which an imaginary sense of necessity compels them. All this seems very incomprehensible to the French; one of whom observed to me, that my compatriots seemed to "*s'ennuyer beaucoup en cherchant de s'amuser*."

Here, where people are very much disposed to forget the *qu'en dira-t-on*, provided they please themselves, our mania, of seeking amusement as an imperative duty, or as a means of displaying our fashion, by being seen everywhere, seems a most unaccountable infatuation. Each individual of a certain station here, has sufficient self-respect, *amour-propre*, or what you will, to consider him, or herself, in no way dependent on an association with others for the estimation to which they believe themselves entitled. Hence their conduct is not influenced by that of others; and their modes of life are more easy and agreeable. They are not afraid of losing *caste*, if not seen in such or such circles, or if *seen*, in others. They are not continually endeavoring to exhibit their intimacies with people of distinction, or shrinking from acknowledging them with those who are obscure. In short, *Fashion*, that tyrant whose reign is so despotic in England, is here compelled to limit his influence to the *dresses* of his subjects, leaving their *minds* free from his thralldom.

Yes, they manage all this better in France than with us; not perhaps, because they are more wise, but because they are more vain; that is, they have more individual vanity than we have. When the effect is so good, we ought not to analyse the *cause* too closely.

6th.—Spent the greater part of the day at the Louvre. Though this is my third visit to Paris, and that I have visited the gallery of the Louvre at least thirty times, I derived as much gratification from it to-day, nay perhaps

even more, than on my first view of it. I think that fine music, fine sculpture and fine pictures, gain by long acquaintance; for, independent of their own attractions, they acquire those of association. One remembers when, and with whom, they were first heard or seen, the novelty of the pleasure they excited, and the impressions to which they gave birth; and we live the past over again on hearing or beholding them. *They* are always the same, but *we* are already changed, and ever changing. There is something that stirs the soul and elevates the feelings, in gazing on these glorious productions of master minds, where genius has left its ineffaceable impress, to bear witness to posterity of its achievements. The sublime beauty of form, the inspired expression of countenance, and the gorgeous coloring, the work of cunning hands long mouldered in the dust, appeal to our sympathies; and withdraw us from the egotistical feelings in which we are but too prone to indulge. What dreams must have been theirs, who thus portrayed all that the imagination can fancy of beautiful and sublime! How must their hearts have throbbed as the glowing images grew beneath their pencils, and a foretaste of the immortality they were laboring for was granted. Yes, they must have felt that for ages and ages, eyes would dwell with delight on their works, and grateful lips murmur their names; and this anticipation of fame must have incited them to merit it; for genius, like hope, looks ever to the future.

Pictures, like music, and in truth, like all that is fine, are to be felt, and not reasoned upon. When I hear the cant of criticism, every assertion of which goes far to prove the want of feeling of those who utter it, I turn away in disgust to meditate in silence on what others can talk about, but not comprehend. Here, Claude Lorraine seems to have imprisoned on canvass, the golden sunshine in which he bathed his landscapes. There, Raphael makes us, though stern Protestants, worship a Madonna and child; such is the innocence, sweetness and beauty with which he has imbued his subjects. Leonardo da Vinci, with the exquisite finish and grace

that characterise the pencil of that great artist, is contrasted by the bold and vigorous pictures of Salvator Rosa, who painted only the stern and savage of animate and inanimate nature. There glows a Titian, with the warm hues of the painter of voluptuous beauty—he who made even the goddess of love as fair as imagination represents her. And there, a Rubens, who, though his pencil was dipped in the brightest tints, too often expended its rich coloring on forms that look as if fed on the coarsest fat of the land. The exuberant *embonpoint* of Rubens' women disgusts me; they appear designed to attract the admiration of graziers or butchers, only; and even those who most admire his brilliant coloring, must wish he had chosen more delicate subjects on which to display it. The observation of a countrywoman, on contemplating one of these over-fed representations, amused me:—“*Dieu, comme elle est bien nourrie!*”

Paul Veronese might truly be called *le peintre de bonne compagnie*. Lords and ladies, satins, damask, cloth of gold, gilt vases, glowing fruit, marble columns, and balustrades, golden-haired dames, and richly attired knights, stand forth in all his works, forming a gorgeous combination and *ensemble*, that glads and satisfies the eye. He seemed to revel in luxurious subjects; yet there is no glare in his pictures; all is harmonious and finely toned.

I am a passionate admirer of the Venetian school. Its productions, like a fine lamp, illumine the spot where they are placed, with a warm, sunny hue, that one feels on entering it. They form an atmosphere of light and beauty. With Titian, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Bassano, one could get up a sort of *serre chaude*, to warm the imagination, in our northern climate; where nine months, at least, of every year the mind suffers, nearly as much as the body, from cold.

On viewing the treasures of art in the Louvre, and examining the works of the generality of modern French artists, one is surprised that with such models, they should have made so little progress. Their school is meretricious, hard, and labored; an undue attention is bestowed

on the accessories in their pictures, to the detriment of the principal objects; and the details are so minutely executed, as to bear the closest inspection, while the general effect is impaired by a want of power and vigor. Their Gerard falls infinitely short of our Lawrence in portrait painting; notwithstanding, he is a man of considerable ability. I must except David's portrait of Pope Pius the Seventh, from my censure on French portraits; for it is admirable.

Horace Vernet is one of the most remarkable artists of the day, and is gifted with a versatility of talent as rare as it is valuable. It is interesting to see hereditary genius thus passing to the third generation, and without deterioration.

There are several clever painters of *tableaux de genre* in France, but how immeasurably inferior to our Wilkie are their best; and who have they to compete with Landseer and many others? Yes, England has made a mighty stride in art, although she has had no Louvre to study *chefs-d'œuvre* in, nor ransacked Italy and Spain of their choicest productions. This is something of which to be proud; especially in a people that Napoleon was pleased to designate "a nation of shopkeepers."

8th.—Spent the morning at the Louvre, in the sculpture galleries. What treasures of art! The Diana is exquisite, the very personification of dignity and *fierté*; beautiful in the details, and charming in the *ensemble*; yet how totally different from the beauty of the Venus! One hardly knows to which to yield the palm. The latter, all softness and roundness, the forms melting into one another, and imbued, as it were, with a conscious bashfulness: the other, cold, haughty, fearless, yet not masculine; with all of woman's beauty, and none of its effeminacy. How inimitable are the works of the ancients! What repose, dignity, and grace! There is an individuality conspicuous, even in the statues which are most elevated above the limits of mortal beauty, which yet proves that they were copied from nature; a nature far

superior to that which we behold, because unspoilt by tight-lacing or compression.

The Gladiator, whose real station the cognoscenti have not yet decided, some asserting it to be a warrior, and others maintaining it to be a gladiator, is a fine statue. There is something in the face indicative of a more elevated character than we attribute to a mercenary fighter; an expression of moral as well as physical courage, and the action is vigorous and full of life. Byron has done as much as Agaseas, the sculptor, who executed this *chef-d'œuvre*, to give immortality to the gladiator; for who can behold the statue without thinking of his beautiful allusion to the subject, suggested by the view of the Coliseum and the celebrated statue at Rome.—

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire?
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

The gladiator was found at Actium, near to the place where the Apollo of Belvidere was discovered; which leads to the conclusion that some connoisseur of the arts, wealthy enough to indulge an exquisite taste, must have had a residence there. Happy man! who enjoyed, even for the brief span of his life, works that have delighted posterity; and which, after the lapse of so many centuries, remain as models to direct taste, and prove the excellence which we cannot reach. It has frequently

occurred to me that the sculptors of antiquity had an advantage in practising their art, denied to, or, at least, rarely possessed by, those of our own time. I refer to the physiognomies of that epoch; the expressions of which were more simple and concentrated than at present. Enough civilisation then existed to admit of all the graceful adjuncts of decoration in the costumes, and in the care of the persons of their subjects, which is required to form a fine work; yet originality of expression, or peculiarity of *tournure*, was not impaired by the mannerism of fashion, or the insipidity of imitation, which, in our days, render so many people alike. The passions, too, were then more powerful, and consequently more strikingly developed in the countenances, than now; when affectation, engendered by extreme civilisation, and nurtured by a false refinement, has much deteriorated natural expression. Women dared to frown or smile then, without remembering the effect of either movement of the muscles on their beauty. Now, they seldom exceed a simper, and even this only when they have good teeth.

Pictures, when compared with statues, appear evanescent as the beings they are made to represent. A few centuries passed, and they are faded or destroyed; while the enduring marble resists time, and triumphs over decay.

9th.—Lord —— dined with us. I wonder whether I shall ever arrive at the *sang froid* and *nonchalance* that distinguish him! The *nil admirari* seems indeed to be his motto. He has seen as much of the world as most men, has read more, and is by no means deficient in good sense or ability. How, therefore, he can lead the indolent life he pursues, astonishes me! Play has, I am told, produced this effect. This vice, like the touch of the torpedo, benumbs the faculties, and destroys the pure sense of enjoyment natural to a healthy state of mind. It has not, however, soured his temper, which is all mildness; nor injured his manners, which are peculiarly agreeable. Gaming, like intoxication, gives birth to a progeny of other vices, generally rendering those who yield to it,

as baneful to self, as careless of others: he, therefore, who has so long practised, without losing either his reputation or temper, must have originally possessed a superior nature.

There is something very agreeable in the manners of a perfectly well-bred Englishman. His civilities never appear insincere or exaggerated; they are marked by a deference for the person to whom they are addressed, as well as by a self-respect that precludes flattery. His opinions are pronounced with a moderation and modesty, that prevents their irritating the vanity of those who may differ from him; and his knowledge, however various and extensive, is left to be discovered by, but is never obtruded on, his associates. A well-bred Englishman appears to think only of the persons to whom he speaks; while foreigners seem to think more of themselves.

10th.—Leave-taking is a *triste* ceremony: I have been half the day busily occupied, for to-morrow we depart. Half the persons to whom I have bidden adieu, have told me that I am sure to be disappointed in my expectations of the south of France and Italy; and the other half have predicted that I shall be delighted. I hope the latter may be the true prediction, though I go forth with no Smelfungus* predisposition to be dissatisfied, nor yet with any very enthusiastic anticipations of being charmed. In short, I am prepared not to dislike things because they are *not* English, or to like them solely because they are foreign; a mistake into which too many of my compatriots are prone to fall.

The travelling carriages, and *fourgon*, piled with imperials, and "all appliances to boot," make a very formidable array in the court-yard; and the courier, who has donned his *habit de voyage*, begins to re-assume his air of importance, as he bustles from one carriage to another,

* "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulougne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on; but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd was discolored or distorted. He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings."—*Sterne's Sentimental Journey*.

examining the springs, &c. &c. He had sunk into insignificance ever since our arrival at Paris, "his occupation gone;" but now he looks as though he considered himself an illustrious personage. 'The ladies' maids are packing, and "Oh! la-ing" at the wondrous capabilities of the imperials, chaise seats, &c., to contain the luggage added to the stock by the purchases made at Paris; and the valets and footmen are grumbling, in a most English-like fashion, at the weight of the trunks they have to stow away.

"How strange those English are!" observed a Frenchman to his companion, beneath my window, as they paused to examine our preparations. They had previously questioned our courier if all belonged to the same proprietor; and he, with "decent dignity," had replied in the affirmative. "One would suppose, that instead of a single family, a regiment at least, were about to move," continued the Frenchman; "how many things those people require, to satisfy them!"

There was some philosophy, as well as truth, in the reflection; and it forced me to think how many chains luxury forges for its votaries, in the innumerable comforts which it teaches us to regard as necessities; and the enjoyment of which is even more troublesome than the want of them could ever prove, if we were once to inure ourselves to their absence. Use, while it addicts us to superfluities, blunts the gratification their possession might have first occasioned; at the same time, rendering us more dependent on others, and less sufficient to self. If those blessed with competence, enjoy not all the pleasures granted to the rich, they, at least, escape many of the annoyances; for endless is the train of petty evils that attend the wealthy and luxurious, the imaginary ones often inflicting as much pain as the real. How easy it is to philosophise, but how difficult to reduce our philosophy to practice! I am afraid, that with all my tendency to ruminate and to analyse, I could not cheerfully resign a *dormeuse à doubleressort*, with its library, soft cushions, and eider-down pillows, its *nécessaire à déjeuner* et

à dîner, safely stowed in a well, and its innumerable other little comforts, without a sigh of regret.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 12th.—*En route*—I have passed some hours looking over the palace and grounds. Saw the gallery, where Christine of Sweden had the wretched Monaldeschi murdered, and the chamber where Napoleon signed his abdication. Two spots rendered historical by the enactment on them, of two tragical scenes in the drama of life, for it is impossible to believe that Napoleon laid down his crown without almost as bitter emotions as Monaldeschi resigned his life. A cruel woman is an anomaly in nature, and there is a ferocity in this act of Christine, that destroyed for ever all sympathy for her, in the hearts of her own sex.

Here it was that Napoleon, the spoiled child of fortune, received the first severe lesson from the fickle goddess who had so long favored him. Here, impatiently waiting for a resignation, which they knew it must fill his heart with unutterable pangs to make, his ungrateful courtiers counted the moments until they could fly from him; fearing that, like the fall of some mighty oak in the forest, which crushes all the less trees within its reach, his fall should destroy them. They repressed not the symptoms of their cruel haste from him, before whom for years, they had bowed down and worshipped: and his eagle eye, accustomed hitherto to meet only looks of homage and adoration, now fell on recreant countenances, whence ingratitude had chased even habitual hypocrisy.

Caulaincourt, the flower of French chivalry, forsook not him, whom fortune had crushed; and in the fearful solitude of a palace, that echoed back but the footsteps of departing courtiers, or the sighs of their deserted and ruined chief, he staid to console when he could no longer serve him. The fall of Napoleon furnishes a fine subject for a tragedy; but the event is too recent to admit of its being done justice to. What must have been the mental sufferings of this hero of a hundred fights, during his *séjour* in this palace! The past, the glorious and brilliant past, must have appeared to him but as a dream; and the

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present, a reality too fearful in its consequences, and disgusting in its details, to be contemplated without dismay. The treatment he experienced in his reverses, must reflect eternal dishonor on those whom he elevated to a height, of which their base ingratitude towards him subsequently proved they never were worthy. Englishmen would have been ashamed of this open and impudent display of baseness, even could they have been guilty of it, which I am willing to believe impossible.

The finest willow trees I ever saw, are at Fontainebleau; they were frequently admired by Napoleon, who, when in exile at St. Helena, selected a peculiarly large one for his favorite place of repose, during his walks. His thoughts must have been mournful at such moments, when a prisoner on a rock in the ocean, looking only for deliverance by death, and reminded by the willow, of those in the far off land of his glory, he felt that few, if any, ever more strikingly exemplified in their own persons, the mutability of fortune. He sleeps the sleep of oblivion, beneath his favorite tree; his narrow bed made by English soldiers, who paid the last honors to him, whom those he had so often led to victory, had deserted.

GENEVA, 15th.—A chasm in my Journal. The truth is, the journey between Fontainebleau and Mount Jura offered nothing worth noticing. But the descent repays one for all the tedious toil of the ascent. I had made a vow, never to attempt a description of scenery, however it might have charmed me; for all descriptions that I have ever read, however accurate they may have been, have generally produced only a vague indistinct mass of images on my brain, rather fatiguing than gratifying. But Mount Jura has left an impression on my memory that I would fain fix on my page; as tourists make a slight sketch of some scene that has delighted them, as a memento for a future picture.

Stupendous mountains, whose summits are lost in the clouds, are contrasted by less ones, covered with fir-trees, whose gigantic branches seemed formed to brave the storm. Rocks, huge and grotesque in their forms, ap-

pear ready to topple from their bases, and threaten destruction on all beneath. Blue mountains fading into distance, with occasional views of valleys, whose luxuriant fertility seems to bid defiance to the snow-capped mountains that bound the horizon, break upon the eye, exciting fresh wonder and delight. The steep and abrupt turns of the road appear so dangerous, as to beget a notion that one false step must be attended with fatal results; and the sensations occasioned by this dread, add considerably to the sublimity of the scenery. On arriving at the top of the Jura, the effect is almost magical, particularly at evening. Masses of clouds spread around covering parts of the mountain, and leaving others unveiled; while at their base seems to float a sea, which is formed of vapor, and which gives to the uncovered mountain the appearance of an immense and isolated rock, surrounded by a world of waters. The vapors pass, from mountain to mountain, with an inconceivable rapidity; assuming, in their flight, a thousand wild and fantastic forms, and leaving toweringly conspicuous the huge rocks they desert, like giants guarding their territories. While descending we were enveloped in clouds, which were so dense, that one of our carriages, which only preceded mine by a short distance, became often invisible. We saw it close to us at one moment, and, the next, it disappeared as into a gulf, and all trace of it was lost. The sensations produced by this scene, are indescribable. I felt as if entering on an unknown world; and beholding those dear to me, hurried away before, snatched from my sight even at the moment I expected to join them; yet, scarcely have I had time to mark their departure, ere I am compelled to follow the same route, and enter the clouds that concealed them. Eternity was brought to my mind, in these regions that seemed coeval with it; and a deep, but tender melancholy stole over my soul. Nature, beautiful and sublime nature, yours is the universal language to which every heart responds! You lift our thoughts to the Divinity that created you and us; you, to endure for ages, and we, but for a brief span, yet

gifted with aspirations that mount beyond you, ay, even to the throne of the power that formed both!

The first view of the lake of Geneva, from the summit of the Jura, is beautiful beyond description. It looks like a vast mirror, which reflects on its glassy surface the azure clouds that float above it, lending to them a still deeper tint of blue. This beautiful lake is bounded by verdant lawns, adorned with umbrageous trees and flowering shrubs, and interspersed with picturesque villas; each of which looks the *beau idéal* of a delicious solitude.

Descending the Jura, the simple, but sweet music, a shepherd's pipe, stole on my ear; and all that I have heard or read of the effect of the *Ranz des Vaches*, seemed realised; such was the melancholy, yet harmonious sounds it breathed, awakening a pensiveness in all who heard it. The very postilions seemed moved; for they slackened the pace of their steeds, and ceased to crack their whips. But, for me, the notes appeared to touch some chord in my heart, that vibrated to its tones. Mysterious power of music! how often have I owned your influence, "touching the electric chain by which we're darkly bound," and wafting the thoughts far, far away.

GENEVA, 16th.—I went to sleep last night with the sound of the murmuring Rhône in my ears; and awoke this morning impatient again to view the "Léman lake." How "brightly beautifully blue it is!" It looks as if the heavens had bathed in it, and left behind in its limpid waters a portion of their azure loveliness. How many eyes, to whom no common vision was granted, have dwelt with pleasure on this beautiful lake! Voltaire, the most brilliant scoffer that ever lifted the veil from the defects of his species, or gloried in exposing them; Rousseau, who avenged himself on mankind by displaying, in his Confessions, how base, how unworthy man could be; he, whose imagination was all warmth and tenderness, and whose heart was cold and hard as the ice of his native mountains—Gibbon, the always patient investigator, but not always impartial narrator, who sneered at, more frequently than he pitied, the errors he related; De

Stael, the brilliant, the eloquent De Stael, whose genius caught, as it were, by intuition, the truth that others only discover by a life of laborious study.

Shelley, the passionate, the visionary poet, dreaming away life in a world of his own creation, and giving us glimpses of its brightness in his poems: and though last, not least, Byron, the child of genius, whose passions are converted into chords, from which he can draw forth music that finds an echo in every heart. Yes, this lake is invested with an interest, more powerful than its beauty could awaken, by its association in the mind with the gifted beings who have lingered on its margin.

Sismondi resides at Geneva, and is universally beloved and respected. He is the only literary man at present here, or at least the only one of whom I have heard.

Each change of the atmosphere gives a new physiognomy to this beautiful spot. At one hour the mountains are scarcely visible, enveloped in the dense vapors that surround them; while at another, their outlines are clearly defined, and they stand so boldly prominent, that they seem to have advanced nearer to the spectator. But it is at evening, that Mont Blanc puts on its most brilliant aspect; when the rays of the setting sun tinge its snow-crowned summits, casting on them a rosy radiance which they retain for a short period, even after the bright luminary that lent it has disappeared from our sight; like memory, which retains images after the reality has faded away.

Went to Ferney to-day—that Ferney, where Voltaire constantly occupied *by*, and *for*, the world which he affected to despise, spent so considerable a portion of his time. The *salon*, and *chambre à coucher*, are preserved in the same state as when he inhabited them; except that the curtains of his bed have suffered from the desire visitors have avinced to possess a small portion of them. Hence, piece after piece has disappeared, until only a small fragment of the drapery remains. This desire to possess some memorial of departed genius has been often ridiculed; yet it is natural, and is one of the modes by

which we display our homage to those who have merited celebrity. I confess it gave me pleasure to obtain a few relics at Ferney; and among the rest, a portion of that curtain, beneath whose shade a head so often reposed, whose cogitations have been disseminated over all Europe. In the centre of the *chambre à coucher*, is a black marble vase, that formerly contained Voltaire's heart, and which bears the following inscription:—" *Mon esprit est partout et mon cœur est ici.*"

Over the vase is inscribed

" *Mes mânes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous.*"

The sentiment of affectionate retrospection that dictated these inscriptions, induces one to pardon the affectation of placing such a monument in a room.

The garden and pleasure grounds at Ferney, have nothing remarkable; except it be a trellissed walk, planned by Voltaire, with openings like windows in the sides, to admit views of the fine scenery around. This was his favorite promenade, and he sauntered for hours in it, with a note-book, in which he entered his reflections; and thence retired to a rustic building adjacent, where he dictated to his secretary some of those lucubrations that have found even more admirers than censors among their readers. The rustic building is destroyed, but the trees that overshadowed it remain, as also some planted by Voltaire, from which his admirers cut off small branches as mementoes. A garrulous old gardener, who acted as our cicerone, had lived with, and professed to remember the philosopher perfectly. He described him as vivacious and irascible to a degree, violent while the irritation continued, but placable and kind when it had subsided. He stated that frequently when at work in the garden, Voltaire has approached him abruptly, seized him by the ear, which he sharply pinched, and angrily demanding what he was doing, reprehended the operation; but that in a few minutes he returned, and seeing the work in a more forward state, he has good-naturedly exclaimed—" *Eh bien! mon ami, vous avez raison, cela est bien, fort bien même.*" The gardener remembered to

have one day observed an English traveller approach close to the terrace where Voltaire was standing, and stare at him with an air of intense curiosity. Voltaire turned himself round and round, that the stranger might have a more distinct view of him; then retired and desired his secretary to demand *dix sous* from the stranger for having seen the lion.

The impression on entering the hall at Ferney is a painful one, for a picture hangs in it that offers an irrefragable proof of the overweening vanity of Voltaire. It represents him offering the *Henriade* to Appollo, who has descended to receive it. The temple of Memory is seen in the distance with Fame approaching it, and pointing to the *Henriade*. Voltaire is surrounded by the Muses and Graces. The characters in the *Henriade* are also presented, and the authors who attacked him are portrayed as falling into the gulf which yawns to receive them. Envy and her train are prostrate at the feet of Voltaire; and to crown all, the family of Calas are drawn into the picture. Vanity of vanities, how pitiable in such a writer!

The portraits of Frederic the Great of Prussia, Catherine the Second of Russia, the Marquise du Châtelet, and Le Kain, hang in the bed-room of Voltaire, with his own portrait in the centre. That of the Marquise du Châtelet has an air of individuality that vouches for its resemblance to the original. The countenance is *piquant*, lively, and intelligent; and the dress and air denote the united pretensions of a coquette and *bas-bleu*. She is represented with a pair of compasses in her hand, and the affected posture of the fingers, with the rings that adorn them, prove that the woman was not forgotten in the mathematician; and that she who commented upon Newton, neglected not the graces.

The attachment of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet forms a curious episode in the lives of both; and however we may be disposed to believe the sympathy that attracts genius to its kindred genius, their peculiar characters compel us to admit the probability that theirs was an attachment formed more by vanity than affection: at least,

so it appears to have been on her side; witness her *liaison* with Saint-Lambert. There is something approaching the ludicrous in the whole history of this affair; though her death, *en couche*, which forms the sequel to it, throws a sombre hue over this delectable *tableau des mœurs françaises*, which not even Voltaire's lamentations, comic as they are, can enliven. The philosopher of Ferney professed to look on Saint-Lambert as an assassin who had destroyed the Marquise; and so robbed the world and him of its most brilliant ornament.

The discovery of Saint-Lambert's portrait, in a ring which Voltaire had given her, and which originally contained his likeness, must have furnished a scene worthy the talents of a Molière. This ring had been constantly worn, and Voltaire, on the death of the Marquise, claimed it, stating that it contained his portrait. What must have been his surprise, on touching the spring, to discover that of his rival! yet it prevented him not from honoring her memory by the following pompous epitaph:—

“L'univers a perdu la sublime Emilie;
Elle aimait les plaisirs, les arts, la vérité;
Les dieux en lui donnant leur âme et leur génie,
Ne se sont réservés que l'immortalité.”

The “sublime Emilie's” memory, however, found more detractors than defenders. Among the countless mordant epitaphs her death occasioned, the subjoined forms a curious contrast with that of Voltaire; and proves that even the grave does not always disarm malice:—

“Ci-gît qui perdit la vie
Dans le double accouchement
D'un traité de philosophie,
Et d'un malheureux enfant.
Lequel des deux nous l'a ravie?
Sur ce funeste événement
Quelle opinion devons-nous suivre?
Saint-Lambert s'en prend au livre,
Voltaire dit que c'est l'enfant.”

Literary men have rarely chosen *bas-bleus* for the objects of affection; and the few exceptions to this rule have not been fortunate. Among one of the many proofs of

the truth of this assertion, the *dénouement* of the *tendresse* of Pope for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu may be cited. Are we to attribute this indifference to literary ladies, on the part of literary men, to *jalousie du métier*; or is it, that ladies generally assume not heaven's cerulean blue, until the more attractive tints of the lily and rose have fled? Certain, however, it appears, that men of genius seldom seek in the other sex those who are the most capable of appreciating them; youth and beauty attracting their homage much more than talents or acquirements. Learned ladies must therefore console themselves with loving literature for its own sake; and expect not that excellence in it will obtain for them any other than "its own exceeding great reward." Madame de Stael felt this, to her, mortifying fact; and felt it more like a woman than a philosopher, when she declared, that she would resign all her genius, to possess the loveliness of Madame Recamier. Hear this, ye beauties, and exult in your empire, fleeting though it be! exult, I say, until the arrival of that fearful epoch, known by the mysterious appellation of "a certain age;" but which is just precisely the most uncertain age imaginable; the belle of the present day fixing it at twenty-five, and she of the past at, heaven only knows, how many years later. But at this sombre resting-place, the isthmus between life and death, even in a protracted existence, ye must yield up your sceptres; and then it is, that literary ladies enjoy an advantage over you, as that is the period when, though beauty is faded, intellect is the most developed. The French, who understand such matters better than we do, have decreed that, after thirty-five, ladies should not wear rose-color, but blue is allowed to all ages: and this being a very ancient regulation, has probably marked the epoch of "a certain age," as well as that too, when the dynasty may be aspired to.

But to return to Geneva, and its beautiful environs; who can explore them, without wondering that in such a region, and with such a view, as Coppet commands, its gifted owner could declare her preference for the *triste* and filthy *ruisseau* of the Rue de Bac at Paris, to the

blue Lake of Geneva. This it is to live for the world! whose artificial enjoyments render us incapable of tasting the pure and renovating charms of nature. Madame de Stael, by the power of association, had united the opaque *ruisseau* of the Rue de Bac with the brilliant circle of admiring listeners who surrounded her at Paris; until, in imagination, it not only lost all its disgusting attributes, but gained, by its proximity to that circle, a portion of its attraction. It "was not the rose, but it dwelt near it;" while the beautiful lake, reflecting only the heavens, or the fields and trees, that bordered it, could recall no *souvenirs* of brilliant *réunions*, and literary triumphs; consequently the *ruisseau* was preferred.

17th.—Beautiful as is the Lake of Geneva by day, it is, if possible, even more so by moonlight. A silvery radiance bathes its smooth and limpid surface; broken only by the reflection of the lights from the windows of the houses on its shore, which fall on it like columns of molten gold. We this day visited the English burial-ground, to view the last narrow home of our poor friend G. Three years ago, I saw him in the possession of youth, health, and spirits.—Little did either of us then imagine, that it was to be our last meeting on earth! As I plucked the rank grass from his grave, to read the inscription on the marble, that it had overgrown, the most serious homily, or eloquent discourse on death, could not have appealed so forcibly to my feelings. The tomb of a friend, at all times a melancholy contemplation, becomes still more so in a foreign land, far, far from the home, that saw the friendship to the deceased bud and bloom. That solitary grave, where no kindred come to weep, where no fond hand plucks the wild weeds and thistles away; how many fond thoughts and tender regrets does it awaken! Yet, though divided by seas, there are memories that often turn to this lonely tomb. Sisters, who have wept with bitterness, him who sleeps in it; and who would fain shed those tears on his grassy bed, that have so often bedewed their own pillows! How did the scenes of other days recur to my mind, as I pe-

rused the simple inscription! The blue mountains and bright river, the dark woods, and green meads, where the dead and I passed our childhood, seemed to be again before my eyes; and the smiling faces and dear familiar voices of those long departed, were again seen and heard. How strange, how inexplicable, is the human heart! I had heard of poor G.'s death with regret; but the recollection soon passed away, in the turmoil of that vain and busy world, in whose haunts the intelligence had reached me. Now, his loss was more keenly felt, more deeply mourned; and that deserted grave, in a strange land, awakened recollections that had slumbered for years. It is good for us to accustom ourselves to scenes which compel us to reflect on the brevity and uncertainty of life, prone as we are, to be all engrossed by the pleasures and pursuits that make us forget its insecurity. It is affliction that rends the veil which concealed the inevitable destiny that awaits us; but in disenchanting us, it robs death of his terrors, and we grow at length to consider, "*La morte é fin d' una prigion' oscura.*"

18th.—Went to-day to see the house in which J. J. Rousseau was born. It stands in a street named after him; and is a small mean-looking habitation, only distinguished from those around it by an inscription, stating it to be the birth-place of that unfortunate genius; for unfortunate he may well be considered, when we reflect upon the troubled course of his life. * Misfortunes produced by misconduct seldom meet with commiseration; though they have always seemed to me as peculiarly requiring it, from the additional pang inflicted on the sufferer by the consciousness of having drawn them on himself. Those of Rousseau, were assuredly the fruit of his own wilfulness, and the indulgence of a morbid sensibility, unchecked by fixed principles, and unredeemed by tenderness of heart. His was a susceptibility of the imagination, that too frequently indicates the absence of a more healthy feeling, and preys on itself. He has always excited my pity, often my admiration, but never my esteem; for, notwithstanding the charm of his style, and

the fascination of its passionate eloquence, his works breathe a sickly and enervating sentimentality that, like the hot breeze of the Sirocco, weakens while it warms. All that we learn of Rousseau, from himself or his contemporaries, is little calculated to excite our sympathy.

The Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay give a fearful portrait of him; and his petulant conduct to those who befriended him, and ingratitude to Hume, prove that he was as incapable of friendship, as he was unworthy of exciting it.

20th.—Who has ever passed a few days at Geneva, without visiting the magazine of Monsieur Baute? Not a lady, I dare to swear; and few gentlemen, I should think; for the young go to buy for themselves, and the old, to purchase for others. Precious stones, set in every shape that taste and ingenuity can devise, are here displayed to tempt the selfish visitor, to adorn his own person; or the generous one, to decorate that of another. Here, absent friends are remembered, and the recollection marked by some votive gift; the purchaser, anticipating, with pleasure, the gratification it will confer. Few, if any, have ever left the shop of M. Baute, without having considerably lightened their purses. Newly-married pairs, in all the uxuriousness of conjugal felicity, have not unfrequently testified their affection at the expense of their prudence; and affianced lovers have anticipated, at once their revenues, and their marriage gifts in this tempting *boutique*. The English flock as anxiously to this emporium of trinkets, as if London was deficient in such attractions: and many an aristocratic dame, whose *écrin* is filled with jewels of the purest lustre, will here lay in a stock of enamelled ornaments whose lowness of price, she forgets, is occasioned by its want of intrinsic value. We ladies call everything cheap in reference to price, rather than quality; notwithstanding that such seeming bargains are not always proved to be so in the end.

LAUSANNE, 22d.—The route from Geneva to Lau-

sanne commands some fine prospects. On the the left is a richly wooded country, interspersed with villas, and picturesque cottages; and on the right, is an uninterrupted view of the lake. Visited to-day the spot so long the residence of Gibbon, when he gave to the world his admirable "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" a work that, for research and depth of thought, whatever may be its blemishes, has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. On loitering through the walks, so often paced by him I was forcibly reminded of the passage in his common-place book, which commemorates the completion of his arduous task; a passage in which all must sympathise, and which brings the author before us.

"It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or, covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the water, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian might be short and precarious."

There is something in these reflections, that appeals to the hearts of all; but they are still more touching when one stands on the spot where they were made. The country, the lake, the mountains, all remain as when he saw them, but he has passed away.—We are but actors on the busy stage of life. The scenes of the drama remain unchanged; but the actors, after a brief stay, give place to others, to be in turn replaced. Happy are they who, when the curtain drops, can feel they have

well played their parts, and leave behind them a name that dies not!

If any ambition be excusable, it is that of wishing to leave a name which will endure. All that genius, valor, or wisdom ever achieved, or dreamt of achieving, has had but this object for its incentive; for all know that, constituted as the world is, not the possession of all three, were they ever united, could win the world's suffrage. Yes, it is for posthumous fame that genius wastes the midnight lamp, and in wasting it, consumes too quickly the lamp of life; it is for it that wisdom governs each quick impulse, and controls every passion; and that Valor braves a thousand times the death that opens to him its portals:

“—Che seggenda in fuma
In fama non si vierso, ne sotto coltre,
Sanzu la qual ché sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.

23d.—We visited the residence of our old and valued friend Mr. Kemble, who is at present at Rome. It is a most comfortable abode, commanding a view of the lake and surrounding scenery, and is admirably calculated for a retirement after a life of exertion; long may he live to enjoy it! Mr. Kemble is much and deservedly beloved and respected at Lausanne, where his amiability of manners, cultivation of mind, and unostentatious charities, have been justly estimated, and have already made him many friends. We viewed, with interest, the study of our old and absent friend, and the writing-table; on which more than one cordial proof of remembrance has been addressed to us since his residence here.—No one has done more to elevate the character of his profession than Mr. Kemble; whose honorable conduct, through life, has won the respect of the good and wise, and whose dignified simplicity of manners has rendered him a welcome guest in the highest circles. I hope we shall meet in Rome; where he, who has so often and admirably personated Roman characters, will find himself identified with old

associations. John Kemble, in the Forum, or at the Capitol, could hardly be looked on as a stranger.

24th.—Though prepared by the panorama of Lausanne, which was exhibited in London, for beholding a beautiful spot, the place surpasses my expectations; and though willing to avoid descriptions of scenery, which always fall short of the reality of what is really fine, it is difficult to repress the expression of the admiration this spot excites. How flat, stale, and unprofitable are words, to convey a sense of objects, that the eye takes in at a glance, and that the imagination delights to dwell on!

Nature, all powerful, beautiful nature, that makes herself felt in a moment, can never be so described, as to give to others the impression it has made on the beholder; and I must be content with hoping to retain in the "mind's eye" some faint pictures of the glowing landscapes which have delighted me, to cheer me when condemned to dwell amid less picturesque scenery. How mistaken is the notion, that the eye may become so accustomed to beautiful objects, as to cease to dwell on them with pleasure! As far as I can judge by personal experience, this is not the case; for, although it has been my lot to live in various residences, remarkable for the beauty of the views they have commanded, custom never palled their attractions, or rendered me insensible to them. It only made me more fastidious in my taste, as the habitude of contemplating beautiful objects, whether in nature or in art, invariably does.

BERNE, 25th.—Of Berne, with its arcades, fountains, and statues, I shall say little, as they have been frequently described by every tourist who has visited it; and to its walks, terraces, and views, no description could render justice. Nowhere is the Swiss costume seen to greater advantage than here; and most picturesque is its effect, when worn by good-looking women, who, passing beneath the arcades, look like moving bouquets; as the gay and varied colors of their dress, the bright ribbons mixed with their plaited tresses, and floating from their straw

hats, ornamented with large bunches of the richest-hued flowers, meet the eye. The young men, too, with their collars turned back, their throats bare, their long hair, and those coats or frocks with full plaits, which remind one of the dresses seen in old pictures, add to the charm of this effect.—Half the beauty of Switzerland would be, in my opinion, lost, were its inhabitants to change their national costumes.

Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself, as we stood on the terrace-walk at the back of the cathedral. Not even the pencil of Claude Lorraine, which appeared as if dipped in sun-beams, and rainbow dyes, could portray that view; or the effect of the setting sun upon it, as it threw its brilliant rays on the snow-capped Alps, and tinged the surrounding objects with a thousand rich and varied hues; the river, like a sheet of molten gold, flowing rapidly beneath. The cathedral is a fine gothic building, erected in the early part of the fourteenth century; it has windows of stained glass, and a baptismal font of dark marble, with well executed *bassi rilievi* representing scriptural subjects. The principal entrance is ornamented with several statues, which give it a good effect. It is judicious to place churches in fine situations, for the mind is never so much disposed to religion, as when brought in contact with the wonders and beauties of nature. The soul is lifted up from nature to nature's God; and we feel that fulness of contentment, that overflow of gratitude to the Deity, which the contemplation of His works is so well calculated to excite, and which sends prayers spontaneously, from the heart to the lips. A deep love of nature has in it something of a religious character. The feelings become softened, and the imagination elevated, while beholding the works of the Most High; and our very aspirations, at such moments, are mingled with thanksgivings.

Bears seemed, and seem, to be viewed with as much reverence at Berne, as some animals were amongst the ancient Egyptians; for not only do they form the principal decoration of the town, in sculpture, but four of them, of an unusually large size, daily attract crowds round the

clean and comfortable abode provided for them, near the gate called *la porte d'Aarberg*; where their visitors supply them with cakes and apples, to their no small delight, and to that of the spectators. An ancient maiden lady, who had often beguiled some weary hours by witnessing the playful gambols and agility of former bears, at Berne, bequeathed no less than sixty thousand francs a year, for the maintenance of her favorites, and their successors. The French revolution, which extended its ravages beyond the Alps, reduced these animals, as well as those more sensible of such a calamity, to beggary, but with better times, the inhabitants provided a fund for their wants.

There is no end to the legends recounted explanatory of the reason why the bear is looked upon as the patron of Berne. One, to which the most faith is attached, relates, that when the city was founded, the Duke of Zae-lingen, to whom it owes its existence, anxious to give it a name, assembled all the nobles of the neighborhood at a grand feast, when it was agreed that, whatever animal was the first killed at the chase next day, should have the honor of being godfather to the city. The bear was the victim; and hence it is the supporter of the civic arms, ornaments several of the fountains, and graces one of the entrances to the town.

27th.—From Berne to Baden the country is rich and luxuriant, abounding in woods and forests, and the lands between them are highly cultivated. The farm-houses have an air of comfort and cleanliness that I never saw equalled, except in England; but there, they are much less picturesque. Baden is surrounded by a range of wooded mountains, and has the appearance of a panorama. At each entrance is a long, and wide, wooden bridge, roofed with tiles, in the side of which are unglazed windows, with green Venetian blinds, near to which are benches for the passengers to repose themselves. It is a common custom in this country to have the wooden bridges roofed, to prevent their being injured by the wet. By this precaution, they last a long

time; and though the appearance on the exterior is gloomy, and unpicturesque, the interior is so clean and comfortable, offering a shade from the sun, and shelter from the rain, that it reconciles one to its want of pictorial effect. The baths of Baden are celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatic, and other complaints; they are about half a mile from the town. Independent of several private hot and cold baths, there is one large public one, for the use of the lower orders; in it we saw several individuals of both sexes, promiscuously bathing, attired in large dresses, tied round the throat, and apparently enjoying their ablution, if we might judge from the animation of their gesture, and their noisy mirth. A more disgusting scene I never beheld; for the faces of the bathers bore as visible signs of impure blood, as the ribaldry of their conversation and songs afforded proofs of impure lives. The odor of the baths is detestable; and extends to a considerable distance beyond them. The houses look unclean and comfortless.—I can conceive no sojourn more repulsive than at Baden.

ZURICH, 29th.—The whole route to Zurich is through a most beautiful country. The cottages, which are scattered along the road, and have large wooden balconies, and jutting roofs, that advance sufficiently to shade them, add much to the beauty of the scenery, as do the picturesque costumes of the inhabitants. Zurich possesses many charms. Its situation is beautiful, divided by a fine lake, and surrounded by a country uniting all that is most attractive in nature and cultivation. Woods, mountains, fields and gardens, with the richest vegetation; tasteful and clean houses, and a healthy and comely peasantry. The inn is excellent, standing close to the bridge, and its windows commanding a beautiful view of the lake. The walk on the ramparts, from which is seen one of the finest prospects imaginable, has some large trees that afford shade from the sun, to which other parts of this elevated terrace is much exposed. While admiring the scene we encountered an old man, whose spowly locks fell over cheeks still ruddy with health

and the expression of whose countenance was remarkable for its benevolence. He told us that he has the charge of the walk, and had himself planted the trees, beneath whose luxuriant foliage we were sheltered from the beams of a hot sun. He is now in his 81st year, and is remarkably vigorous and cheerful. He seemed more gratified with our admiration of the trees he had planted, than by our donation to him; and dwelt with complacency on the storms they had resisted, and the shade they afforded.

We made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Gessner, and, perhaps, with as much true devotion, as most pilgrims visit the shrine of some departed saint. It is simple, and the exquisite beauty of the site is worthy of him to whom the monument is erected. It stands on a verdant spot, embosomed in trees, weeping-willows bending over it, and bounded on each side by the clear and rapid rivers, the Limmat and Sil, whose confluence occurs here. Nothing can surpass the view from this point; the glowing foliage of the woods around, the limpid sparkling water, on which glide many a sunny sail, luxuriant gardens, and pointed steeples, seen rising through the trees, form a landscape whose beauties must be felt, but never can be described.—The tomb bears an inscription from Gessner's beautiful and pathetic "Death of Abel." Had this poet, who so well understood and painted the attributes of nature, that Deity which he worshipped, selected a spot in which his mortal remains should find a resting place; he never could have found a more lovely one than that which is now graced by his tomb. With what interest did I view his bust! which is said to be an excellent resemblance. As I gazed on the lineaments of that venerable face; and remembered of how many tears his "Death of Abel" had beguiled my days of childhood, as also the touching simplicity of his Idyls, which had so often transported me into the ideal regions of pastoral life, ere yet I knew aught of the actual world or its delusions, save what books afforded me, I gave to his memory the tribute which had formerly been won from me by his imagination. But there was

more of self in this tear; for it was half caused by regret for the loss of that freshness of feeling, which an intercourse with the world but too often destroys, and of which we call the remembrance, as of a buried friend, lost in early youth, whom we pitied for leaving this beautiful earth, the happiness to be found on which, we had had not then learnt to doubt.—The Idyls of Gessner possess a charm for me, that I have rarely discovered in other books. The sentiments seem to emanate less from the head than the heart; and the touching pathos of his sketches conveys the conviction that his own home furnished him with those scenes of primitive peace and affection, which he so loved to paint. The family of Gessner were worthy of him; for his wife realised the fair ideal of a poet's wife, cheering and animating his labors, and rewarding them by her smiles. She was the muse who inspired him: and his works form her best panegyric. People do not often reflect, how much the writings of even the greatest authors may be influenced by the persons with whom they live; and, consequently, are not sufficiently grateful to the memory of those individuals to whose bland influence many productions which charm us, owe their attractions. With a less amiable sharer of his hearth, Gessner might never have written his Idyls; peaceful then be the rest of her who inspired them!

Lavater, also, was a native of Zurich, and met his death by the hand of a French soldier, in the endeavor to protect one of his friends from his violence. Here was he visited by his friend Zimmerman, who has commemorated the circumstance by an animated description of the lake and its environs. One can fancy these two amiable visionaries, seated on the terrace of Lavater's house, enjoying the beautiful prospect it commanded; the latter perhaps occupied in analysing the physiognomy of his friend, in order to establish some hypothesis: and the former, notwithstanding his taste for seclusion, finding how agreeable it was to have a companion to whom he might exclaim, "How sweet is solitude!" Though phrenology has superseded physiognomy, in this all-

changeable age, it is difficult, if not impossible, to divest oneself of the impression conveyed by an agreeable or disagreeable countenance. I am not disposed to adopt the whole of Lavater's system, which, like that of most systems, is carried too far; verifying the old adage, that "they who attempt to prove too much, prove nothing;" but we all must feel the power of attraction that a fine face possesses, and *vice versâ*. By a fine face, I do not mean mere symmetry of features and beauty of complexion; but that harmony of both, joined to an expression of candor, intelligence, and goodness, that more than supplies their absence—countenances which the Italians designate by the phrase "*sympatica*," and which attract our good will at the first glance. In most, if not all, hypothetical systems, there is much to be rejected; but unfortunately the founders claim implicit faith for *all* their tenets: and the sceptical, following the other extreme, reject all, because they cannot believe all. I once witnessed a meeting between a phrenologist, a believer in chiromancy, and one who pronounced that the feet were the true medium by which characters could be accurately judged. Each of these individuals was persuaded that his own system alone was infallible, and that of the others absurd and erroneous. One of the company present proposed, that each of the theorists should give a proof of his scientific skill; and I saw the phrenologist submit a hand to one, and a foot to the other disputant, while he was examining and comparing the heads of both, searching, probably, for the peculiar organ, whose development might serve to elucidate their prevailing propensities. Many characteristics of each were pointed out, in the course of the examination; and ludicrous as was the exhibition, it left the impression on my mind, that some judgment of the individual character might be deduced from the head, hands, and feet, though not at all to the extent claimed by the founders of these systems.

30th.—Zurich is not without considerable pretensions, as is evinced by its styling itself the Athens of Switzerland.—It boasts of having given birth, even so early as

the fourteenth century, to one hundred and forty poets, of whom Roger Maness, in that century, wrote an account, which is now as obsolete as the poets it was meant to transmit to posterity. How few of the works, professedly bequeathed to it, does posterity accept! Nevertheless, every writer aspires to conciliate it, seemingly unconscious that excellence alone can insure its favor.

The cathedral at Zurich, said to have been built in 697, has nothing remarkable to boast of, and had lately been subjected to the barbarous operation of a thorough white-washing, on the exterior and interior, which gave it a most unseemly appearance. The Carolinian library, founded in the thirteenth century, has lost many of the treasures of antiquity that it is said once to have contained, but still retains the MSS. of Zuinglius, and other reformers, in sixty folio volumes, with many rare and curious black-letter books.

The town library, founded in 1628, had more attraction for us, as it boasts the possession of three letters of Lady Jane Grey, to Henricus Bulingerus; one written in Latin, in a very fine Italian hand; the others in German, and all signed with her name. The accounts handed down to us of the beauty, grace, talents, and extraordinary acquirements of this lovely and unfortunate being, never made so deep an impression upon me, as while looking at her beautiful penmanship. I seemed to see her, as her preceptor Roger Ascham found and described her, (when he paid her an unexpected visit,) reading Plato, while the rest of the family were occupied with the chase in the park. Her gentle voice seemed to sound in my ear, uttering those words in answer to his inquiry, of why she also was not engaged in the sports:—

“The sports they are enjoying, are but as a shadow, compared to the pleasure which I derive from the sublime author I am perusing.”

The rare union of such remarkable personal beauty, piety, modesty, and profound erudition, at a period when learning was as a sealed well to her sex, would always have rendered Lady Jane Grey the most interesting female character of her day. But her tragical death, and

the fortitude with which she met it, stamp her as a heroine, in the best and most exalted sense of the word. It was remarked by one of our party, that had Lady Jane Grey been less beautiful and young, her accomplishments and misfortunes would have excited a less warm degree of sympathy in our minds. I am afraid there was more truth in the observation than reason is willing to acknowledge. But we are all, more or less, the slaves to externals; youth and beauty must have their influence; and works that, by their freshness, prove how recently they have been formed by the All-powerful hand that creates all, must have more attractions than those which have been so long fashioned, as to have lost the traces of their divine origin. Had Mary Stuart bowed her head to the block, some ten or fifteen years sooner; ere yet its silken honors had been blanched by the ruthless hand of time, how much more sympathy would her fate have called forth! Old heroines are an anomaly, and excite little pity, even in the hearts of those who have arrived at similar years of discretion, the epidermis of whose hearts, like that of the faces of elderly ladies, has lost its delicacy; so that the power of suffering in them is as much blunted, as the capability of causing suffering is impaired in the others. We look with interest always, and with admiration often, on the ruin of all fine objects, save the ruin of a beautiful woman. Alas! for old beauties! they must abdicate in time.

The town library at Zurich, contains a curious letter from Frederick of Prussia, to the Professor H. Muller, relative to a collection of Swiss songs, of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, which the professor published in 1784, and dedicated to Her Majesty. It appears, that Frederick the Great, found nothing to admire in the collection; and candidly expressed his opinion to their editor, with a *naiveté* and *brusquerie*, very characteristic of that monarch. This library also contains the "Psalterium Davidis," in Greek MS., the vellum purple, letters silver, and the titles in gold. It has suffered much from age; but some of the leaves are still

perfect, and offer a fine specimen of the splendor of the decorations of such works in former days.

SCHAUFHAUSEN, *October 1st.*—The water-fall at this romantic spot is much less grand than we expected; but the beauty of the scenery around it is remarkable. The Rhine flows majestically along, bounded at each side by luxuriant vineyards, fertile fields, and rich woods, crowned by the mountains, fading into the distant horizon, until they are lost in the clouds.—The foam of the cascade rises over the landscape, like a silver gauze veil; and forms a brilliant contrast with the vivid green of the river. The rushing sound of the water, which hurries on with resistless force to its destination, canopied by clouds of foam that sparkle in the sunshine, has a magical effect; and one could gaze for hours on the scene, indulging in the vague reveries it inspires. There seems to be a deep and mysterious sympathy between our souls and the sublime and beautiful in nature, which even a glance awakens. We gaze on such scenes with a pleasure, that the finest work of art never conveyed; we feel reluctant to leave them; and often recur to them in memory, with a regret like that which we give to a friend we may never again behold.

LUCERNE, *4th.*—From Schaufhausen back through Zurich, to Lucerne, a lovely, but confused mass of woods, mountains, lakes, and vineyards, with cottages of the most picturesque forms, present themselves, like the varying images in dreams; and like them, leaving but indistinct though pleasant recollections in the mind. I must except some magnificent forests of pine and oak, which stand forth so pre-eminently in the scenery, as to form distinct features in it; and the pretty village of Eg-liseau, with its bridge, which commands a varied and beautiful prospect.

Lucerne, rising from its lovely lake, as if at the command of a magician, surrounded by its fortifications of the seventeenth century, which look insignificant compared with those natural ones, formed by the Almighty

hand, some of which rise as if to join the clouds that float over them, constitutes one of the most interesting views I have yet seen. On the right and left are the Righi and Pilate mountains; the first, covered with verdure and hamlets, and the second, sterile and arid, with only a few stunted tufts of brown and withered vegetation, scattered over its naked and gloomy surface.

The town is peculiarly clean, and the picturesque costumes of the female inhabitants add much to the beauty of the general effect.

5th.—The Fountain of the Lion, which we visited to-day, is a simple but sublime monument, erected by the Swiss to the memory of their countrymen, who fell on the memorable 10th of August, in defence of a monarchy whose subversion their devoted bravery could not retard. It represents a lion of colossal dimensions, cut out of a solid rock, and admirably executed. The lion is pierced by a lance, the point of which rests in the wound, and in expiring covers with his body a shield, decorated with *fleurs-de-lys*. The inscription is, *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti*. The names of the officers and soldiers who lost their lives, the first, twenty-six in number, and the second seven hundred and sixty, are inscribed.

This monument, with the limpid lake, which bathes the rock of which it is formed, and the bright verdure surrounding it, presents a most striking picture. Its guardian dwelt with no little self-complacency on the bravery and fidelity of his countrymen, and more than insinuated the wisdom, if not the necessity, of Louis the Eighteenth, retaining a few regiments of them always near his person, in case of "accidents," as he quaintly expressed himself; "for he, like his good, but unfortunate brother, may yet require their aid, in a nation so fickle in its attachments, as the one where he reigns."

SECHERON, 8th.—We are again at Geneva, which has as yet lost none of its beauty, although the autumn has tinged the foliage all around with its golden tints, and

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given a coldness to the air, that renders warm shawls a necessary accompaniment in all excursions. We went on the lake to day, and were rowed by Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron, during his residence here. Maurice speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as "*magnifique*," and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fierté* was the word he used.) "He looked up at the heavens," said Maurice, "as if he thought it was his proper place, or rather as if he accused it of keeping him here; for he is a man who fears nothing, *above* or *below*. He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati," continued Maurice, "without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather.—Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley," resumed Maurice, "ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man; so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by what we *hear*." This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boat-

man's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second. How intellectual must the intercourse of two such minds have been; and how advantageous to Byron must have been the philanthropy, and total freedom from bitterness of Shelley. Even the unworldliness of Shelley's mind must have possessed an additional charm in soothing the irritability of Byron's too sensitive and misanthropic disposition; soured and disgusted by the conventional habits and artificial society, from the trammels of which he had but lately broken, with the wounds which it had inflicted on his feeling, still rankling.

Maurice pointed out to us La Villa Diodati, at Coligny, where Byron resided; and the house in which Shelley dwelt.

To-morrow we leave Geneva.—I shall quit it with regret; for, independent of the many attractions its beautiful lake and scenery furnish, the high cultivation of the country in the environs, the luxuriance of the fields, trees, and neatly trimmed hedges, and the fine cows and sheep browsing about, remind me continually of dear England: while in France, the want of such objects gives a strikingly disagreeable aspect to the general face of the country.

11th.—From Geneva to Nantua the country is rich and the scenery fine. The Rhône winds rapidly through a valley, bounded at each side by stupendous mountains and rocks, interspersed with vineyards, and groups of large trees. At the French frontier stands a fortress, of good appearance, and most romantically situated. I never pass one of those artificial barriers without reflecting with complacency on the natural one that protects our own cherished England—that gem, set in the sea, as if to preserve it from all foes, save those who can surpass her sons in bravery and nautical skill. But that such can ever be found, it would be profane for one of her daughters to fear.

No one who passes through Bellegarde, should neglect

to visit a natural curiosity in its neighborhood, well worthy of attention. It consists of a narrow defile, bounded on each side by steep rocks, overgrown by trees and shrubs. It was formerly the bed of a river, which was level with the tops of the rocks, as is proved by the marks still left on them; but, by degrees, the river diminished to a narrow and shallow, but very rapid streamlet, which rushes with great impetuosity through natural arches, formed in the rocks by its own action. There are many fissures in the sides, from which descend cascades, sparkling in the air, with various prismatic colors, as the beams of the sun strike upon them; and which then fall, with many a murmur, into the natural reservoirs formed in the stony bed of the river. Some of these basins are so large, as to look like small lakes; and on their unruffled surfaces the overhanging rocks and foliage are reflected, as in a mirror. The descent to this place is difficult, and somewhat dangerous, from its steepness and the extreme slipperiness of the path.

A bridge, of a single arch, is thrown across the defile, and has a very picturesque effect. The loud and sonorous murmurs of the water, rushing from the many fissures of the rocks, and the loneliness of the place, impress the mind with feelings of tender melancholy. We behold the change that Time, the destroyer, has wrought here; and are reminded of that which he is imperceptibly, but unceasingly, effecting on all things.

"Ainsi tout change, ainsi tout passe;
Ainsi nous-mêmes nous passons,
Sans laisser, hélas! plus de trace
Que cette barque où nous glissons
Sur cette mer où tout s'efface."

LYONS, 13th.—This place possesses many souvenirs of the past; and M. Artaud, to whom we fortunately brought letters of introduction, is one of the best cicerones an inquisitive traveller could have.—Here, Mark Antony, Augustus, Agrippa, Claudius, Caligula, Nero and Trajan have sojourned, and helped to beautify the ancient Lugdunum, as Lyons was formerly called. Many remains

of their stupendous works still remain, to delight the antiquarian, and furnish food for contemplation to the philosopher. But even to me, a woman, and, sooth to say, no philosopher, the wrecks of antiquity have a peculiar attraction; and when the site of the once proud and gorgeous palace of the ferocious Caligula was pointed out to me, now occupied by an asylum for lunatics, less furious and vicious than he, it required not the knowledge of the sage, or of the philosopher to reflect on the mutability of all earthly grandeur, and the frailty of human nature.

On viewing places, with which the objects of our juvenile admiration or reprobation are associated, the historical impressions of our childhood cease to be vague and indefinite, as heretofore. We identify the actors with the scenes where they performed some of their parts in the drama of life; and the images and ideas, long stored in memory, become distinct and vivid. Lyons has, perhaps, experienced more of the reverses of the fickle goddess Fortune, than most other cities; having, a century after its foundation, rivalled the most flourishing capitals of Gaul. We have the authority of Seneca and Tacitus, that it was destroyed by fire, during the reign of Nero; under that of Severus, in the eighth century, it was almost depopulated and laid in ruins by the Saracens; and in 1628 a severe visitation of the plague made a fearful havoc in it. But under none of these calamities could its misfortunes have been greater than during 1793, when it was exposed to the ruthless fury of the Conventional army; of whose brutal excesses it still bears many a melancholy memorial, in its dilapidated houses and ruined buildings. It is calculated that above three thousand of the inhabitants fell victims to the siege, and to the guillotine; and it was only the death of the sanguinary monster Robespierre, that put an end to the carnage.

14th.—We spent some hours at the Museum to-day, and saw, among other interesting Roman antiquities, the celebrated bronze tablets, discovered in 1528, on which are inscribed the harangue made by the Emperor Claudius in favor of Lyons. There were originally three

tablets, but two only have been found. On comparing them with the harangue of Claudius, as given in the eleventh book of the annals of Tacitus, it will be found that the feeble style of the emperor has been strengthened by the retouching of the historian. There are several fine busts and sarcophagi in the Museum: I noticed one sarcophagus of stone, made to contain two bodies, and, as the inscription stated, intended as a receptacle for a married pair. One of the antiquities in the Museum most esteemed by the virtuosi, is the leg of a bronze horse, which is truly admirable in its proportions and execution. The history attached to this fine fragment is curious: it is reported that, for above fifteen hundred years, the watermen and fishermen had remarked a huge substance in the Saône, between the wooden bridges, which they from time immemorial denominated "the broken iron pot," and they were in the habit of laying hold of it with their boat-hooks, to assist them to pull against the stream. On the 4th of Feb. 1766, the river being frozen, and being at the same time unusually low, a boat-builder, of the name of Bartholomew Laurent, observed that what had hitherto been supposed to be an iron pot, was something of much larger dimensions, and determined to get it up. He called in the assistance of some porters, and with ropes they endeavored to move it. After many efforts they dragged out this fine specimen of art, which they carried to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and received from the provost a couple of louis as a reward.

Two mosaic pavements, of extraordinary beauty, the colors as fresh as if but newly formed, and the design and execution faultless, were shown to us. They were found in the vicinity of Lyons. The subject of one is thought to be a burlesque representation of the gymnastic exercises; the other, which is in perfect preservation, represents a chariot race in the circus; it is above twenty feet long. A long catalogue of treasures, in marble, bronze, and terra cotta, all, and each, highly interesting, were pointed out to us by M. Artaud, the director of the Museum, to whose taste, and indefatigable zeal and activity, it owes much of its celebrity. Its valuable con-

tents are arranged, and classed with a precision, that greatly facilitates their inspection; while its perfect cleanliness and ventilation render it a most agreeable morning lounge.

M. Artaud possesses a valuable collection of antiquities in his private apartments, which those, who have the advantage of his acquaintance, are permitted to inspect; and his profound knowledge and love of the fine arts, and unerring judgment in antiquities, render his society a rich treat to all who have the pleasure of enjoying it.

10th.—Two considerable rivers, the Saône and Rhône, traverse or border Lyons in its whole length. The first, which is slow in its course, bathes the base of the mountain Fourvière, on the lower part of which many of the houses are situated, and then bends gracefully from the Faubourg of Vaise, to that of St. Irène: while the Rhône flows rapidly, and almost in a straight line, separating the town from the promenade of Britteaux, and from the Faubourg la Guillotière. Its junction with the Saône occurs at the southern extremity of Lyons, and below the Allée Perruche. There is no river whose banks present more beautiful landscapes than the Rhône, which, in its rapid course, may be likened to some gay votary of pleasure, hastening from one scene of beauty to another, scarcely pausing to admire one, ere he seeks some newer charm.

The city is commanded by two mountains, that of Fourvière, which is on the right bank of the Saône; and St. Sebastien which rises to the north, between the Rhône and the Saône. The streets are for the most part narrow, and like the generality of those of French towns, extremely dirty. The squares are on a grand scale; but the houses appear in such bad condition, as do also the public buildings, that they present a miserable contrast to the style in which they were projected. The mountain Fourvière, which crowns the rows of houses built against its base, offers a variety of rural spots, groves, rocks, vineyards and orchards, interspersed with tasteful villas; and its vicinity to a large commercial city is of

incalculable advantage. The church of Notre Dame, and the house, called Antiquailles, are two of the objects to which a cicerone leads a stranger: the first of these buildings occupies the place of the ancient forum Trajani or Forum Veneris; and the second, that of the palace of the Roman Emperors. It was named Antiquailles, from the number of antiquities discovered on the spot, and is at present, as before stated, an Asylum for Lunatics.

The beautiful altar, discovered in 1705 on the mountain of Fourvière, is worthy of notice: it has three fronts, the principal one is ornamented with a bull's head, decorated with fillets for the sacrifice, and has part of an inscription; the second front has the head of a ram which, antiquarians assert, proves that this bull offering was similar to that offered in memory of Atys, to whom that animal was sacrificed; the third front bears the crooked sword of sacrifice, made in the form of the harp, with which Perseus cut off Medusa's head. Over the sword is the following inscription which I copied for the benefit of antiquarians:—

CVIVS MESONYCTIVM
FACTVM EST. V. ID. DEC.

The other inscription, which is very legible, is as follows:—

TAVRO BOLIOMATRISD. M. I. D.
Quod factum est ex Imperio Maties D.
DEVM.
Pro Salute Imperatoris CAES. T. AELI.
Hadriani Antonini AVC. PIIP.
Liberorumque EIVS
Et Status Colonie LVGUDVN.
L. AEMILIVS CARTVS IIIIVIR AVGIHM
DENDROPHORVS
VORON FECIT.
(Here is the figure of a bull's head.)
VIRESEXCEPITET AVATICANOTRAS
TVLIT ARA ET BVCRANIVM
SVO INTENDIO CONSACRAVIT
SACERDOTE.
Q. SAMMIO SECVNDO AB. XVVIRIS
OCCABO ET CORONI EXORNATO

CVI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LVGDVNE
 PERPETVIATEM SACERDOTI DE CREVNI
 APP. ANNIO. ATILO BRADVAT CLODV̄I BIOIT
 VARO COS
 L. D. D. D.

The quadrangular court belonging to the Museum is filled with antiquities, in alto and basso relievo, and with various inscriptions, inserted in the walls. Of the wrecks of former ages, in the vicinity of Lyons, none is more interesting than the remains of the celebrated aqueduct constructed by Mark Antony, to furnish the inhabitants with water. Their extent is estimated at more than thirteen leagues, owing to their winding, though there are only eight in a straight line. Six of the arcades of the aqueducts are still standing near the gate of St. Irenæus, and add much to the picturesque effect of the view. The country through which the aqueduct passed, being intersected by a number of valleys, which prevented its being carried in a direct line, it was found expedient to erect several bridges; the finest of which now remaining, are those that form the tenth and eleventh series, of which sixty-two are still in preservation.

The ancient castle of Francheville, now in ruins, with some other gothic buildings, form a fine contrast with the Roman remains. The roads are bordered with hedges of hawthorn, privet, wild cherry-trees, and honey-suckle, and the hills around are covered by vineyards; while the rivers are seen winding along, like silver serpents, through the rich fields, at one moment visible, and then hid by a wood or vineyard. The snow-crowned Alps, bounding the horizon, complete this very fine picture.

The silk manufactories here appear in a flourishing condition. Several specimens of rich furniture, in brocaded satin and silk, were shown us. But the prices were high, and the materials not so superior to our own, as might be expected from the much greater demand in France than in England. I am persuaded that, with due encouragement, our silk manufactories might, in a short time, compete with those of France; and I trust

we may soon be patriotic enough to give to our artisans that encouragement; instead of, as now, employing the looms at Lyons, and expending hundreds abroad, that might be productive of so much beneficial influence at home.

I saw several orders for hundreds of yards of silk furniture, from many individuals of my acquaintance; and they were displayed with an air that indicated a belief, that England could not supply similar productions. With the industry and skill of our mechanics, there is nothing which they could not, with proper encouragement, effect. Why then, should they not meet with it, from those whose duty it is to offer it?

VIENNE, 17th.—So here we are at Vienne, one of the most ancient cities of the Gauls, and a place once remarkable, though now little so, except for the picturesque beauty of its situation, and the interesting fragments of antiquity in its vicinity. M. Artaud recommended our sojourning here for some time, to explore its environs; which he says are charming. But the inn looks so unpromising, that I fear we must abandon the project.

The entrance to Vienne offers one of the most striking scenes imaginable. St. Colombe, divided from it by the bright and limpid Rhône, with many a white sail, that bird-like, seems to skim the blue waters on which it glides, is seen to the right; and on the left, hills covered with vineyards, many of them crowned by ruins of towers and fortresses, with large rocks peeping through foliage, as luxuriant as the glowing skies that overhang their leafy canopies. All here is beautiful while one keeps out of the miserable streets in the interior of the town; but on entering the vile inn, the only one here, all is changed. Filthy stairs, dingy and dirty rooms; attendants, possessing all the attributes of the ancient Locrians; and beds, in which one is compelled to reflect, feelingly, on the disadvantages of animated nature; repasts, where the want of cleanliness is obvious; and noises, various and appalling, as if chaos had come again. The grave is said to level all distinctions; and the same observation may well be

applied to the "*table ronde*," the name of our own, for, no matter what may be the rank or station of its guests, they are all hurled into one focus; all receive the same attention, or rather want of attention, the same bad fare, and must submit to the same system of imposition. The landlady seems to act on the charitable system of never turning away the weary traveller from her door, and of always taking the stranger in. We have engaged nearly the whole inn for ourselves and suite, at an exorbitant price; the proprietor reserving, beside those occupied by the family, one bedroom and salon, for the use of travellers. The stable and *cuisine*, which are only divided by a narrow passage through which the stairs pass, vie in odor and noise. The landlady seemed no less offended than surprised on our expressing disapprobation of her inn; and with a toss of the head, "wondered what we could want more than was to be found at the *table ronde*."

A *table d'hôte* is kept in the house, at which the passengers of the diligences dine, with the landlady, and our servants; and if we may judge from the noise and laughter we hear, no inconsiderable hilarity prevails at these repasts. My *femme-de-chambre* told me, that the French people only laughed at the bad fare, which made the English cross; an observation highly characteristic of the distinction between the two people, though she who made it, viewed it only as a proof of the blamable want of fastidiousness of the French.

18th.—A barouche, with six inside and four outside passengers, arrived here at a late hour last night, and, to our perfect surprise, the courier was told that there was accommodation for them. They were conducted to the reserved bedroom, containing four beds, the distribution of which the new-comers were left to decide; but males and females, masters and servants, were all expected to share not only the same room, but the same pillows, as in the days of patriarchal simplicity. The greater part of a supper ordered for the hungry travellers, was devoured by a ravenous dog, a privileged favorite in this ill

ordered establishment, and whose propensity to theft, the waiter assured us, frequently occasioned similar accidents.

I mounted my horse with great pleasure to-day, in order to explore the interesting environs of Vienne, which are only accessible on foot, or on horseback. Some of the tracks we passed, require no small portion of courage to encounter; many of them being steep and dangerous, with a precipice on one side, at the bottom of which rushes a foaming stream; and on the other, a ridge of steep and rocky mountains, rising abruptly, and only leaving space between their base and the precipice, for the precarious passage of a single horse. We were amply repaid by the views which the acclivity of the mountain presented. They were various and beautiful; and the picturesque ruins of the castle of Mont Léans, which we quitted our horses to explore, form a fine feature in the landscape. The castle of Mont Léans stands on a rocky eminence, the base of which is washed by a rapid and winding stream. It is surrounded by wooded mountains, and these are overtopped on its right by the snow-crowned Alps and the Jura, and on the left by the steep and picturesque mountains of Dauphiné. Many a glowing vineyard and verdant valley is seen from the romantic ruins of Mont Léans; amid which wild shrubs and brushwood have sprung up in abundance, adding much to the beauty of the old castle. In many parts, a huge rock is seen rearing its giant head against the walls, as if to support the mouldering battlements, and wreaths of ivy and wild flowers interlace them together. The castle is supposed to have been built at the time of the Crusades, and must have been a place of considerable strength. No trace of any road to it remains; and it is only accessible to the pedestrian or equestrian.

The château de Rouissillon, and the tower that stands on the mountain of St. Colombe, as also the château de Seysseul, formerly strong fortresses, now add considerably to the beauty of the scenery; which offers as attractive subjects to the pencil of the artist or amateur, as can be found in France. The peasantry we encountered in our ride to-day, are peculiarly stupid, and nearly as

wanting in intelligence as the flocks they tend.—They speak a *patois*, which was as incomprehensible to the ears of the French gentlemen, who accompanied us, as to ours; nor could they understand the questions addressed to them by their compatriots.

Those who are acquainted only with the post-routes in France, can form no notion of the romantic beauty of some of the scenery in the interior of the country. But the badness of the roads and inns in remote places, exclude all but hardy equestrians, or pedestrians, who fear not vile paths and worse inns.

19th.—We rode to Condrieux to-day. The town is about three leagues from Vienne, and is situated on the opposite side of the Rhône, which is crossed by large boats, that are worked by ropes sustained by cranes, erected at each side of the river. These boats are of considerable dimensions, and continually passing and repassing, freighted with passengers in gay costumes, they add greatly to the animation of the picture.—On leaving Vienne, we proceeded along the banks of the river for about four miles, through a country well wooded, highly cultivated, and diversified by hills, rocks, and mountains, which are reflected in the bright waters of the Rhône. We crossed the river, and proceeded by the St. Colombe side, until we reached Condrieux, passing through scenery even still more attractive than that presented on the Vienne side of the water. In one part, an island is formed by two rapid streams, rushing down from the mountains, and falling into the Rhône. This verdant isle is rich in dwarf trees and luxuriant shrubs, which bend, as if to refresh their foliage in the limpid streams that surround them; and as the sun sheds its brilliant beams on this fairy isle, and sparkles on the ripples of the water, it resembles a vast emerald, set in diamonds.

The town of Condrieux is mean, and the houses of the commonest description. The female inhabitants were seated in groups, on stone benches in front of their houses, plying the distaff, knitting, or working, and all

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singing or talking; while their children, nearly in a state of nudity, gambolled around them.

They appeared much surprised, and not a little amused, at seeing a lady on a side-saddle; as females here mount in a most patriarchal mode, that is, precisely as the men do, of which we have already had frequent specimens.

The women were nearly all dark-haired, with sallow, or brown complexions, most of them without any covering on their heads, and wearing brown corsets, colored petticoats, and gaudy handkerchiefs; their countenances were lively, but not one among the many we saw had the slightest pretensions to good looks. The children were very plain; but seemed to possess an unusual degree of activity and animation, and, with their mothers, produced a most stunning noise.

The old boatman of Condrieux offered an amusing picture of the mobility of the French character. He gave us an epitome of his life, alternately laughing and crying, as the incidents he related happened to be of a comic or serious nature. The transitions from one emotion to the other were so rapid, that before one could display even a decent composure of countenance in sympathy with his sorrowful reminiscences, he burst into a hearty laugh at the recollection of some amusing adventure. The quickness of his sensibility does not, however, appear to have impaired his health; for, though at the advanced age of seventy, he is hale and active, still preserves his teeth, and thick locks, of snowy whiteness, fall over his ruddy cheeks.—He seemed sorry that our arrival at the opposite side of the river curtailed his history, the sequel of which he was very anxious to recount, and more than insinuated a desire, that we should wait for its completion. When we excused ourselves, on the plea of being pressed for time, he shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, muttering,—

“It is always so, people are always in such a hurry, that they never have time to hear my story; but let them hurry ever so much, time will overtake them; ay, and death too, and then the worm alone will tickle their ears.

Yes, I have seen many a one in such a hurry, but they were forced to stop after all, just as my poor Pierre—God give rest to his soul!”

The story of “poor Pierre,” we left to be repeated to some passengers who entered the boat after we left it; and the donation we offered to the garrulous boatman, did not appear to console him for our inattention to his narrative. On the road to Cendrieux, at the St. Colombe side of the water, we passed the vineyards from which the celebrated “vin de Cote Rotie” is produced, and which is conveyed to Paris by the river that waters their banks.

20th.—A wet day, and lowering clouds, which indicate that the rain will continue. No ride this afternoon!—what is to be done?—write down the *résumé* of my studies this morning, in the clever work of Mons. Rey, and antiquarian researches of the last two days. Never did neophyte commence the study of any science under better preceptors, than I have the good fortune to possess for my antiquarian lore, in M. Artaud and the Comte D'Hautpoul. Both have explored every ruin in this interesting place, and perused every work written upon, or that bears a reference to them; so that I enjoy the best oral as well as ocular information.—*Allons donc*, to describe the ancient Vienne.

Vienne, or the Vienna Allobrogem, the most ancient city of the Gauls, is in Dauphiné, in the department of the Isère, and on the banks of the Rhône. It is of considerable extent, and beautifully situated, bounded by steep hills, covered with vineyards, intersected by large rocks, and backed by stupendous mountains, whose blue summits seem to mingle with the skies, the color of which they emulate. The clear waters of the majestic Rhône urge their course rapidly along, dividing Vienne from St. Colombe, and bearing many a vessel on their limpid surface.

Various have been the conjectures and accounts, given by historians, as to the probable founder of this ancient city. Allobrox, king of the Celts, Venerius, who was an

exile from Africa, and the Cretans, have been in turn cited by Chorier, in his researches relative to Vienne, while Strabo affirms that it was the capital of the Allobroges, by whom it is most probable it was built. These warlike and powerful people occupied the country between the Rhône, the Isère, and the Alps. Pliny, speaking of the passage of Hannibal through the country of the Gauls, says, that this experienced warrior was afraid to approach the country of the Allobroges. Cæsar classes the habitation of the Gauls under the names *Vici* and *Oppida*; the first were the hamlets, or villages, occupied in times of peace, and were generally placed near a wood, or on the bank of a river; the latter were the fortresses, which were only resorted to when danger menaced. Strabo asserts that Vienne was nothing more than a village, though he admits that it was the capital of the Gauls; who probably had no cities previously to their subjugation by the Romans. The Allobroges were first conquered by Domitius, then by Ænobarbus, and afterwards by Fabius Maximus, who assumed the name of *Allobrogensis*; and Vienne, and its territories, at that epoch became a part of *Gaule Narbonnoise*, *Gallia Narbonnensis*.

Julius Cæsar, in order to insure the peaceable possession of the country which he had conquered, established colonies; but the Allobroges, profiting by the troubles occasioned by the tragical death of that great man, revolted, and drove the colonists out of Vienne. The fugitives retired to the other side of the Rhône, complaining of the outrages which they had received; on which the senate sent an order to Plancus to build a city at the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône. To this circumstance Lyons owes its origin. The dissensions which agitated the Romans, prevented them from punishing the revolted Allobroges, who still retained the title of colony with all its prerogatives. This is proved in the *Digest de Censibus*, where we learn that Vienne and Lyons enjoyed the *Salique* right, which exempted them from all tributes. Augustus is supposed to have been the restorer of the colony of Vienne, and the temple which the Vien-

nese erected in honor of his wife, was a mark of their gratitude. By the following inscription, preserved in the Museum at Lyons, we are informed that the Sexumvirate of Vienne and Lyons were united in the same person:—"Titus Cassius Mysticus, high-priest of Lyon and Vienne, erected this monument to Sextus Julius Helius, T. P. his kinsman." The bronze tablets of Claudius, found at Lyons in 1528; give an idea of the flourishing state of Vienne, and the consideration in which it was held by the masters of the world, who fortified and embellished it with many noble buildings and beautiful monuments, which, even in their ruins, manifest their pristine splendor.

In the time of the Romans, a magnificent palace was built at Vienne, and inhabited in turn by the emperors. The city was also considerably increased, and extended to the Place de l'Aiguille, or Pyramidical Cenotaph, covering the plain of St. Colombe on the other side of the Rhône, and likewise a part of that of St. Romain. At length, the city became so vast and populous, that the Viennese were enabled to levy entire legions to support Vindex against the Emperor Nero; and though Vitellius afterwards sent the fourteenth legion, it was afraid to approach the place; the bravery of its inhabitants being sufficiently well known to be dreaded by these troops. Vienne is mentioned by Martial in the following lines, equally complimentary to himself and to it:

"Festus habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos,
Inter delicias, pulchra Vienne, tuas."

A free Translation.

If fame speaks true, O sweet Vienne, I'm blest;
For 'midst your dear delights, my works shall rest.

During the reign of Diocletian, a new division of the empire was made, and Vienne became the capital of a province which contained Geneva, Grenoble, Albe (now Viviers), Die, Valence, Avignon, Arles, Carpentras, Marseilles, Riez, Vaison, Orange, and Cavaillon. When Constantine created four prefects, he gave three lieutenants to that whose seat of justice was at Treves. One

of them had his residence at Vienne, where the only dépôt of flax and hemp was established by the Gauls, as was also a manufactory for blades of sword, the steel of which was so finely tempered that they acquired such a celebrity, that no knight considered himself well armed without his "Vienna," a name given to those blades. A company of wine-merchants was also established at Vienne. A gold medal of the Emperor Maurice, struck at Vienne, attests the fact of its having a mint; and a considerable number of moulds for medals were found by Monsieur Chapel du Cruzot, and are noticed by Monsieur Millin, in his *Voyage du Midi*. In the early part of the Christian era, Vienne hastened to receive the light of the faith; and the letters written by the heads of its church, as well as by that of Lyons, to those in Asia, manifesting the deep interest they felt for the persecutions to which the Christians had been exposed, are among the most curious monuments of that remote epoch.

During the reign of the feeble Honorius, Vienne fell under the dominion of the Burgundians, and became the capital of their kingdom. The kings of Burgundy had a palace there, where Gondioc died about the year 467. Gondemard also held his court at Vienne when, in concert with Chilperic, he made war against their brother, and they retired to this city, after having forced their enemy to take flight. Gondebaud did not permit them to triumph long at his retreat, for he shortly returned and surprised them. He decapitated Chilperic, and burnt Gondemard, who had shut himself up in a tower; and after this sanguinary vengeance, he took up his abode at Geneva, which became his capital. In the eighth century, Vienne was ravaged with fire and sword, by the Moors from Spain; all on the right bank of the river was consumed by the flames, and though the part on the left was restored, the most beautiful of its monuments were destroyed. Vienne became successively the property of the kings of France, who took possession of Burgundy. Boson, brother-in-law of Charles the Bald, revolted, and was crowned at Mantaille, near St. Romain d'Albon, six leagues from Vienne, and declared that city capital of the

second kingdom of Burgundy. Rhodolphe, named Le Fainéant, having allowed his states to be dismembered, Vienne became the prey of the governors and heads of the church. The chapter of St. Maurice and archbishops of Vienne, were intrusted with its guardianship by Frederick I in 1153. Implicit power was given to them to levy troops, make war or peace, coin money, and to count the seigneurs in the neighborhood among their vassals. The guard of the Fort Pipet was confided to a canon of St. Maurice. The Dauphins tried in vain to have the town included in their states. Humbert attempted to create certain rights, by buying those of the house of Vienne; but never succeeded in having them acknowledged.

Philippe de Valois, having possessed himself of the Faubourg de St. Colombe, united it to his kingdom; and Charles V obtained, from the emperor, the title of vicar-general of the kingdom of Vienne and Arles, and governor of Dauphiné, for his son Charles. It was after this title that he became master of Vienne in 1378. The archbishop Thibaud de Rougemont was re-established in his rights in 1401; but the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI, by a treaty which took place in 1448, became sovereign of Vienne; since when it has made a part of the kingdom of France.

The sieges it sustained impaired the original splendor of Vienne; but the ruins which still remain, convey a forcible impression of its former prosperity. Monsieur Rey, who has written a history of Vienne, has made such accurate researches, as enabled him to trace the remains of many edifices; and the following list of buildings will prove how much it was indebted to its Roman masters:—

The Palace of the Emperors—the Temples of Jupiter, Mars, and Janus—the Palace of the Prætors—the Pantheon—the Naumachia, and the Baths.

The vestiges of its former prosperity which still remain, are those of the Temple of Augustus, the amphitheatre, theatre, the arch, walls, forts, terraces, aqueducts, and roads. The Pyramidal Cenotaph is still in such good preservation, as to have lost little by the rude

hand of Time, and is an interesting monument of antiquity. One of the roads leads to Arles, and was formed by Domitian. Three of the aqueducts are described by Mr. Scheneyders, and a fourth is mentioned by Monsieur Cochard. There are besides a vast number of sewers, which are frequently mistaken for aqueducts, notwithstanding the difference of their construction and destination. The Roman governors commenced the fortifications about the period that Pompey was sent pro-consul into Spain, against Sertorius.—During the sojourn of Pompey at Vienne, he suggested to Manilius, who commanded there, the idea of erecting new fortifications on an eminence which commands the town, and which was nearer than the other fortified positions. This place was named Forum Pompeiacum, instead of Eumedium, and the Castellum de Pupeto (now Fort Pipet) situated at the east of the city, between the gate of Pipet and that of St. Marcel, owes its construction to the same source. The precious fragments of antiquity found in latter times beneath this height, have caused it to be considered as the capitol of Vienne. The walls and massive posts, which form the renowned enclosure of the Castrum, are attributed to Julius Cæsar. The extent forms a circuit of between eighteen and nineteen thousand feet, and from the immense thickness of the foundations, it is imagined that, in the weaker parts of natural defence, they were of extraordinary height. These formidable ramparts may be traced from the spot where stood a tower on the banks of the Rhône, which is said to have been the prison of Pilate,* and was hence called the Tower of Pilate, to the Mons Salutis, now Mon Salomone, down to the Porte Scopaine, where there was a Roman gate. After covering Mont Arnold, they fall suddenly on the place now

* "Il est certain qu'Archelaüs, successeur d'Hérode, au royaume de Judée, fut relégué à Vienne par Auguste; qu'il en fut de même d'Hérode Antipas par Caligula; et que Pilate fut également banni par cet empereur, dans les Gaules. Joseph, en ses Antiquités Judaïques, le dit formellement des deux premiers; mais il assure que Pilate fut exilé à Lyon, et Adon soutient que c'est à Vienne, et une légende de St. Mamert l'assure également."—*Rey*, p. 28.

called Faubourg Pont-Evêque, where is also a gate; then ascending the Mont Quirinal, or St. Blandine, they fall again into the valley, a little below the grotto of St. Marcel, where was the fourth gate. The line of walls passed thence round Mont Crappum, or St. Juste, to Ferrouillère, where was a fifth gate, and thence crossed a rivulet. The traces of the ruins do not admit of ascertaining where the walls again joined the Rhône.

Besides the gates into the city, there were others for facilitating the entrance of provisions within the walls; two of these open into Mount Salutis. The Romans, who found that their soldiers, if quartered in towns, would contract enervating habits, kept them in camps removed from the city. The three hills devoted to this use, were those of Salutis, Arnoldi and Crappum. The Quirinal Mont or St. Blandine, which is the most elevated part, formed the citadel; and the fort of Pompey or Pipet was the capitol of Vienne. The fort de la Bastia stands, a proud record of the strength of the Roman castrum; and, on approaching the town, is the first object that impresses the traveller with an idea of the ancient grandeur of Vienne.

The fortresses remaining to be noticed, are the towers of St. Symphorien, de Pinet, d'Auberive, and d'Albon, which have by some been said to have been erected for the defence of Vienne. But this opinion is, by the more learned, said to be erroneous; for St. Symphorien they assert was built in the thirteenth century, by the counts of Savoy, to whom Vienne then belonged. Auberive was the patrimony of the house of Chalons, princes of Orange, by whom it was built, and was called Albariva, or white bank, from the whiteness of its sands, which is used in manufacturing glass. Albon belonged to the Dauphins. Vienne, in the time of the Romans, was sufficiently defended by the forts and camps within its circumference; in latter times the fortresses of Monléans, the castle of Roussillon, above the grand road to Avignon, the little tower on the mountain of St. Colombe, and the château de Seyssuel, were the advanced posts, which were difficult to carry. About a mile from the

town, stand the ruins of the castle, built by Gerard de Roussillon, count of Vienne, when he was besieged by Charles the Bald. It is situated on an eminence to the east, and bears the name of its founder.

Near the gate of St. Marcel are the ruins of the Roman theatre. They are above the road Beaumur, so called from the beautiful remains of this building, which stand at the base of Mount Crappum, or St. Juste, backed by a rock which is nearly perpendicular, and said to resemble one at Delos. This situation was well chosen, as it rendered the voice more audible as well as sonorous. The theatre is elevated more than thirty-six feet above the platform of the amphitheatre, from which it is not far distant; but, owing to the continual falling in of the earth from the rock above, the remaining walls are so covered, as to render their discovery difficult, unless with considerable labor. The diameter is more than fifty-seven feet; the wall which borders the road Beaumur is traversed by a vault, which serves as a sewer to carry off the rain water, as well as that which filters from the rock. There is another wall parallel to this on the same road, which terminated the back part of the scene; and between these two walls there was a passage, by which the actors passed from the stage. There were also lateral buildings to accommodate the spectators who came from a distance, and which were therefore called *hospitales*. The walls which traverse the road De Ferouillat, and which extend through the neighboring vineyards, terminate the *cullée*, and separate the seats from the *hospitales*. The walls which take the direction towards the middle of the orchestra, enclosed the stairs for ascending to the different parts. The place assigned to the senators was in the orchestra, immediately at the foot of the proscenium; and the knights occupied the *cavea* or parterre.

A considerable portion of the ruins of the theatre served to build the church and monastery of St. Peter, on the site of the Campus Martius. The church of St. Stephen was erected from the ruins of the Pantheon, and the present theatre (a miserable building) out of the ruins

of the Roman Baths. How much is the ignorance to be deplored, that induced the former possessors of Vienne to destroy such precious remains of antiquity! The only Roman monument at Vienne that is not in ruins is the Pyramid, known by the appellation of the Cenotaphe, or Place de l'Aiguille. Various are the conjectures as to the use for which it was originally designed; and few, if any, of those who have hazarded them, have agreed in their conclusions. It bears evident marks of never having been completed; the capitals, indeed, are almost in the earliest and roughest stage of their original formation: the base also was left unfinished, and the columns were not polished. The proportions are nearly those of Vitruvius, and the whole effect of the Pyramid is imposing. It is supposed to have been the Tomb of Vénérius, founder of Vienne, or the first mile-stone of the town; or the Tomb of Pilate, or an obelisk presenting a front to the four cardinal points, which had marked the hours on a horizontal cadran. Chorier, in his erudite work on the antiquities of Vienne, asserts this monument to be the Cenotaph of Augustus; and other antiquarians believe it to be that of Severus, as Crévier, in his "*Histoire Ancienne*," states that a Cenotaph was erected in Gaul to his memory; and as the only other building of this kind known in Gaul is that at Mayence, recognised as being raised in honor of Drusus, this at Vienne is asserted to be the one referred to. The antiquarians of the present day at Vienne maintain their different opinions on this point with no inconsiderable degree of warmth and animation; and it is not a little amusing to a philosophical observer to be present when they advance the reasons on which they have based their beliefs.

26th.—The greater part of the last two days has been passed at the Musée, formerly the Church of St. Peter, and now converted into a receptacle for the antiquities discovered at Vienne and its environs. It contains many most precious fragments of antiquity, as well as some interesting ones of the middle ages. Among the former is a colossal head of Jupiter, which has, however, been in-

jured by the injudicious hand of an artist employed to repair it. A mask of Bacchus crowned with ivy and hops; a male torso of great beauty, bearing a likeness to that of Antonius; and an exquisite group, consisting of two children, formed of Parian marble, disputing the possession of a dove. The youngest is represented biting the arm of him who holds the bird, while a lizard seizes a butterfly on his knee. At the side of the elder, a serpent passes the trunk of a hollow tree, and appears to raise itself to attack him, and the least of the children presses with his foot the tail of the serpent. The execution of this group is very fine, and luckily it is so little impaired by time, as to retain its pristine beauty. This charming work was discovered in a vineyard at a short distance from Vienne; and has been noticed by Messrs. Millin and Cuvier. The much admired statue of the boy plucking a thorn from his foot, now in the Louvre at Paris, was also found here. Several fragments of rare beauty, but too numerous to mention, ornament the Museum at Vienne. Limbs, some of colossal proportions, statues, torsos, alti and bassi-relievi, cornices of admirable workmanship, and mosaic pavements, attract the attention of the stranger; and a collection of objects of art fill different *armoires*, many of them well worthy of attention. A fragment of mosaic of the fifteenth century, composed of glass of various brilliant colors, intermixed with leaves of gold and silver. Columns, capitals, friezes, cinerary urns, busts, and vases, are here in abundance; and a marble altar, presenting three fronts, finely sculptured, is much esteemed by the virtuosi.

It is gratifying to observe the pride which the respectable part of the inhabitants take in the Museum. They direct the attention of travellers to it with no little self-complacency, and take an interest in every object of art discovered in the excavations. "*Notre Musée*," as they call it, is referred to, as something to be justly vain of: and never did national vanity find a more inoffensive source of indulgence. The inscriptions found, which are numerous, encourage a love of reading, in order to compare the different historical authorities, as to their origi-

nal destination and signification. Many fathers bring their sons to translate for them, while those who are more erudite display their learning in explaining the various objects of art, and descanting upon the inscriptions.

27th.—Rode over the hills to-day. The weather mild and genial, as if it was the early part of September, instead of the close of October. The aqueducts, which are, in many places in a state of perfect preservation, present a very picturesque effect among the undulations of the hills, which are nearly overgrown with box and privet, the fresh green of which looks still more vivid near the limpid stream furnished by the aqueducts, and which gushes brightly from its arches. Nothing can be more beautiful or various than the views these hills command; the Rhône forming always a striking feature in the picture. If Vienne was inhabited by English instead of French, how many tasteful villas, and pretty cottages, would soon ornament its environs. At present not one residence of either kind is to be seen, though the beauty of the country might tempt at least the rich citizens to erect such, as a temporary retreat from the turmoil of business; but it is evident the modern French have as little inclination for rural retirement as those of *l'ancien régime*; unlike our citizens, who rarely lose that preference for green fields and trees, which is a peculiar taste of all classes in England, as is evinced by the stately mansions and comfortable abodes, as well as the simple cottages, scattered around London. How inviting are the residences of our citizens, where they inhale the fresh breezes of the country, and lay in a stock of health for their commercial occupations. How often, when viewing the fine prospects in France, does memory dwell on the highly cultivated ones at home? Richmond—unrivalled, unequalled Richmond—with its umbrageous trees, verdant lawns, flowery gardens, bright river, and picturesque villas.—to Dulwich, with its pretty houses, embowered in trees, and perfumed by glowing flowers; and to Hampstead, with its wild heath, and fresh gales.

VOL. I.—8

Nol there is nothing like dear old England! We may love to wander in other countries; but *that* is our home, the home of our choice, of our affection.

One has read of a lover who left his mistress that he might write to her. It is thus we leave our fatherland, to think of it more fondly, more proudly; and to return to it as the school boy does to his mother's arms, after his first separation.

28th.—On wandering through the ill-constructed streets of this, at present, obscure town, it is difficult to imagine that it was here that the council was held in 1311 and 1312, which pronounced the abolition of the Knights Templars; when Philip le Bel, with all his court, attended. The historian Fleuri relates the circumstance. The knights were named Templars owing to Baldwin II, king of Jerusalem, having given them a residence close to the temple of Solomon. The order did not exist two centuries, and was abolished during the time that Briand de Lagnieu was Archbishop of Vienne. The pope, Clement V, convoked a general council on the subject of the affairs of the Templars; the succor to be sent to the Holy Land; and the reformation of the manners and discipline of the church. At this council were assembled above three hundred bishops, exclusive of cardinals; the patriarchs of Alexandria and of Antioch, the abbés, and priors. No decree passed during the first session, and the rest of the year was devoted to conferences on the subjects to be decided, and particularly on all the affairs relating to the Knights Templars. The acts made against them were read, and the pope demanded the advice of his clergy. They were unanimous, with one solitary exception, in the opinion, that the defence of the knights should be heard before any decision was pronounced; a unanimity not a little remarkable, when one reflects that the prelates of Italy, Spain, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, were in the council. Those of France were of the same opinion, except the archbishops of Rheims, of Sens, and of Rouen. The next year, during Lent, Philip le Bel came to Vienne, accompanied by his

three sons, Louis, King of Navarre, Philip, and Charles. The haughtiness and independence of the knights, founded on their high birth and the military glory they had achieved, inspired Philip le Bel with a jealousy and hatred, in which the natural weakness and cruelty of his character disposed him to indulge; and on Good Friday, the 22d of March, Pope Clement assembled a number of cardinals and bishops, who, influenced by the persuasions of Vertot, consented to pronounce a sentence of annulment against the Knights Templars.* Their suppression was published at the second session, in presence of Philip le Bel, his three sons, and his brother Charles de Valois. Thus was abolished the order of the Templars, which, since its approval at the council of Troies, in 1128, existed one hundred and eighty-four years. By an agreement between the pope and council, a portion of the property of the Templars was given to the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who are now the Knights of Malta.

Vienne was formerly united to St. Colombe by a bridge, which, owing to some defect in the construction, required frequent and expensive repairs; to defray the costs of which various expedients were had recourse to. Antoine de la Colombière, grand vicar of the Archbishop Ange-Cato, devised the only successful plan. In the diocese of Vienne, as in the rest of France, Lent always commenced on Monday, instead of Wednesday, as at present; and the vicar bethought him of publishing, in 1500, a general dispensation from this ancient custom, and permitted the people to eat meat on the Monday and Tuesday of the first week in Lent, provided that each inhabitant above the age of seven years paid a fee of three farthings. And, in order to excite their liberality, he gave to those who brought the fee forty days' free pardon in remission of their sins; commanding, under pain of excommunication, that all those who would not pay, should strictly observe the statute which ordained an abstinence from meat and other prohibited articles of food, on the Mondays and Tuesdays. The pope approved this act,

* Rapin de Thoiras.

and the légate of Avignon reiterated it in a bull dated 1507. In course of time, this concession of the church, which at first concerned only the people of Vienne, extended itself over the diocese, and *Le Carême* lost for ever the two days named, which were added to the wild gaieties of the Carnival: a proof that, even in remote times, good cheer was as highly appreciated by the Vienne-ese as it is at present by those with more pretensions to refinement.

Of this bridge there remains at present but one pile, which is the centre one, standing in the middle of the Rhône, and which adds much to the picturesque appearance of Vienne. The suppression of the *Cour des Aides*, established by Louis XIII, was very injurious to Vienne, but the Revolution produced a melancholy change in its fortunes. Prior to that event, she possessed a rich and numerous clergy. Her archbishop took the title of Primate of Gaul; she had two chapters richly endowed, and various royal abbeys. The division of France into departments has taken from the jurisdiction of Vienne a great portion of its former territory, and it required the enterprising spirit and persevering industry, for which its inhabitants are remarkable, to enable the town to support the reverses it had endured. Guided by her ancient love of commerce, and taking advantage of the waters of the Gere, the Leveau, and the brook St. Marcel, the citizens of Vienne have established various manufactories of cloth and satteen on the borders of these streams, and the place bids fair to entitle itself at no remote period to be classed among the first rank of manufacturing towns in France.

29th.—Went to view the fine mosaic pavement discovered in a vineyard near the Place de l'Aiguille. It is of considerable extent, and in perfect preservation; the principal compartments have figures of men, with wings, well executed. We were also shown in the same vineyard a small compartment of mosaic, lately discovered, and which is supposed to extend to a considerable distance.

30th.—Rode "over the hills and far away," on roads,

if such steep and dizzy tracks may be so designated, that almost made me giddy to look on them; some, overhanging precipices that I dared not contemplate, and broken by brawling brooks, that dashed down the sides of the chasms. I find my English thorough-bred horse not quite steady enough for such expeditions, and mean to persuade Comte D'Hautpoul to sell me his charger Mameluke, whose paces and sobriety have pleased me. I am amused at discovering how philosophically we have all learned to submit to the discomforts of the *table ronde*, which appeared so insupportable the first two or three days. The secret of our philosophy is, the unusual quantity of air and exercise we have indulged in ever since our arrival here. They bestow an elasticity of spirits that enables us to bear up against the *désagréments* of our inn; give an appetite, that renders palatable our ill-dressed repasts; and an inclination to sleep, that makes our indifferent beds almost as acceptable to wearied frames as luxurious ones. I find that the *table ronde* owes its name to a rare monument, formerly situated in the immediate spot where the inn now stands. In the middle of a small building supported by four columns was a round table, which gave the name; and the building served as an asylum against arrest for debt, or murder. To enjoy this privilege it was necessary to cry out, on placing a hand on the bolt of the door, "*Franchise Montléans.*" The merchandise or furniture placed in this asylum, were as safe from seizure as was the person of their possessor. This privilege was granted to the ancient lords of Montléans, and after them, those of Maugiron succeeded to it. In 1792, the building was destroyed, in order to widen the street.

31st.—Crossed over to St. Colombe, accompanied by our classical cicerone M. Artaud, to inspect the interesting fragments of antiquities at that side of the Rhône. The tower, built by Philippe de Valois, first attracted our attention. It is a square building of simple but solid construction, and in good preservation, and was erected to defend the passage of the bridge. A magnificent palace

is said to have been built at St. Colombe, still cited as the palace of Pompey, or the palace of Mirror, the last epithet being applied to it, owing to the polished marble with which its interior was lined. This palace furnishes a fruitful field for the descriptive powers of antiquarians to luxuriate in; and the magnificent frieze, and cornice of marble, as well as statues, found on the site it occupied, justify their conjectural eulogiums. At St. Colombe, we saw a mosaic pavement, only excavated the previous day, and which formed the decoration of some of the rooms of the before mentioned palace. It is in a vineyard, and is of considerable extent, judging by the corresponding portions discovered in various parts of the same place. The proprietor of the vineyard had a number of workmen, who uncovered a considerable piece of this beautiful pavement while we were present; and it was with feelings of no common interest, that we beheld restored to the light of day, a work of art that had been for centuries concealed from human sight. Each compartment of the principal mosaic, supposed to be the centre, has a bird or an animal, surrounded by borders of rich and varied patterns. When a few buckets-full of water had been thrown over them, the colors became as vivid as in their pristine beauty, and the peacocks, pheasants, ducks, and cocks, were portrayed with an accuracy and spirit that would not have shamed even the pencil of Landseer; the various shades of their glowing plumage being accurately represented by a composition of blue, white, and red earth, glass, and stones, highly polished, which has a brilliant effect. Several specimens of mosaic have been discovered in other parts of the vineyard; and M. Artaud is of opinion that the whole plan of the ground floor might be traced by the pavement. One is simple, and is supposed to be that of the vestibule; others branching from it, are said to be passages, or corridors, but the last excavated is by far the most beautiful, and is consequently assigned to have been that of the hall of state.

How many reflections did the view of this fine pavement excite, as the workmen uncovered the compartments! Centuries have passed away since the light fell

on them, and generations and generations have been swept from the earth, yet the colors of this work of art retain all their original beauty. Those pavements have often echoed to the tread of the mighty and famed; *their* eyes have often glanced on the figures so well represented, on which mine have looked, and which are now, after a lapse of centuries again displayed to admiring spectators! Could this pavement reveal the scenes that have occurred on it, what a story might it not unfold! A tale of passion, love, hate, ambition, operating on its slaves more powerfully than in our days, because the world was less old, less civilised and less *blasé*; and prudence, or its substitute hypocrisy, was less known, as it was less necessary. Great virtues and great crimes marked those times: general humanity and petty vices the present. The deeds of the ancients, whether of good or of evil, were like their buildings, calculated to leave behind them subjects for the reflection of posterity; while ours are formed to endure but a brief epoch, and scarcely survive the actors or the architects. Yet we have some heroes that may defy oblivion. We have *him*—*him*, the hero of a hundred fights! Yes, Wellington is a name that will live when no stone of the edifice wherein he dwells, will remain to indicate its site; for his deeds are more imperishable than any monument we moderns can erect to commemorate them. Should we not reverence those who link their country to fame; whose secure for it that glory which for ages will survive? Such men should, in their lives, experience the respect and homage that the world will accord their memories; we should be to them—as posterity.

November 1st.—Went to St. Colombe again to-day; and examined the ruins of the Roman baths. The parts of the walls that remain are of *opus reticulatum*, a species of brick work that well resists the assaults of time. The flue for conducting the heat to the baths is visible, and judging by the fragments of rare and rich marbles found in abundance on the spot, it may be concluded that these thermæ or baths were constructed with no ordinary

attention to decoration. The walls of the vineyard in which these interesting ruins are situated, are for the most part composed of the fragments of the ancient palaces and thermæ. At every step the eye discovers a mutilated capital, broken column, or fragment of the drapery of a statue; and pieces of *lapis lazuli*, Parian marble, serpentine, *vert antique*, granite and porphyry, are continually found in turning up the earth. It was in the immediate vicinity of the baths, that the beautiful torso, now in the Museum at Vienne, was discovered.

Monsieur and Madame Michaud allowed us to examine this valuable and interesting collection of antiquities, all found on their property at St. Colombe. Among the finest specimens is a small bronze statue of a faun with a sheep on its back, and several fragments of statues, many of which are of great beauty. I am indebted to to their polite liberality for a small marble hand, found near the baths, and specimens of the different marbles used in the decoration of the palaces and thermæ. They showed us a glass lachrymatory found in an ancient tomb near Vienne, which resembles mother-of-pearl in its prismatic hues; and several curious articles of Roman pottery. It is interesting to witness the pleasure with which the antiquarians of Vienne behold every object of art discovered in their neighborhood. It is examined, commented upon, admired and praised with an enthusiasm peculiar to the gentle craft of antiquarians; but still more peculiar to those who, living remote from cities, and the excitement of political or commercial pursuits, bestow the whole of their attention on this, to them, fascinating occupation. It is perhaps more wise, and is certainly less selfish to allow one's thoughts to revert to the past, as antiquarians do, than to permit them to be wholly engrossed by the present; as is the case with the mere men of the world, though the latter are apt to smile in pity at what they term, the busy idleness of the former.

2d.—The weather is so exceedingly mild here, that one might be tempted to imagine that autumn was in

"the sere and yellow leaf." This mildness does not compensate for the annoyances it produces, for flies are very disagreeable, covering the table and dishes; and the mosquitoes are insufferable, attacking strangers with a pertinacity that nearly defies the means employed to repel them. My face bears visible signs of their gluttonous propensities; and at night, the buzzing sound they make, occasions many a start from the pillow. Our less genial climate has many advantages, among which, not the least is its exemption from the troublesome insects that swarm in France.

Comte D'Hautpoul has kindly consented to sell me his charger Mameluke, and I am delighted with my new acquisition. I rode him to-day, and rejoiced in the steadiness of his temper and easiness of his paces. He is so well broken in that a child might ride him; yet he arches his neck and prances with a *fierté* that might alarm one who did not know his gentleness. There is nothing more invigorating to the frame, or exhilarating to the spirits, than a gallop across the turf on the surrounding hills; a fresh and bracing air fanning the cheeks, and the rapid movement circulating the blood briskly through the veins. Exercise is the key to health; but how many suffer it to rust from disuse; and consequently lose the blessing it could bestow. It is not physical enjoyment alone that depends on the possession of it, for the mind gains in a tenfold degree. The beauties of nature and art are infinitely more prized; and even study becomes more agreeable when the body is in robust condition.

3d.—Saw a sad sight to-day—the corpse of a soldier of the 9th chasseurs, borne by some of his companions, the sanguine stream of life still flowing from his wounds. He had been killed in a duel, only a few minutes before; was considered a brave man, and remarkable for good looks. A private soldier killed in a duel, sounds oddly to English ears; but, in France, it is an occurrence by no means unfrequent. A false sentiment of honor, strongly inculcated in the military profession here, operating on the choleric tempers of men as remarkable for an inordi-

nate *amour-propre* as for bravery, leads continually to such results. An insulting epithet, rude contradiction, rivalry in an *affaire de cœur*, or any one of a hundred other causes of dissension, is followed by a duel, fought with swords; many of which end fatally. In our service, similar causes would not produce the same effect: not owing to any want of bravery, for in that quality our soldiers have well proved that they yield to none: but simply because they think and feel differently. They imagine that a good exchange of lusty blows scientifically inflicted, is as rational a mode of resenting an offence, as the more chivalrous one of the duello; and reserve their swords for the enemies of their country.

It was terrific to behold the pale and ghastly corpse, stained with blood, that only a few minutes before had been warm in life; and, still more dreadful, to think the departed had met dissolution while seeking to inflict it on his opponent; that he had rushed into the presence of his Creator with the desire of vengeance, only stayed by death! Perhaps even now, some fond mother is anticipating a meeting with him; or some affianced bride counting the hours of a separation that she dreams not will be interminable! Alas! alas! few are they who can leave this earth without bringing sorrow on some one who loved them; some one who will turn from the pleasant spring, when it comes forth with its sunshine and leaves, to think of him who can enjoy them no more! and yet, a hasty word, a puerile offence, can make a man brave death, draw desolation on those to whom he was dear, and outrage the Divinity by rushing into His presence uncalled.

4th.—Walked over Vienne to-day; had the site of the ancient baths, at present occupied by the theatre, pointed out to me. They are reported to have been of extraordinary splendor; and the description of them given by Chorier, in his *Antiquities of Vienne*, leads one to regret that, instead of building on the spot, the whole of the ruins had not been excavated with care, and their remains left, like those at St. Colombe, to gratify the curi-

osity of antiquarians. Cherier's description is really gorgeous. He says that one of the baths was of a rotund form, and was entered by a flight of marble steps. It was lined with *verd antique*, and around it were seats of Parian marble. Fragments of an entablature of the same material were found ornamented by fine sculptures. The columns that supported this building were of different colored marbles, of the richest quality. Two statues of rare beauty, and the feet of one of bronze, were discovered attached to pedestals. That of bronze was the work of a Greek sculptor, Myron, whose name was on the pedestal. One of the marble statues represented an athlete, of colossal proportions, supposed, from its nudity, to have been the production of the celebrated Zenodorus, who was employed ten years on the colossal statue of Mercury, executed for the city of Clermont, in Auvergne; and whose long residence in Gaul, whence he was called to Rome by Nero, renders the supposition probable. The head of this statue was sent to Paris. Fragments of marble pavements of rosso antico, bordered by blue, capitals of columns, broken friezes, alti and bassi-relievi, mutilated statues, and leaden pipes for distributing the water in the different baths, have been found in abundance, when laying the foundation of the theatre.

5th.—This day, sacred in England to dense fogs, and effigies of Guy Fawkes, has been here as mild and sunshiny as the first days of September. The influence of climate on the health and spirits is, after all, not to be denied; and it compensates for the lack not only of luxury, but of comfort, experienced in a rambling life on the Continent. Yet when the evening closes in, and a cold air, not excluded by ample window curtains, well-fitting windows, and doors that shut close, makes itself felt, I yearn for the well furnished, well warmed apartments of my home; where the genial atmosphere and solid elegancies within doors, make one forget the discomforts without. The luxuries and refinements that civilisation begets, though they have their disadvantages, are not without many advantages; not the least of which may

be considered the love of home they create in those who might not be influenced by more patriotic sentiments. Our country and hearths become doubly dear when their luxurious comforts are contrasted with the cheerless residences of the Continent; which, whatever may be their pretensions to costly decoration, are sadly deficient in that English indispensable, comfort. Who would not fight for that cheerful hearth, by whose exhilarating blaze he has sat surrounded by the objects of his affection, enjoying all the appliances of competence that industry can supply, or civilisation invent? How often, when travelling in an autumnal evening, in dear England have I glanced through the well cleaned casements of the humble cottages that border the road, and been delighted with the pictures the interior presented. The bright fire, and mantel-shelf over it, with its shining coppers; the clock, that marks the flight of time; the well-rubbed warming-pan; the dresser, with its store of china and delf; and the clean cloth spread on the homely board, round which happy faces are congregated—yes, such scenes have I often dwelt on with pleasure in England. But in France, I have as yet beheld none such.

A man, with an air half soldier, half mechanic, is seen loitering in chat with some neighbor, at the doors of the untidy abodes that, few and far between, are scattered along the sides of the roads in France; or else a masculine, ill-favored looking woman fills up the doorway, cutting, with a large knife, a wedge of bread, that in color emulates the tint of her complexion; while a few sturdy, sallow-faced children, seem to bid defiance to the angry reproofs she occasionally bestows on them, for tormenting the long-legged pigs, lanky dogs, and skinny cats, that unhappily fall in their way. How often have I, when travelling in the environs of some English city, looked with delight on the neat dwellings, and their trim gardens, redolent with flowers, that are thickly strewn by the road's side. The luxuriant growth of the flowers indicated the care bestowed on their culture; the dahlias flaunted in all the pride of their gorgeous hues; and every autumnal garden guest bloomed so richly as to

make one forget the roses they succeeded. The grass plots were green, and smooth as velvet; the gravel walks displayed not a single faded leaf, or weed, to sully their purity; and the balustrades and railings, nay, the very walls that enclosed the pleasure grounds, looked as if well washed every day. The brass knocker, plate on the door, and bell handles, shone like gold, bearing evidence to the indefatigable zeal of the housemaid; and the bright panes of glass, and pretty flower vases that graced the windows, were equally creditable to her care. In the window of one of these residences might be seen a staid and venerable matron, with spectacles on nose anxiously looking towards the road for the arrival of her good man from the city, where he had been engaged in his daily avocations since the morning. It is the hour for his return; Betsy, the cook, has answered that the fish is boiled, the mutton done to a turn; and she hopes master will soon come. A gig stops at the door; a sleek, well-conditioned horse who has drawn it, seems to know he is at home; a steady-looking lad, in a plain sober livery, jumps out and assists an elderly gentleman, with rubicund cheeks, protuberant stomach, cloth gaiters and closely buttoned great-coat, to alight, who, looking at his watch, proclaims that he is five minutes later than his ordinary time, and inwardly hopes the mutton is not overdone.

In the window of another dwelling, a youthful and handsome woman may be seen, even more anxiously looking at the road than the elderly matron we have described. Her dress, though simple, is so tasteful as to bear irrefragable proof that its effect has been carefully studied. A beautiful child, of two years old, is in her arms; and she glances from the window to the time-piece with something of impatience, as she notes that it is a few minutes later than the usual hour of her husband's return. Nurse, who stands in the back ground, ventures to hint at the propriety of little master's going to bed; but the handsome mother declares he shall be kept to get a kiss from papa. Her cheek becomes more rosy, her

eyes brighter, for a tilbury is driven rapidly to the gate; a prancing steed, down whose arched neck the dropping perspiration denotes the impatience with which his master has urged his speed, paws the ground; the reins are thrown over his back, ere the knowing little groom-boy can run to his head; and a tall handsome young man springs from the vehicle, and rapidly rushes towards the house; at the door of which he is met by his pretty wife, round whom and his child, his eager arms are soon wound.

Such are the scenes which the traveller may behold in dear, happy England; how much more cheering than any he will witness out of it! It is only in large cities in France that activity and prosperity are visible. The post-roads seldom present a handsome residence, a picturesque point of view, or a neat cottage with a flower garden. Few are the travelling carriages that traverse them; and these few are occupied by English, migrating in search of health or amusement. A heavy, lumbering diligence trails its slow length along the paved roads; or a wagon, resembling the ark of Noah, rumbles over them, leaving the beholders at a loss which most to pity, the wretched horses that draw the uncouth vehicle, or the wretched individuals that occupy it.

It is evident that the French peasantry have not the same love of flowers that distinguish ours. Poor indeed must the laborer be in England, round whose humble home these innocent and cheap luxuries are not seen to bloom; but even the farmers in France do not cultivate them. This absence of plants and flowers, as well as of those simple but tasteful decorations so generally adopted even by the lower classes in England, forcibly denotes the effects of revolution. That country, which has witnessed the triumphal march of foreign armies over its soil, or of revolutionary hordes destroying its possessions, loses the sense of security, so essential to the cultivation of the comforts and elegances of life. The destruction of property it has once beheld, it is but natural to fear may be again repeated; hence people are more intent on providing for the positive wants of the present day, than

in preparing for future enjoyment, which experience has taught them may be frustrated.

The peculiar characteristics of the people dispose them to a facility of excitement, highly injurious to, if not incompatible with, a long continuation of national prosperity. Hence they seem to live from day to day in expectation, or fear, of some subversion of government, the anticipation of which discourages any strenuous efforts of improvement; as the husbandman whose vineyard has once been overwhelmed by an eruption of a volcano, or the overflowing of a river, fears to expend a large sum in bringing it again into a state of cultivation, lest it should be once more destroyed. Is not the insecurity thus engendered by popular excitement more injurious to a country, than any advantages to be acquired by its most successful results can ever be serviceable?

It is this sense of security that has given such an impetus to the English, as to render their land, in defiance of its uncertain climate, the garden of Europe. It is this that has encouraged its commerce—elevated its merchants into nobles, and fostered science and art. Never may this confidence be shaken! but let England learn from the misfortunes of other nations, to estimate the blessings she enjoys.

The love of rural life, so indigenous in English hearts, and which pervades every class, is unknown in France. No sooner has a citizen with us attained a competence, than he secures for himself an abode in the country, where every moment that can be spared from business is passed in making his residence and its grounds a scene of beauty and repose. He delights in seeing around him umbrageous trees, verdant lawns, and blooming flowers; and enjoys, with a true zest, the tranquil happiness his industry has honorably acquired. Many are the citizens in England thus blessed; and one whom I personally know might furnish the original for a picture seldom if ever to be met with elsewhere.

The respectable individual to whom I refer is a large capitalist. With a fortune that might enable him to emulate the ambitious in their pursuit of power, or outshine

the ostentatious in their display of wealth; he is content to lead the life of a philosopher; but of the active and practical, rather than of the reflecting and theoretical school. See him at his country residence, planning new and judicious improvements in his grounds, overlooking and directing his workmen, suggesting salutary experiments on his farms, ameliorating the condition of his dependants, and the breed of his cattle, and it would be supposed that he had passed his life in agricultural pursuits, and thought of nothing else. Yet in two hours after, this worthy individual may be seen acting as the presiding spirit of one of the largest houses of business in London; examining every new invention in the useful arts; giving orders in various branches of trade that furnish occupation for hundreds; and in his commercial relations with other countries, by his probity, intelligence, and high principles, extending the honorable reputation of a British merchant throughout the civilised world. At night, this gentleman may be seen perusing some clever work: and in the morning, at an early hour, he is again in his fruitful fields.

Such are the men to be found in happy England; but rarely, if ever, are they to be met with where a revolution has left its destructive traces.

6th.—I have taken my last ride in the environs of Vienne. There is something sad in viewing any place with the certainty that we shall see it no more; and this feeling I experienced to-day, when pausing at each point commanding a fine prospect, I gazed for the last time on the beautiful country around. How many bosky dells, moss clad hills, foaming cataracts, and sylvan shades rarely seen, except by shepherd or husbandman's eye, have I become familiar with in the wild regions of the Viennois hills! And how little should I have appreciated their beauty, had I confined my peregrinations, as so many do, to the sterile and unpicturesque high roads. To-morrow we depart for Grenoble.

9th.—We stopped a day at Lyons, to enjoy the society

of our friend Mons. Artaud; and rarely have I met a person whose conversation is more interesting and instructive. He has furnished us with letters of introduction to half the cognoscenti of the south of France and Italy, so that it will not be his fault if I do not acquire a more than ordinary acquaintance with the antiquities of both countries.

Comte D'Hautpoul, colonel of the 9th chasseurs, has kindly accompanied us to Grenoble, and his society enhances our enjoyment of the new scenes presented to us. In him are united the brave soldier, the learned scholar, and accomplished gentleman, whose conversation is replete with interest and information.

The route from Lyons to Grenoble, is through a rich and fertile country, and the approach to the latter town is striking and imposing. It is surrounded by rocky mountains of the most picturesque form; behind which are seen towering still loftier ones, furnishing, as it were, a double rampart of defence to the town. I have nowhere beheld mountains so abrupt as here, or offering such a variety in their forms; and they approach so near the town as to render the contrast between their wild and grotesque appearance, and its civilisation, provincial as it is, very striking.

We visited the gate to-day, now become historical, by which Napoleon made his entry to Grenoble on his memorable return from Elba. The spot was pointed out to us on which Colonel Henry Labedoyère, at the head of his regiment, hoisted the imperial eagle, and joined Napoleon; and we entered the little inn where this last rested while waiting the event of the gates being opened for his admittance. This was the first fortress that surrendered to him, an event ruinous in its consequences to Napoleon as well as to France; for had it resisted, the battle of Waterloo had been spared. I write this in the chamber in which this wonderful man reposed the night of his arrival, and have been listening to a detail of his reception and conduct on that occasion from a spectator. He is described as looking deadly pale, care-worn, and melancholy; but making violent efforts to recover his self-

possession, and to assume a cheerfulness which it was evident he was far from feeling. It was in front of the window of this room that the gates were brought to him by a vast concourse of people, who hailed him with acclamations, and addressed him in the following words:

"Napoleon, our emperor, our glory, we could not offer you the keys of your good town of Grenoble, but we have brought you the gates."

Napoleon is said to have betrayed great emotion on hearing this address; his pale cheeks became tinged for a moment with a hectic flush, and his eyes—those eyes which are said to have possessed an influence almost magical, over those on whom their piercing glances fell—sparkled with animation for a few brief moments, and then resumed their previous expression of gloom. In this room, and leaning his elbow on the table on which I now write, he held a long conversation with some of the principal of his followers, and with those officers who had here revolted to his standard; in which he entered into an explanation of his conduct, and the motives that actuated it, with an anxiety and consciousness, which betrayed his painful sense of the necessity of the explanation. Fallen must have been the fortunes of the once stern and proud emperor, when he could condescend to explain why he was again in the land whence he had been exiled, and whose reception of him was at best but doubtful!—The chief reason he urged for his return, was his having ascertained that the Congress had determined on transporting him to St. Helena. Little could he have foreseen that this very return only served to accelerate the event it was meant to avert! but it is thus ever that weak mortals blindly rush on to the destiny, of which their own errors have laid the foundation.

If ever treason admits of palliation, it surely was in the case of those soldiers, who, led on for years to victory by this wonderful man, again saw that standard unfurled, beneath which they had acquired glory, and beheld *him*, whom they had so long been taught to regard as scarcely less than *invincible*, return from exile to conduct them again to conquest and fame. All their associ-

ations of the past, and hopes for the future, were stirred by his presence; and his fallen state only served to awaken every spark of generosity and enthusiasm in their natures. With the government they were forsaking they had no sympathy; they had not yet learned to appreciate the advantages of a peaceful reign; and the courage and vanity for which the natives of France, and more especially its soldiers, are proverbial, panted for an occasion to avenge and retrieve the imagined stain on their honor inflicted by the occupation of Paris by the allies. In the return of their martial chief, this occasion seemed presented; then can it be wondered at, that, combined with their personal attachment to Napoleon, it led them to throw off their allegiance to his successor, and resume their devotion to his cause?

10th.—Saw the Palace of Justice to-day, a gothic building, in the style of architecture of the time of Francis I; also the Library and Museum, which are beneath one roof.

The Library is of considerable extent, and is well filled. Among its curiosities may be counted some ancient MSS. in which is the poetry of the Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII, and Les Heures, of the sixteenth century, beautifully illuminated. Among the rare books is a French Bible, the first translated into that language, by Raoul de Preisle, Master of the Court of Requests to Charles V, named the Wise, and "Catholicon," by Guttumberges, of the fifteenth century. The Library contains the colossal busts of four celebrated natives of Grenoble: the Chevalier Bayard (*sans peur et sans reproche*), the metaphysicians Condillac and Mably, and the mechanist Vaucanson.

The Museum has some good pictures; but the most esteemed are two from the pencils of Claude Lorraine and Paul Veronese. The statues are, for the most part, casts from those in the Louvre. A cabinet of antiquities, with one of natural history, adjoins the Library. The respective collections are well arranged, and with the Library and Museum are much frequented by the

middling and lower classes of the people. It is gratifying to witness their desire for knowledge. I have rarely entered a public library in France without finding it well attended; and its occupants were in general so intent on the subjects that interested them, that they seldom turned to regard the visitors. The Cathedral contains nothing worthy of notice; and the general appearance of the streets is gloomy and dull.

11th.—We drove to-day to the village of Sassenage, to see the grotto, to which it gives its name. Nothing can be more picturesque than the scenery of the route; which commands a fine view of the mountains on each side, and of the rivers Isère and Drave, the latter of which is very rapid, and must be crossed to arrive at Sassenage. Having reached this place, we left our carriage, and, conducted by two guides, proceeded up the mountain, by the side of the torrent. The ascent is very steep, and somewhat dangerous, but the views it commands are so beautiful, that the fatigue and danger are amply repaid. After a walk of twenty minutes, we crossed the foaming torrent on a plank brought for the purpose, on the shoulders of the guides; and soon reached the cascade formed by the vast rush of water from the cavern above. This waterfall proceeds from a subterranean stream issuing rapidly through a number of less caverns, formed in the rocky mountain. On ascending still higher, we reached the opening of the grotto, which has a very grand and imposing effect; and then entered the subterraneous gallery, preceded by our guides bearing torches. This passage is so low and narrow, that we had great difficulty in groping our way through it, though nearly on our knees. We at length arrived at a point that commands a view of the foaming gulf beneath; the noise of which is perfectly appalling, as, lashed into fury, it sends its snowy spray in showers around. Having resumed the steep passage to the entrance of the grand cavern, we descended by an abrupt route, formed by large disjointed fragments of rocks; and crossed subterranean streams, winding round by the ledge of a vast

rock, which having passed, we entered another grotto, through which the water rushes with a noise and rapidity truly surprising. All further access is prevented by the water, the deafening sound of which is reverberated through the corridors. The picture here presented was very sublime; the guides tossing about the torches to display the wonders of the place, their wild and haggard countenances tinged by the glare of the lights, which fell also on the dark water, giving its rushing masses a shade of lurid red. Their gestures too, were so fantastic, as they endeavored to point out to our observation the objects worthy of notice, all attempt at speaking, or at least of being heard, being from the noise of the water impossible, that there was something unearthly in the appearance of the whole scene.

Every turn of the descent to the village of Sassenage presents some fresh scene of wild beauty. Waterfalls rushing from fissures in the sterile mountain, large and isolated rocks of the most grotesque forms, trees and wild shrubs scattered between, and mountain rising over mountain, capped with snow; while at the bottom, a fertile valley glowing with cherry orchards and mulberry trees, not yet despoiled of their foliage;—all combine to render this one of the most picturesque and striking scenes imaginable. It is with great regret that I find we must abandon our projected visit to the celebrated Chartreuse in this neighborhood; as the route, from the season being so far advanced, is considered unsafe.

ST. MARCELLIN, 13th.—The road from Grenoble to this place passes through a fertile and fine country, diversified by woods, vineyards and mountains. The town itself has little to recommend it, save its excellent inn, *la petit France*, and its most attentive and obliging hostess. Both appear to great advantage after those of Vienne, where the discomfort of the accommodation, and extravagance of the charges, must often vex the traveller who sojourns there. Our hostess, as if aware of our recent privations, gave us a dinner copious enough to have satisfied a large party of gourmands, though not

of a choice to have gratified the more fastidious taste of an epicure. She seemed to think that quantity was more essential than quality; for the table might well have groaned beneath the weight of the feast. In truth, twenty English laborers could not have consumed the repast set before us, which for four persons, consisted of no less than thirteen substantial dishes. It reminded me of the profusion of an inn dinner in the unfrequented parts of the south of Ireland; and the assiduities of the hostess, "who gaily pressed and smiled," was not unlike those exhibited by Irish landladies, who, "on hospitable thoughts intent," seemed to believe that their guests could never have too much for their money.

14th.—The profusion of yesterday has been followed by a famine to-day. Not wishing to travel on the sabbath, we remained here; a contingency which our hostess had neither foreseen nor provided for, consequently her larder was but scantily stocked; and our servants, whose appetites are less delicate than ours, had consumed the viands despatched from our table last evening.

The sabbath cannot be said to be a day of rest in France; it is, on the contrary, a day of pleasure; and the town has been filled with groups of both sexes, and of all ages, busy in the pursuit of amusement. This passion never seems to subside in the hearts of the gay and volatile inhabitants of this nation. The oldest men and women seek it with no less avidity than the young, and emulate them in the zest with which they indulge it. The gaiety that has prevailed here all day, had however nothing gross or disgusting in its exhibition. No symptom of intoxication could be discovered in the men, and the women, though lively, were not indecorous.

VALENCE, 15th.—Valence formed the duchy of Valentinois, that title disgraced by him on whom it was so improperly bestowed, the execrable Cæsar Borgia. This is a town of considerable extent, but its streets are narrow, irregular, and dirty. The house, in an obscure street, was pointed out to us, in which Napoleon Bona-

parte, when a lieutenant in the artillery, spent many months. They were among the least brilliant, but assuredly not the most unhappy of his eventful life; for if he then dreamt not of a crown, he foresaw not the grave of a prisoner and an exile! Except a curious old gothic house, ornamented in a very grotesque style, the town contains nothing worthy of notice. The steeple of the cathedral was struck with lightning two nights ago; and the bells, which were very large, were split in two, and in their descent carried away the floors, and shattered the walls of the steeple. The cathedral is simple; its chief ornament being the mausoleum of Pius VI, which is in good taste. On the other side of the Rhône, and opposite to Valence, is the hill of St. Péray, covered with vines, which produce the wine of that name. Much of the wine sold as Champagne, is composed of St. Péray; in which, as we were informed, is put a certain portion of sugar, and a few grains of rice.

The wines of the south of France are often sold for Malaga and Madeira, the proprietors of vineyards having arrived at a great proficiency in imitating those wines.

We begin already to be sensible of an increased mildness in the temperature as we advance; but this advantage is deteriorated by the quantities of flies and mosquitoes that assail us. Though provided with gauze curtains for our beds, the mosquitoes and sand flies contrive to elude our vigilance; and often either preclude sleep, or take advantage of it, to leave visible signs of their visits. The aspect of the people of the south is very different to that of those we have lately quitted. Here, dark sparkling eyes, clear brown complexions, and an increased animation of manner, characterise the inhabitants. The men are, for the most part, tall and athletic; but the women are so peculiarly round-shouldered, and stoop so much, as to look as if they were deformed.

MONTÉLIMART, 16th.—This was the first place in France where the reformed religion was established, and still contains many Protestant families. The rivers Jabron and Roubion unite here, and flow on until they join

the Rhône. Nothing can be more rich and luxuriant than the country about Montelimart, covered with vineyards, orange-trees, mulberries, and myrtles, which last grow here like large hollies with us.

The site of the château de Grignon, immortalised by the letters of Madame de Sévigné, was pointed out to us. In that favorite residence she closed her mortal career; but no trace of it remains, as the château, as well as the church in its neighborhood in which her remains were interred, were destroyed in the revolution. To Madame de Sévigné's charming letters do I trace my first love of epistolary lore. I was not more than seven years old when they were given to me to translate, and such was their effect on my mind; that I wasted several sheets of paper in addressing letters to some of my companions, in which I vainly attempted to infuse some portion of the spirit that fascinated me in hers. I remember how dissatisfied I was with the coldness of her daughter's epistles, and how delightful I thought it must be to have a correspondent like the inimitable mother. How deeply do first impressions sink into the mind! and how much may the books placed in the hands of the child influence the taste of the woman!

ORANGE, 17th.—We passed, on our route to-day, the picturesque ruins of the château de Rochemaure, which stands on an elevated pile of basaltic rocks, and has a very imposing effect. We also saw the ruins of Donzère, and the châteaux of Mont Dragon and Mornass.

But the beautiful Arch of Orange has equally surprised and delighted us. It is the first object that strikes the eye on entering the town, and is well placed on a plain a few hundred paces in front of the town, on the left of the road leading from Lyons to Avignon. It can be seen at the distance of above a mile on passing Mondragon, and has a magnificent effect. It is about sixty feet high, nearly the same in breadth, and is built in the form of a parallelogram, with three arches; the one in the centre for carriages to pass through is large, and considerably higher than the others. The arches are bounded by

fluted Corinthian pillars; and the columns, which are at each side of the centre arch, support a triangular pediment, with an attic, above which rises a very rich frieze and cornice admirably executed. The attics are ornamented by bassi-relievi, representing combats; and the figures, though much injured by the ruthless hand of time, still retain a considerable portion of their pristine beauty and expression. On each side of the attics are trophies chiefly composed of maritime subjects, with implements of sacrifice between. Above the two less arches are military trophies with standards and flags, on which are the figures of a wild boar. On one of the bucklers in the trophy are traced the letters "ISVIJVS," and on another the word "*beve*;" also the letters "DODVACVS" and "SRE." The south front is so much dilapidated that the bassi-relievi are nearly defaced. On some of the bucklers, however, we were able to decipher the following words, "Sacrovir, Mario, Dracono, Vd ill VS, Av. Ot.:" many of the bucklers have the letters "SRE." The frieze, which is very fine, represents the combats of gladiators, and beneath the trophies are figures of captives. On each side of the pediment are Nereids, and on the centre is the Sun, with the Cornucopia of Abundance. The interior of the arches are decorated in square compartments, with garlands of roses, and the arcades are bordered with wreaths of grapes and vine-leaves, mixed with other fruit and flowers.

On the south front of the arch is a female figure, with the head resting on her hand; and as this is one of the emblems of Marseilles, it is supposed by some to represent that ancient city awaiting the result of the battle. Other writers assert that it is meant to personify Marthe, a sybil of Syria, who was a sort of tutelary guardian to Marius, and who, it is said, held her finger to his ear, thereby enabling him to be victorious over his enemies. Plutarch mentions that Marius had with him a woman of Syria who passed for a great prophetess, who was borne on a litter, and treated with great respect and honor. Marius never made a sacrifice except when she ordered it; and she might be seen carried through the camp

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daily. When she assisted at a sacrifice she wore a splendid mantle of purple, fastened at the throat with rich clasps, and held in her hand a staff covered with wreaths and coronets of flowers.

The eastern side has been repaired, and bears an inscription stating that the repairs were carried into effect by the contributions of the corps of cross-bowmen of Orange, in the year 1706. It is generally believed that this arch was erected to Marius; but this conjecture admits of much doubt, as in the ornaments there is not a single eagle to be found; and as Marius was the first person who introduced that ensign for his legion,* it is probable that it would not be omitted in a monument erected to him. The principal reason for attributing it to Marius is, that his name was inscribed on a buckler in one of the trophies. But this argument is futile, as several other names are also inscribed; whereas, had it been erected solely to him, his name would have been the prominent one.

Pontanus, in his *Voyage*, declares his conviction that the arch was dedicated to Domitius Ænobarbus; and states, that the name of Boduacus, visible on the east side of it, ought to be read, in Titus Livy, instead of Bituitus, or Bétultus.† The learned Peiresc has followed the same opinion; Mandajors, in his "*Histoire Critique de la Gaule Narbonnaise*," page 96; Spon, in his "*Voyage en Dalmatie*," tom. i., page 9; and Guibs, in his "*Journal de Trévoux*," published in 1729, have arrived at the same conclusion; and have brought to the support of their opinions no little erudition. This arch has also been attributed to Julius Cæsar; and Letbert, abbé de St. Ruf, in Avignon, in his work entitled "*Fleurs des Pséaumes*," says that it was erected in honor of Julius Cæsar, conqueror of Marseilles. This hypothesis, if well founded, might explain the introduction of naval trophies on the arch; but others assert that they bore allusion to the victory of Actium. Le Baron de la Bastie states, in "*Le*

* Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. x., cap. 4.

† Itinerarium Galliæ Narbonensis.

Journal de Trévoux," in 1730, pp. 12, 14, his conviction that it was raised in honor of Augustus; but this assertion is only founded on the circumstance of Augustus having caused monuments to be erected to his glory in different points of his empire. Maffei, in his "*Gallia Antiquitates*," p. 157, states his belief that this monument is of the time of Adrian. But it were equally useless as fatiguing to enumerate the various opinions of the numerous writers who have attempted to conjecture the founder of this arch; which stands a beautiful specimen of art, as well as a striking lesson to human vanity, when he to whose honor it was erected is a problematical question, never likely to be solved. Some antiquarians have maintained that the names on the bucklers were those of the chiefs of the vanquished barbarians; and that Mario, the name inscribed, was one of them.

History tells us that Marius served his first campaign under Scipio Africanus, at the siege of Numantia, in the year 133 before the Christian era. The exact date of his election to be tribune of the soldiers is not known; but he was tribune of the people in the year 120 before Christ.* The battle of Quindalon was fought twelve years before that era, and as many authors assert that Marius was constantly engaged in the wars, it is probable that he fought under Domitius, as tribune of the soldiers; and that, for his valuable services, he was next year elected tribune of the people.

It has been asserted by some that this beautiful arch was erected to perpetuate the victory of Domitius, at Quindalon; and, if this be true, it would not be surprising that the name of Marius, who so greatly distinguished himself under his banner, should be inscribed on this monument. But, say the antiquarians—"How are we to account for the omission of the name of the brave Marcellus, who performed so brilliant a part in that action?" Grave and Reverend Signiors, I cannot furnish you with a single elucidatory conjecture on this subject, notwithstanding I have carefully perused your learned researches, and dul-

* Valerius Maximus, vi. 19.

lified myself, and will, my readers—should I ever find any—by the epitome I have given of your lucubrations.

It is strange how soon the mind turns with new interest to pursuits that had previously engaged little of its thoughts! This mobility of the intellect—this power of directing it to new objects, is one of the manifold proofs of the wisdom and mercy of the Creator; as without this facility, life would soon become wearisome, and we should lose that sense of enjoyment now derived from it. It is the novelty of all that strikes the senses, which renders youth the peculiar season of delight. How happy is it then for us to retain the enviable power of finding pleasure in objects that, when in the heyday of life, might have failed to amuse or interest. I can now peruse with interest antiquarian researches which some years ago I had turned from with distaste; and, idle as the occupation may by many be deemed, it has beguiled many miles of a journey, and evenings at a comfortless inn, which might, without this resource, have hung heavily on my hands. No sooner do I see a fine piece of antiquity; but I long to become acquainted with all that is known of it: nay, even before I behold, I prepare myself for the view, by a diligent perusal of the works that refer to it.

18th.—The ruins of the ancient theatre here have greatly interested me. The principal walls are still in good preservation and enable one to judge of the building in its original state. It has been by some supposed to have been a circus: but this opinion is erroneous, as its form is a semicircle, whereas amphitheatres were always oval. The Romans wisely took advantage of the declivities of mountains for erecting their theatres and amphitheatres, as they saved considerable expense and labor, the seats for the audience being raised in rows, one over the other, on the side of the mountain, which offered a natural site. The circular part of the theatre at Orange, in which were the seats for the audience, is still visibly marked in the mountain, and the two extremities of the semicircle which were united by the stage. The portion of this building which joined the

stage and semicircle still exists, and has a noble appearance. The walls, a hundred and eight feet high, and three hundred in length, are composed of large square stones of equal size, joined with great skill and nicety, and ornamented by two ranges of arcades and an attic. At the summit of the exterior are two rows of stones, which protrude from the wall; supposed to have been used for fastening the canvass or sail-cloth that covered the theatre, to shelter the audience from the sun or rain.

The exterior of the theatre is in an extraordinary degree of preservation, and presents a striking and imposing effect: but the interior retains nothing of its pristine grandeur: part of it being converted into a prison, and the rest employed as a receptacle for rubbish, and for the scarcely less degrading purpose of supplying habitations for the mendicants with which Orange is filled.

What a contrast does the present state and uses of this building present to its original destination! Here, where the comedies of Plautus and Terence were enacted, we behold only the most disgusting details of poverty and uncleanness; and where sat the proud and warlike Roman leaders, troops of squalid children and half-starved dogs disport.

To examine the interior of one of the vomitories of the theatre, we were compelled to enter the abode of wretchedness into which a portion of the building has been converted. Nothing could exceed the dirt, except the misery of the habitation; it was of Cimmerian darkness, and the lamp carried before us threw a lurid gloom over the black walls and visage of the beldame who led us through the gloomy passages, and up the various flights of steps; giving to her weird and haggard face something so unearthly, that it required but little stretch of the imagination to fancy her some ancient sybil, muttering incantations as she strode on, pointing out with violent gestures, and in tones whose intonations were painfully harsh, the objects worthy of notice in her wretched abode.

In one of the sombre and confined passages stood a

miserable bed, to which she told us custom had so inured her son, that he preferred it to any other dormitory. The slumbers of this child of poverty are unbroken by any recollections of the former grandeur of the building in which he resides. Here, where the antiquary or philosopher would find ample food for reflection, *he* drags on the even tenor of his existence, satisfied if he can but procure a scanty and unsavory repast to appease his hunger.

The walls of this theatre are of extraordinary thickness, and the stairs are of so massive a structure as to seem formed to bid defiance to time. We saw the ruins of an amphitheatre, some baths, and an aqueduct; and many of the streets offer interesting fragments of antiquity to the curious traveller.

AVIGNON, 20th.—There is poetry and romance in the name; or, at least, in the associations it calls up. Petrarch, with the power that appertains to genius alone has invested this place with an interest for all who can appreciate the beauty of his works; and we view Avignon with different feelings to those with which we regard more attractive towns. The approach to Avignon is imposing: the high towers of the ancient palace, with their rich and warm toned hue of brown, rise above the walls of the city; and many a spire and steeple give beauty to the picture, which is crowned by Villeneuve, seen in the distance. The battlemented walls are flanked by square towers, erected at regular distances, and have seven gates.

The Rhône is nowhere seen to greater advantage than here, where it sweeps along with a rapidity and grandeur that gives the boats that glide over it the appearance of being hurried on by some irresistible influence; like those vessels we read of in fairy tales, that skim the waters with magical swiftness, but cannot retard their course.

The ruins of the ancient bridge, with a chapel in the centre, have a very picturesque effect; and the sound of the rushing, arrowy Rhône, as it is dashed against the

stones, has a melancholy in it, well suited to the *triste* character of this silent and nearly deserted place. Mont Ventoux, which is said to be the highest mountain in France, rises to the north of Avignon, its sides glowing with all the varied hues of vegetation, while its summit is veiled in snow; and on the south, the horizon is bounded by the chain of blue mountains of the Angles and the Issarts.

The *rocher de Don*, which we explored to-day, commands a fine view of the town and a magnificent one of the surrounding country. The plains of Languedoc, rich in mulberry and olive trees, and sprinkled with undulating hills, covered with vineyards, look like a vast garden spread over the country, and to the east are seen the abrupt and sterile rocks of Vaucluse, forming a fine contrast to the fertile scene they bound.

Never did I behold a more glorious sunset than this evening: the river was crimsoned with its rich reflection, and all the objects around were tinged by its brilliant rays. Who could believe, while beholding it, that this was the gloomy month of November, notwithstanding that the *vent de bise* reminds one it is not summer.

We were much amused this morning by a visit from the poet laureate of Avignon, to present a congratulatory ode on our arrival. The poem was as poor as its author, which is saying not a little; for poverty was stamped on every lineament of his care-worn face, and threadbare garments. He has for many years welcomed every traveller whose appearance indicated the power of remunerating the distinction with a similar felicitation: nay, people are malicious enough to assert, that the same poem, inserting merely a change of name, answers for every English family.

The poor poet retired happy in the possession of our donation; and left us wondering if, as he stated, he lived by his wits, how he could exist on so slender a capital.

21st.—Walked round the walls. Though deficient in strength for the purpose for which they were designed, they add much to the beauty of the town. They were

built by Pope Innocent VI, in 1358, as a protection from the attacks of the banditti.

Went over the Papal Palace, which, though now in a state of comparative ruin, is still worthy of inspection. It is surrounded by high walls, flanked by towers, and was formerly strongly fortified. The cathedral nearly joins it, being only separated by a building now in ruins. The palace is a gothic edifice, and contains numerous suites of rooms, some of which, and particularly those occupied by the vice-legates, were very splendid, if we may judge by the paintings that still decorate the walls and ceilings. Part of this once noble episcopal residence is converted into a barrack; and the rest is used as a prison: Strange reverse of destiny! that a mansion raised by the head of the papal church, and which was supposed to be the temple where the God of Peace was to be worshipped, should become the abode of the votaries of war and crime! The apartments where once the stately fathers enjoyed their dignified seclusion, with, perhaps, more of the pomps, vanities, and luxuries of life, than became the followers of their meek and lowly Master, are now the mess-room and dormitories of the soldiers; who bestow little thought on the original destination of the building, except to mock its former inhabitants. The long aisles, through which the pealing organ often reverberated, now echo the coarse laugh of the soldiers, or the gloomy murmurs of the weary captives.

In the most ruinous part of the palace we were shown the chambers of the inquisition, with the dévious passages, formed in the deep walls, and impervious to the light of day. The halls of examination, and the places of torture, whose walls were so massive as to exclude the sounds of anguish of the victims, and the fearful abyss called the Glacière, constructed in the wall, and communicating with the place of torture by a large aperture, were pointed out to us; as well as another gulf of a similar description, but of less dimensions, seemingly constructed for deeds of darkness. It is asserted that the inquisition at Avignon was always extremely mild in its decrees, and that torture was rarely applied. But there

is something so repugnant to the feelings of a native of dear, free, happy England, in secret charges, and private punishments, that I could not view without shuddering, places designed for such uses, even though led to believe they had not been sullied by such cruelties. But if, in the day of papal power, these dreary walls have not echoed the groans of torture, or shrieks of despair, what dreadful scenes have they not witnessed in the eventful period of the Revolution! In the chamber of torture, hundreds were massacred, and flung into the Glacière, the interior of which still retains many an ensanguined stain.

Reflecting on the fearful deeds of that Revolution, purchased with the blood of thousands, well might one exclaim, with Madame Roland, as she apostrophised the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, on her road to the scaffold, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

One of the gentlemen who accompanied us through the palace, pointed out a chamber in which his father was for many months a prisoner, during the troubled days of that dreadful epoch, when he daily expected to be led to a violent death. He told us that he paid a yearly visit to this melancholy spot; in order to appreciate more highly the blessing of living free from the apprehension of being exposed to any similar calamity, to that of which he was formerly a spectator; nay more, a partaker, from sympathy with the sufferings of a parent.

The recollections of the terrible Revolution seem fraught with horror to those whom I have encountered; who can remember it. Not even the long lapse of years that has occurred since its close, can efface the memory of its terrors from their minds; and, judging from their conversation, my impression is, that they would submit to any species of monarchical despotism, in preference to braving the dangers of a revolution. Nor can this be wondered at, when one reflects on the scenes they have witnessed. The tyranny of a democracy is enough to convert to absolutism (or, more properly speaking, absoluteness) the veriest fanatic of liberty that ever dreamt

of the Utopia of a republic, in countries where other governments had long subsisted.

The mint is opposite the principal entrance of the palace. It is now occupied by the gendarmerie, and is a building in the very worst style of architecture of the time of Louis XIII. Two figures, meant to personify angels, decorate the front of the mint. They support a shield covered with *fleurs-de-lys*, surmounted by a crown. The figures are more grotesque than can be imagined; and to add to their manifold imperfections, have a cloven foot each. Dragons and hydras dire, with other fabulous monsters, are placed between festoons of flowers mixed with fruit, the *ensemble* forming a perfect specimen of *rococo*; a word for which our language has no synonyme, but which is expressive of the union of finery and bad taste.

23d.—Yesterday, visited the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, immortalised by Petrarch. It is within a morning's ride of Avignon, and possesses sufficient natural attractions, independent of its poetical associations, to repay one for the trouble of going. The valley of Vaucluse is extremely narrow, and bounded by high rocks of a brownish gray tint: their sombre hue is in some places relieved by olive and fig trees, with scattered vines, but there is still a great want of wood to break the dull uniformity of the cliffs; the color of which is cold, and not sufficiently varied to produce a fine effect. In the time of Petrarch, those gigantic rocks were only seen at intervals, breaking out of large masses of wood, with which the valley was nearly covered; and which softened the character of the scenery that now presents a wild and savage aspect. After winding for some way among the crags, the road terminates at the village of Vaucluse, which is most romantically situated; and a broad path formed on the ledge of the rocky chain that bound the river, which here fills the centre of the valley, leads to the celebrated fountain which was the Helicon of Petrarch. The valley is here closed by a perpendicular crag of immense height; within which, is the cavern

whence springs the fountain. The entrance to this cavern is above sixty feet high; and it is screened by rocks which intercept all view of it until it is neared. The fountain fills a vast basin of a circular form, at the base of the perpendicular cliff that terminates this part of the valley.

At a short distance from its source the stream falls rapidly over huge fragments of rocks, covered with a vivid green mass of aquatic plants and herbs; which gives to this limpid and sparkling water the appearance of a river of emeralds. After precipitating itself with impetuous force over the rocks, it is formed into a river, which rushes along the vale with exceeding velocity. The borders of the fountain abound with wild thyme of a delicious fragrance; and it only requires a little of the poetic fancy, which gives to Italian poetry so many of its concetti, to imagine that it owes its odor to the tears with which the love-lorn Petrarch, that phoenix of lovers, so frequently bedewed this spot, when bewailing the inexorable cruelty of his Laura.

As I stood on the spot where he so often reposed, I thought of the passage,

"Amor col rimembrar sel mi mantiene—
Ed io son di quei che il panger giova—
Ed io desio,
Che le lagrime mie si spargan sole."

The memories of few heroines have been more unkindly dealt by than that of Laura. Not only has her virtue been suspected, but even her very existence has been doubted; and there are still sceptics to be found who assert that she was less cruel towards Petrarch than his complaints imply; while others maintain that the subject of his muse existed only in his own excited imagination. The question relative to the identity of Laura, so long a subject of cavil, was put an end to by the Abbé de Sade having, in the year 1760, discovered in his family archives some contracts and testamentary documents, which have satisfied even the most sceptical of those who doubted her existence, that Laura, daughter of Audibert

de Noves, and wife of Hugh de Sade, was the object of Petrarch's passion. She was married in her eighteenth year, and Petrarch saw her for the first time at the church of St. Claire, at Avignon, two years after. The House of Noves held the first rank at the town of that name, situated at a short distance from Avignon; and the family of de Sade filled important offices at the last mentioned place.

The peasants at Vaucluse point out the spot where the chateau of Laura stood; but the life and writings of Petrarch furnish abundant proofs that his seclusion was never cheered by her actual presence, although her ideal one continually floated in his mind's eye. Madame Deshoulières, in her "Épître sur Vaucluse,"* supposes Laura to have soothed, if not rewarded, the passion she created; a supposition as little creditable to the delicacy of the French poetess, as to the honor of the wrongly accused Laura; for there is no line in Petrarch's writings that implies a single instance of the absence of that rectitude and decorum, of which he relates so many examples, and against the cruelty of which he breathes such complaints. The Abbé Delille, too, in his "Jardins," chant 3, indulges in hypothetical surmises on this point; though he is less coarse in them—Oh! shame to her sex!—than his countrywoman. He questions the grotto where he imagines them to have reposed: absurdly enough attributing the scene where Petrarch retired to lament the cruelty of his lady-love, to have been that which witnessed the indulgence of his guilty passion. The letters of Petrarch, as well as his poetry, exhibit, to the calm and not impure mind, irrefragable proofs that his passion for Laura, if not always Platonic, at least never received any

* Dans cet antre profond, où, sans d'autre témoins,
Laure sut par de tendre soins
De l'amoureux Petrarque adoucir le martyre;
Dans cet antre, où l'amour tant de fois vanqueur,
Ill exprima si bien sa pitié, son ardeur,
Que Laure, malgré sa rigueur,
L'écouta, plaignit sa langueur,
Et fit peut-être plus encore.

reward inconsistent with modesty from her. When he utters the following lines, they cannot surely be taken for other than the murmurs of despair, produced by her rigor:—

“Se sapessi per morte essere scarco
Del pensier amoroso che mi atterra,
Con le mie mani avrei già posto in terra
Questo membra dogliose e quello incarco:
Ma perch'io temo che sarebbe un varco
Di pianto in pianto, e d'una in altra guerra.”

Again, surely the following breathes not of happy love:—

“La vita fugge e non s'arresta un' ora;
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate;
E le cose presenti e le passate
Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora:
E l'rimembrar e l'aspettar m' accora,
Or quinci, or quindi sì, che 'n veritate,
Se non ch' i 'ho di me stesso pietate,
I' sarei già di questi pensier fora.
Tornami avanti s' alcun dolce mai
Ebbe l' cor tristo; e poi dall' altra parte,
Veggio al mio navigar turbati i venti.
Veggio fortuna in porto, e staneo omai
Il mio noechier, e rotte arbore e sarte,
E i humi bei che mirar soglio, spenti.”

It is true that Petrarch, in his dialogue with St. Augustin, admits that his passion for Laura was of too warm and violent a nature to be indulged without remorse; but this confession does not necessarily imply guilt. A man of a religious turn of mind, as Petrarch is known to have been, must have felt compunction at the consciousness of abandoning his heart to so engrossing a passion for a married woman, without that compunction being occasioned by any deeper sin.

It is impossible to wander along the banks of the limpid Sorga, or to recline by the fountain of Vaucluse, without dwelling with reverence on the memory of him who has immortalised both. As one of the principal restorers of literature to his country; as a fearless censurer of the vices of the papal court—a court anxious to pur-

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chase his silence by its gifts; and as a writer of exquisite taste and profound erudition, Petrarch has strong claims on the respect of posterity; even without the generally admitted one of his harmonious and refined poetry, which was so well calculated to correct the prevailing licentiousness of the age in which he lived. Even his passion for Laura, however it might be esteemed a weakness, was calculated to raise a more respectful sentiment of admiration for the female sex: and when her increased age and diminished charms had not power to extinguish the flame;—nay, when death itself could not subdue it, we must admire and marvel at the force and durability of his feelings.

The ruins now shown by the peasants as the site of the chateau of “*Madame Laure*,” as they call her, were those of the castle, in which the Bishop of Cavaillon, the dear friend of Petrarch, resided. They stand to the right of the fountain, boldly placed on a pile of stupendous rocks, and command a magnificent view. The walls are on the very verge of the precipice, which overlooks a vast expanse of mountains, rocks, groves of olive trees and vineyards; while, in the immediate foreground, the fountain with its sparkling waters and snowy foam, reflecting innumerable prismatic hues, as the rays of the sun play on it, forms a magical picture. The cataract created by the rocks over which the water rushes from the fountain, is, when the fountain is filled, truly grand. The spray rises in huge masses, resembling immense flakes of snow. As they are impelled into the air, and descend again with surprising velocity, they are tinged with the brightest tints of a rainbow, and mingling with the snowy foam and vivid green water, have a beautiful effect.

How many great men were drawn to Vaucluse by the desire of conversing with Petrarch! Here came Robert, the good king of Naples, with his fair queen, and attended by a brilliant train of courtiers. It was this sovereign who exclaimed, that were he compelled to make the sacrifice of his crown or his love of letters, he would prefer resigning the former. Few men were ever so

much esteemed and beloved by their contemporaries as was Petrarch; and few could have borne the applause and honors lavished on him with such equanimity and meekness. His friends were among the most distinguished of his countrymen; and neither jealousy, nor envy, seems to have ever interrupted any of the attachments he formed, which were as remarkable for their warmth as for their durability.

In the village of Vaucluse is a small inn called the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura. Here sentimental tourists stop to regale themselves on the delicious trout which the river furnishes; giving, between every morsel of the luscious fare, a sigh to the memory of the celebrated lovers, whose busts decorate the mantel-piece of the chamber where the refecton is served. Those travellers who command the most luxurious repasts are considered by the inmates to possess the most sensibility; and those who submit without resistance to extortion, are esteemed to be mirrors of sentimentality: a regulation of which our worthy hostess made us aware, by the warmth of her praises of those who expended what she considers a proper sum, and the severity of her strictures against the more economical or less wealthy visitors.

The English she vowed, were the most sentimental people alive. It was delightful, she said, to see them sit for hours at table, with their eyes turned towards the busts of Petrarch and Laura, and sighing, while they washed down their repast with bumpers to the memory of the lovers. They (the English) never squabbled about the items in the bill. No! they were too noble-minded for that; they were wholly engrossed by tender recollections. Of the Germans, Russians, Italians, and even of her compatriots, the French, she spoke less kindly. "Would you believe it, madam," continued she, "many of them pass this inn—yes, *the* inn—sacred to the memory of Petrarch and Laura, without ever crossing its threshold; and the few who do, draw from their pockets biscuits, and demand only a glass of *eau sucrée*? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, unfeeling creatures!

How do they imagine we are to exist, paying, as we do, a heavy rent for this inn, and the sensibility of the visitors to the fountain, being the only means of making it profitable. But most people now-a-days have no heart; ay, and no stomach also, or they could not come here without melancholy feelings, which naturally beget an appetite; for though the old proverb only says that sorrow is thirsty, I maintain that it is hungry too; having observed that the dear English, who showed the most *tristesse*, always were disposed to do honor to the plentiful collations they commanded. *They did not go jabber, jabber*, like the rest of the visitors who come here; nor did they pass *maubaises plaisanteries* on the respectable countenances of Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laura, as too many do. No, they said little, and looked sad; but they relished the trout of Vaucluse in a manner that proved their tenderness for *him* who gave the fountain its fame."

Our hostess became so animated in her eulogium of the English, that she heeded not the reproving looks of her husband; who, observing that two of our party were French, was fearful of her giving them offence. At last, somewhat piqued by her obstinate continuation of this apparently impolitic praise *malgré* his glances, he said,

"You forget, *ma chère*, when you talk of the English never passing any *mauvaises plaisanteries* on the respectable countenances of Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laure, the two *mauvais sujets*, that, with a burnt cork, gave a pair of large black mustachios to Madame Laure, and, with a red chalk, made the nose of Monsieur Petrarch redder than a tomato; ay, and gave him a pair of spectacles too. Why, it took me full two hours to get them clean again!"

"Well, then, if they did, in the innocent gaiety naturally excited by two bottles of your best champagne, take a little liberty with the faces of the busts, did they not throw you down twenty francs extra to pay, as they said, for white-washing the faces?"

28th.—Avignon is really an agreeable place to persons

who do not require the excitements peculiar to a great capital. The climate is good, except when the *mistral* sets in; but even then, though the wind is remarkably cold, it is rarely accompanied by rain, and the sky is as bright and unclouded as in summer.

House-rent is extremely moderate here; a fine suite of apartments in a good hotel—by which I mean a private house of large dimensions, all such being designated as hotels—may be had, well furnished, for about fifty guineas a-year, and provisions of every kind are abundant, and may be purchased on reasonable terms. The country abounds with vineyards, and their produce serves the double purpose of warming externally as well as internally, the stems and branches of the vine being used for firing. The odor, however, which they emit during combustion, is rather disagreeable; at least, I find it so, although the inhabitants like it.

The inn, *L'Hotel de l'Europe*, at which we have taken up our abode, is a very good one; and Madame Pieron, its mistress, leaves nothing undone to secure the comfort of her guests. This inn was, many years ago, the scene of an incident that gave rise to the comedy of the *Deaf Lover*, a piece which has had great success.

Monsieur Pieron, the son of our hostess, a valetudinarian, whose health admits of not attending to business, devotes his time to literary pursuits and antiquarian researches, the fruits of which are always at the service of those who seek his conversation. He peculiarly piques himself on his knowledge of the English language; his pronounciation of which, however, joined to the habit of employing only the most erudite words, renders it difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend his discourse. He has read many English authors, and prefers the most pedantic, whose phraseology he has studied and adopted. But having conversed comparatively little with English people, his pronounciation of the difficult words he employs, has a most ludicrous effect.

29th.—Our banker, Monsieur de L. and Madame *son épouse*, have been to call on us. They have invited us

to their house, which they open once a week to receive *le beau monde* of Avignon. Monsieur de L. appears well educated and sensible; and Madame has that ease of manner, joined to a desire to please, peculiar to her countrywomen. They have offered us books, but of them we find no lack, having a large supply with us; and Avignon, among its other *agrémens*, possessing a good circulating library.

Rode out to-day; the weather very fine, the atmosphere clear, and not colder than the end of September in England.

30th.—Rode a considerable distance to-day, but the country around Avignon is, for the most part, so flat and uninteresting, as to offer little temptation to explore it. The peasantry here, are a well looking and healthy race; the men active and lively, with animated countenances; but the women, though generally possessing good features and fine hair, are so ill shaped as to appear deformed. This defect is chiefly owing to their having their waists so short, that their petticoats are tied under their arms, which has a most disagreeable effect. They wear large hats, of a circular form, which serve as a parasol in summer, and an umbrella in winter; somewhat on the principle of the Irish peasant's inseparable great-coat, which, as he asserts, keeps *out* the heat in summer, and keeps it *in* in winter. Beneath this large hat, the women wear a transparent handkerchief, of a brown and yellow pattern, which passes over the forehead, and shades the eyes from the scorching beams of the summer's sun, and the not less destructive effects of the mistraël, or *vent de bise*, to which they are exposed at all seasons.

It is strange that the inhabitants of the south of France, although more liable to diseases of the eyes than those of any other part, from the extreme heat and glare of the sun, as well as the pernicious influence of the mistraël, invariably use umbrellas of a deep rose color, which must be very injurious to the sight, from the red shade they cast. On a wet day, the streets resemble vast beds of

damask roses put in motion, and has a fantastic and pretty effect.

December 1st.—Went to see the hôtel de Crillon, the residence of *him* to whom the epithet *Brave*, always applied, gives a lustre to his memory that time cannot destroy. How characteristic of, and honorable to, both the sovereign and subject was the letter written by Henri Quatre to Crillon: "*Pends-toi, brave Crillon! nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étois pas.*"

This noble mansion was much injured during the Revolution; since that epoch it has been sold, and is at present divided into two: but though its pristine splendor is greatly impaired, it still retains many marks of its former grandeur. The principal *façade* has been repaired, and is remarkably fine: the architraves of the door and windows are ornamented with bold and well executed bassi-relievi; but owing to the extreme narrowness of the street in which the house stands, this beautiful *façade* is seen to little advantage. The vestibule is paved with marble of a mosaic pattern, and though injured, still displays some portion of its original beauty; and the inner salon and entrance, which is of vast dimensions, has some of its pannels left, which attest the richness of its former decorations. The gallery, which opens on a colonnade roofed with well executed ornaments, in cut stone, is entered from this apartment: its only ornament are some old busts, placed on curious brackets. The principal suite of rooms front the garden, which bears marks of having been worthy the mansion. The great salon on the ground floor contains a curious and very handsome mantel-piece of enormous dimensions, supported by caryatides representing colossal females. It is executed in so bold a style that it conveys an impression of the liberal spirit of the brave owner of the hotel; and on beholding its ample hearth, the mind is carried back to the olden time, and to the princely hospitality of Crillon, when whole forests blazed to give a warm welcome to his gallant sovereign.

The delicacy and good taste of Crillon were admirably

conspicuous in the manner of his reception of Henri Quatre in this mansion. That monarch having signified his intention of visiting Avignon, was entreated by Crillon to honor his hotel, by taking up his abode there during his stay. Henri declined, not wishing to put his favorite to the heavy expense of entertaining him and his suite; and declared his determination of resting at the principal auberge. Crillon, comprehending the motive of his sovereign, immediately placed over the door of his hotel the sign of the *Fleur de Lis*, with the following inscription:

BON LOGÏS
AUX
FLEURS DE LIS.

Afterwards, he arranged that the king should be conducted to, and received at the hotel Crillon, as if it were an inn; and Henri never discovered the delicate deception until he entered the *grand salon*, the magnificence of which undeceived him.

We were shown the chamber in which the monarch slept. The alcove in which his bed was placed is still divided from the room by the same massive gilded balustrade that was erected for his reception, and the ceiling of the chamber retains much of its beauty. One could fancy the gallant Henri in his chamber, waited on by his no less gallant soldier, who with manly courtesy did the honors of his house.

What very different associations do two of the most remarkable monarchs of France call up in the mind, Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze! The courage and frankness of the first, make posterity regard his memory with affection; nay, his gallantries receive a toleration never accorded to those of other sovereigns. He may be considered as "the chartered libertine" of the olden time; for those who dared not praise, refused to censure his errors. But the vain-glorious Louis, whose campaigns were not less ostentatious than his amours, and whose victories in war, as in love, were little due to his personal merit, excites but a trifling interest in our minds: and,

though sung by Boileau, and bepraised by all his principal cotemporaries, is seldom referred to by posterity, except in conjunction with the splendid furniture, and the equally glittering but flagrant profligacy, which formed the two principal features of his reign.

2d.—We visited the tomb of Laura, or rather, I should say, the site of it, to-day. It is in a garden which now occupies the place of the church of the Cordeliers, of which only a portion of the ruins remains. The spot is marked by a few stunted cypresses planted around it, with some flowering shrubs. One is surprised that the people of Avignon have not erected a simple monument over the grave, or even a stone to point out the spot; and it is the more surprising, as many of the inhabitants are remarkable for their love of literature. Perhaps they imagine, and with reason, that in the poesy of Petrarch, Laura has found a more beautiful and indestructible monument, than they could erect to her memory.

3d.—M. de L. took us to-day to see “the *Grand Hôpital*” as it is called. It is a fine building with a magnificent *façade*, and holds a vast many, I forget the precise number, of patients. The rooms are spacious, well ventilated, and perfectly clean; and nothing can exceed the good order with which all the arrangements are conducted in this establishment. Two apartments, of large dimensions, are appropriated to patients whose diseases are not infectious. They contain rows of beds extending from one end of the apartments to the other, each being divided by a window. The name of the patient is attached to his bed; on a shelf, at the head of which, is placed every article appropriated to his use. The beds are scrupulously clean; and the linen and pillows as white as any to be found in the best houses. The two large apartments contained, on an average, not less than a hundred patients in each; yet not the slightest disagreeable odor was perceptible, nor the least symptom of a disgusting nature. At the end of the largest apartment is an altar, at which a religious service is daily performed.

This chamber communicates, by very large folding-doors, with the entrance hall; the whole forming an extent of some hundred feet, *en suite*.

The patients were quiet and orderly in their demeanor, many of them occupied in reading; and, though some looked grave, none appeared discontented. How blessed is the charity that extends succor, to those whose poverty denies them the power of alleviating, or healing the physical sufferings to which mankind are subjected! Who that visits such institutions as the one I this day saw, could refuse to contribute his mite to support them? The rich, who can nurse disease on pillows of down, and administer to its wants "with all the appliances of wealth," know how difficult it is to be borne; and that, though pomp may be physicked, the potion is not less nauseous from being offered in cups of gold. But they ought to feel, and the mass, God be thanked, *do* feel, that the suffering poor should be shielded in their hour of need; and public and private charities attest the willingness to relieve them. It required all the cleanliness and good order of the hospital I saw to-day, to counteract the depression occasioned by beholding so many fellow mortals assailed by disease; and by the reflection that they were all away from their homes and hearths, and those near and dear to them, to which persons never turn so fondly as when subdued by physical suffering. The fond wife, the devoted mother, the tender sister, or the duteous daughter, were not there to whisper comfort, or to look hope. But they were, perhaps, thought of more frequently and affectionately, as their absence was missed by those accustomed to share their attentions; and charity (may it be thrice blessed!) supplied what poverty could not at home furnish; the knowledge of which consoled the absent.

5th.—Rode to the Pont du Gard yesterday—a splendid monument of antiquity. It is sixteen miles from Avignon, and worth going a hundred to see. It unites two steep and rocky hills, between which the river Gardon flows rapidly along its steep and abrupt banks, co-

vered with wild shrubs, mingled with fig and olive trees. The country around is picturesque; and the magnificent structure which crowns the scene, renders it one of the most imposing and beautiful imaginable—just such a one as Claude Lorraine would have loved to paint. This noble pile consists of three tiers of arches, forming a height of two hundred feet above the river. The length is estimated at eight hundred feet, taking a sloping direction, its extremities resting on the rocks at each side of the river. The principal tier, which is the middle, consists of eleven arches, the height of which in the centre, appears to be about eighty feet! The upper tier, which supports the channel through which the water passed, has thirty-five arches, which are twenty feet high. The bridge annexed to this aqueduct is of modern construction, and is infinitely inferior to the ancient building; but seen at a distance, it adds considerably to the effect of the whole. The blocks of stone with which the Roman works were constructed are so stupendous, that we are led to imagine that the beings who wielded such materials, must have been as superior in physical force to the present race of men, as are the monuments they erected, to our modern buildings. The Romans, like the Egyptians, seem to have thought of future ages, when they constructed their massive edifices; while we, in a most egotistical spirit, appear to build as if we had only a lease of our lives, and cared not for our posterity.

The works of the aqueduct of the Pont du Gard extended through a course of twenty-six miles, conveying water from two fountains near Usez, into Nismes. The conduit through which the water passed was lined with a mastic cement, which is still in a wonderful degree of preservation. We were enabled, by stooping a little, to walk with ease through this conduit. The date of this fine structure is not known, but it bears the initials A. Æ. A., which are supposed to signify, Aqueductus Ælii Adriani.

7th.—A long ride in the country yesterday prevented my writing. The olive trees begin to look very sombre.

One of the most tasteful residences I have seen since I left Paris, is the *Maison la Pallière*, which we went over to-day. It contains a gallery of pictures, some of which are worth inspection; and a collection of casts of many of the best statues of antiquity. The drawing-room is of an elliptical shape, divided into equal compartments by pillars, each compartment being filled by a mirror. The doors and windows have mirrors to correspond; and busts and vases, placed on marble pedestals, are ranged round the room. The whole has a singular, but pleasing effect; and the apartment must look very brilliantly when lighted up.

8th.—We had a good specimen of a provincial *soirée* last night, at Madame de L.'s, where all the *beau monde* of Avignon were assembled. Eight o'clock for an evening party, sounded strangely to our ears, that being about the hour we sit down to dinner in London; but here, it is the general hour of reunion. The Hotel de L. is a very fine one; the rooms spacious and tastefully furnished, remarkably well lighted, and containing several good works of art. One card table was set out for some of the elderly guests; but the rest amused themselves with music and conversation; both very good of their kind. We had duets, which were sung in a style of excellence that would not have shamed first-rate professional performers; and which had a peculiar charm for me, as indicating the perfect harmony not only of the voices, but of the lives of the singers; for nothing but the habit of very frequently practising together, could have rendered their notes so beautifully attuned.

Indeed, it was gratifying to observe the extreme cordiality that subsisted between the persons assembled—all with the exception of ourselves, old friends and neighbors, who are in the habit of meeting every evening during the winter, at each other's houses. The French possess the talent of conversation in a rare degree; their apprehension and comprehension are quick, their flow of words ready and vivacious, and their manners are distinguished by a desire to please, that half accomplishes

its aim. They are, for the most part, well informed on the general subjects of interest. With the light literature of their own country, they cultivate a familiar acquaintance; but their knowledge, though versatile, is rarely profound. They can talk agreeably on most topics, but instructively on few. They have the address of bringing into exhibition the whole stock of their knowledge, leaving nothing unseen; like those small dealers, who display the greater part of their wares in the windows of their shops, reserving no store on their shelves. In fine, they are witty, playful and brilliant, but rarely, if ever, thoughtful, and never thoroughly erudite. Of humor, they appear to be not only deficient, but ignorant. A *bon mot*, an epigram, or a lively sally, they comprehend at a glance; but broad or sly humor, which is so well understood, and duly appreciated in England, has no attraction for them. I refer, of course, to the many; there may be, and I doubt not, are very numerous exceptions to be found in the more studious and reflecting of both sexes; but these classes seldom enter society.

But to return to the *soirée* of Madame de L.; among many distinguished persons who were assembled, the individual who the most particularly excited my attention was Madame de Villume, the celebrated Mademoiselle Sombreuil, whose celebrity is among the most honorable that ever was acquired by woman—the heroic discharge of the duties of a daughter in the face of danger and of death. Her father was *gouverneur des Invalides* at the commencement of the Revolution; and displayed a firmness and courage, as well as a devotion to his sovereign, worthy of example. He was arrested and cast into prison soon after the memorable 10th of August; and on the 2d of September was on the point of being massacred by the sanguinary assassins who immolated so many noble victims; when his young and lovely daughter threw herself between him and them, and clasping him in her arms, offered her fragile person as a shield against their weapons. Her youth, her beauty, and her self-abnegation, touched even the callous hearts of the murderous

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band; but even their mercy was marked by a refinement in cruelty not to be surpassed by the most atrocious examples handed down from the dark ages. They consented to spare the life of her father provided she would, on the spot, drink a goblet of the human gore fast pouring from the slaughtered victims around!

She swallowed the fearful draught: and saw her father led back to prison; whence, in June, 1794, he was consigned to the scaffold by the revolutionary tribunal: more cruel than the sanguinary band from whose vengeance his daughter had rescued him. Madame de Villume is wife to the General of that name, and is as remarkable for the exemplary discharge of all the duties of life as or those of her filial ones. She is still strikingly handsome though her countenance is tinged with a soft melancholy that denotes the recollection of the bitter trials of her youth. Her complexion is peculiarly delicate, her hair fair, and her features small and regular; her manners are dignified and gentle, and her voice soft and sweet. She is exceedingly beloved at Avignon, and universally treated with a respectful deference, that marks the profound admiration which her filial piety has excited. I was told that she shrinks from the slightest allusion to her youthful trials, and cannot bear to look on red wine; which is never brought into her presence.

10th.—I have been hearing an interesting account of the family of Sombreuil, in which it appears that a chivalrous spirit, and irreproachable conduct, have been hereditary. Her brother Stanislaus de Sombreuil ascended the scaffold at the same time as his noble father; but her second brother Charles de Sombreuil, was reserved to furnish a brilliant example of a heroism seldom witnessed in modern times, and worthy of a Caractacus. In one of the tumults which so often disgraced Paris during the early part of the Revolution, he, at the imminent risk of his life, rescued one of the Polignacs from the sanguinary mob. Compelled at a later period to emigrate, he entered the Prussian army, where he soon achieved a military feat that gained him the Order of

Merit, conferred on the field of battle. With only four hussars he took a convoy defended by an escort of a hundred men! He continued to distinguish himself during the campaign of 1793 on the borders of the Rhine, and in 1794, acquired a brilliant reputation in Holland. After the evacuation of Holland he proceeded to England, where a strong effort was making to send an expedition to assist the royalist party in Bretagne and Poitou. The great armée de la Vendée, with its most able chiefs, had been destroyed; but Charette, Stofflet and other officers of the Chouans, had concluded an armistice with the republican government, by which they were permitted to retain their arms. The death of Robespierre, and the disgust which the atrocious cruelties practised by the revolutionists had excited, seemed to present a favorable occasion for the emigrants to make an attempt in favor of the monarchical cause.

To Charles de Sombreuil was confided the command of the second division of the emigrant army, who were to effect a descent on Bretagne. Four thousand men, with whom he had served in Holland, were placed under his orders. He went to Hanover, where they were reviewed, and made all the necessary arrangements for their embarkation; then returned to England to wed the object of a long and tender attachment, the charming Mademoiselle de la Blanche. The moment so long and passionately desired, of calling her his, had arrived—the actual day that was to have witnessed their nuptials had dawned—when an express arrived to tell the impatient lover that the fleet with his army was at Spithead, the wind favorable, and the troops ardently longing for him to lead them. He tore himself from his betrothed, who was ready to accompany him to the altar, when he went to bid her an eternal adieu; and left her in her bridal robes, to weep the departure of the hero who could sacrifice love to duty.

On arriving at Quiberon he found all in confusion. A jealousy between two of the chiefs, to whom the command of the first division had been confided, led to the most disastrous results. The Chouans would only obey one

of their rival chiefs, and the soldiers the other; while the successes of General Hoche impaired the confidence of both parties, and for some time withheld them from assuming more than a defensive position at Quiberon. An attempt made by one of the chiefs to attack St. Barbe, a fortified post occupied by the republicans, failed; and in its failure involved serious consequences, for it encouraged General Hoche to undertake to surprise the Fort Penthièvre, an enterprise in which, aided by deserters from the emigrant army, he succeeded; for they not only acquainted him with their force and resources, but guided the attack. One of the chiefs of the royalist army was mortally wounded; the other, seeing that all was lost, and that the troops refused to submit to his orders, embarked, leaving Charles de Sombreuil in command. This noble and gallant soldier, who had no part in the disasters of which he was doomed to become the victim, saw that without artillery or ammunition, both being seized in the Fort Penthièvre, all hope was at an end; and the republican army, infuriated by the resistance they had met, were rapidly approaching the coast, where Sombreuil and his troops were stationed. The English fleet, which had conveyed Sombreuil and his troops to Quiberon, still floated at a short distance from the shore, and nothing was more easy than for him to have regained it; but, with that chivalrous spirit which had always characterised his family, he spurned the thought of deserting his companions in danger.

Hoche with his troops arrived; the greater number of the soldiers of Sombreuil deserted to him; and Sombreuil, to save the rest, capitulated. Hoche treated him with marked respect; but Blad and Tallien, who were sent by the Convention, were less generous. The only favors he demanded at their hands was, to accept the sacrifice of his life as an expiation for his soldiers, and to be permitted, on his parole, to go on board the British flag-ship, to acquaint the English Admiral with the fatal termination of the enterprise, and the causes which led to it. His whole thoughts seemed occupied by the dread of having

the blame of this terrible event attributed to him; and this apprehension had more terrors for him than death.

The King of Prussia endeavored to save Sombreuil; and Admiral Warren left no means untried to induce the heroic young man to permit himself to be saved. A well concerted plan for his escape only waited for his consent to be put in execution; but he resisted every entreaty, and met death in his twenty-sixth year, beloved by all who knew him personally, and respected by all who were acquainted with his noble self-devotion.

Such was the brother of Madame de Villume—worthy to be the brother of such a sister!! And such were many of the families doomed to stain with their blood, the land to which they were an honor!!

13th.—Four days without adding a line to my journal! They have been very agreeably passed, making long excursions on horseback in the mornings, and sitting round a cheerful fire at night, with some of the pleasantest people of Avignon. An English lady is one of the most distinguished of the female inhabitants of this place—la Baronne de M——, who offers an admirable specimen of a high bred and gifted woman. She has married one of the richest proprietors in this neighborhood, and one of the most agreeable men: well educated, and an accomplished musician, he and his amiable wife have rendered their home the rendezvous of all the *élite* of Avignon, and dispense their elegant hospitality to those who are presented to them. The greater part of the last four days has been passed in their society.

15th.—M. de L. would insist on taking us to view the foundry to-day. I confess I had little inclination for the undertaking; for having seen all that can be seen at Birmingham, and witnessed the forging of anchors at Portsmouth, my curiosity with regard to such matters was fully satisfied.

This establishment, which is very extensive, embraces various branches of manufacture in iron, lead and copper. During the war, innumerable pieces of cannon were cast

here, as well as balls, shells, and all the other implements of destruction with which civilisation has enriched us. At present, the articles manufactured here are intended for pacific uses, and give employment to a vast number of persons. The place chosen for this foundry is the church of St. Dominic, formerly that of the Inquisition. The residence of the grand inquisitor joins the church; and its stair-case still bears the vestiges of its former state. The church, though much dilapidated, retains many fragments of its original beauty. It is in the florid-gothic style, richly ornamented; with the exception of one chapel, which is in the Corinthian order, and admirable in its proportions and the high finish of its capitals. Many of the windows of stained glass, in their pristine richness, attest the wealth lavished on this church; and some of the monuments still remain unbroken, adding to the sombre effect produced by the ruin around. To gaze on this fine building, with its pointed arches, groined and fretted roofs, its gorgeously-tinted windows, and grotesque figures, with hundreds of black satanic beings moving rapidly around vast furnaces glowing with lurid flames, and casting broad red shadows on the marble monuments where sleep the dead—one could fancy oneself in some unholy place, where men were condemned to torture. But while the ears were assailed by the deafening sounds of their anvils, and the eyes struck by the unearthly aspect of those who plied them, the flames of the furnace throwing its red hues on their dingy brows, and muscular arms, the light of day streamed brightly through the painted windows, casting prismatic hues amid the lurid ones of the furnace, like a rainbow sun in a storm. The whole presented a scene worthy of being depicted by Michael Angelo, and would have furnished his mighty pencil with no bad subject for an *Inferno*. Here, where the pealing organ sent forth its hymns of praise to the Almighty, and the stoled priest offered up the sacrifice of the mass while kneeling hundreds prayed, the loud thunder of the resounding anvil was now heard, mingled with the discordant voices of the dusky cyclops who plied them. The change was revolt-

ing to my feelings; and the impiety that permitted such a desecration shocked us!

In England this could not have occurred! Dear happy England!—how frequently do I find myself instituting comparisons between your favored land and this; each and all proving you, to my partial eyes, at least—Oh, how infinitely superior!

18th.—Went over the Mont de Piété to-day. This institution, of which each provincial town of any importance possesses one, is, I believe, peculiar to France. Here, all who are suffering under the pressure of distress and who have property of any portable description, may pawn it for a third part of its intrinsic value; paying for the use of the money they obtained at the rate of three per cent. per annum, with the power of redeeming the property within the limit of three years, the longest period allowed; a public sale always taking place at the expiration of that time. The funds for this institution have been furnished by legacies and charitable donations. The duties of the establishment are gratuitously discharged by respectable individuals, who bestow unremitting attention to their task. The building is of considerable extent; it is constructed of cut stone, is fire-proof, with the doors of wrought iron. The rooms are of various dimensions; and are appropriated to contain the different articles pledged. Some have large presses ranged round, formed of strong lattice-work, to admit a thorough circulation of air: these are used for holding silk, cotton and woollen goods. Other rooms have substantial wardrobes, with labelled drawers for jewels and plate. Apartments of larger dimensions are allotted to furniture of every description, which is so well arranged, that no confusion or mistake of property can arise. Each article is covered by a wrapper, labelled with a number in a particular color, and marked with the name of the person who pledged it, and with the date, and the sum for which it was pawned. Those labels correspond with the entries in the ledger, and the receipts given to the individuals who pledge. A separate book is kept for

each color, to preclude mistakes arising from similarity of numbers; and by this precaution the property of every person may be quickly discovered. The most careful owner cannot be more attentive in preserving the articles from injury, than are the persons who have charge of them here. The rooms are so well ventilated and such space is allowed, that the most valuable articles cannot suffer deterioration: hence many families previously to going into the country for the season, place their plate, jewels, furs and other valuable property here, paying a small remuneration for the space occupied.

It was impossible to behold the various articles deposited in this place without serious and melancholy reflections, on the feelings of those whom the hard grasp of poverty had compelled to resign them. Whether my eyes turned to the positive necessities of life ranged around me—the bed, with its coverings, and the clothes, the want of which at this moment may be felt as a heavy privation; or to the articles of luxury and ornament rendered almost necessities by long habitude, or as being the gifts of love or friendship; imagination painted painful pictures of the situation and feelings of those to whom they belonged. The watch labelled, “Veuve Martan” was, perhaps, the last legacy of a dear and lamented husband; its hands had traced many of her happiest hours; and had, alas! marked her heaviest hour of trial; its small but distinct tick had sounded pleasantly in her ear, when, by her cheerful hearth, she was enjoying a loved companion’s society; and she had gazed on its dial to count the watchful hours of anxiety passed by the bed of sickness, doomed to become the bed of death. But, above all, it was endeared to her because it had been *his*. For years and years, *his* hand had wound it, had placed it by the nuptial couch; and she had hoped—vainly hoped, that while she lived, it should never have passed into other hands! Those only who have treasured some memorial of a beloved object, snatched from them by death, can sympathise with the poor widow’s feelings, when compelled by the gaunt fiend Poverty, to consign

this watch to its present place. The large gold locket, with the name of "Léontine" engraved on it, was surely the gift of love; and once held a ringlet more precious to its possessor than the most costly diamond. He had worn it for years, concealed from every eye, it was associated with all the dreams and hopes of his youth, and the sight of it recalled visions of brightness long, long passed away. The blue skies and green fields that she, who bestowed it on him, loved to call his admiration to, were remembered when he looked at it; the trysting-tree where they had so often interchanged their vows, seemed again to cast its umbrageous shadow over him, her sweet voice and love-beaming glances were once more present, though the beautiful head whence the ringlet of soft silken hair which filled that locket had been severed, had long been laid in the dust. This had been the last memorial of her that was left to him; and dearly, fondly, had it been cherished! How strong was the pressure of that poverty which compelled him to part from this memento, not resigned until every other resource had been exhausted! His hand trembled while taking the silken tress from the case that it had so long filled, that case which had lain next his heart through many a sorrowful day and sleepless night; and the stain that has tarnished the gold, bears evidence to the tears wrung from him when he pressed it to his lips for the last time. I see him approach with hurried, but unsteady steps, casting a timid glance around, and shrinking with the sensitive delicacy peculiar to those of gentle blood, fallen on evil days, from the gaze of the cold and careless eyes around him. He strains the locket with a convulsive grasp as he draws nearer to the spot where he is to resign it, and ———But no—I will not finish the painful sketch my imagination has portrayed. Enough, Heaven knows, enough of the painful realities of life surround one at the Mont de Piété, without conjuring up ideal scenes of misery.

Misfortunes viewed in the mass, however great they may be, fail to excite that interest which individual cases awaken, when presented to us. Humanity would lead

me to sigh on beholding the accumulated heaps of articles offered up by the unfortunate at this shrine of adversity, this last resource of poverty; but where fancy draws portraits, a stronger sympathy is raised, and the sufferings of the distressed seem brought more forcibly before me.

I was roused from my reverie by the Baron de M——, who asked me whether we possessed not similar institutions in England? The question made me reflect on the advantages to be derived from such an establishment: and excited in my mind an anxious desire that such might be formed to supersede the pawnbroker's shops, at present the sole resource of the unfortunate; the owners of which fatten on the miseries of their fellow creatures. I have frequently read accounts of the extortion practised in those receptacles of avarice, where private gain is the sole motive that actuates them; and while public and private charity flows in so many streams of beneficence, succoring hundreds and hundreds, it is to be regretted that no plan has been adopted, of affording a relief like that offered at the Mont de Piété, to those who are too poor not to feel its want, and too proud to beg. One of the rich streams of benevolence with which England abounds, directed to this channel, would, I am persuaded, yield a salutary assistance to thousands.

One of the superintendents of the Mont de Piété told me that the ensuing week, being the one previous to Christmas, was their most busy period. I naturally concluded, that this arose from Christmas being with the people of Avignon, as with us, the epoch of their yearly payments, which being unprepared to meet, they had recourse to the Mont de Piété. He smiled at my simplicity when I expressed this conjecture, and replied,

“No, Madam, they bring their household goods here, that they may, with the money they receive for them, be enabled to purchase a turkey for their Christmas dinner; it being a general custom through this part of France to have that bird on the dinner table. Those who are not rich enough to buy one, and, alas! they are many, flock here to procure the means!”

There was something approaching the ludicrous in

this statement; and I smiled at the recollection of the sentimental pictures my imagination had painted, but a few minutes before, of the persons, circumstances, and feelings of those who came here to barter their possessions. Instead of a desolate and heart-stricken widow coming to pawn the watch of her lamented husband, or a pale and disconsolate lover bowed down by grief, and driven by poverty to part with the last memorial of affection, imagination now pictured a fat and buxom widow hastening to desposit her poor dear husband's watch, in order to purchase for a Christmas dinner a plump turkey: or a red-faced gourmand, anticipating the savory delights of this too fascinating bird, enhanced by roasted chesnuts, bringing hither a locket given him when the gratification of the *heart* was more thought of than that of the *stomach*, and all his affections were not transferred to the unpoetical charms of a good dinner. I almost smiled as these images passed before my mind's eye, for my sympathy with those who had pledged their properties was destroyed, when I discovered such sacrifices were actually made to satisfy the cravings, not of hunger, but of epicurism. The superintendent informed me that it is a common custom for persons, on the approach of summer, to bring here their winter garments, which they pawn, and, at the return of winter, they exchange them for the more substantial clothing. It is vanity, and not poverty, which in most cases induces this measure, though expediency also not unfrequently dictates it; the airy wardrobes of the Mont de Piété being considered a safer place for spare clothes than a confined lodging.

19th.—Saw in the Salle de la Commune to-day two good portraits; one of the brave Crillon, and the other of his son, the Duc de Mahon-Crillon. The countenance of the first answered the *idéal* I had formed, for it is frank, open, and manly. The eye indicates that the original never quailed before man, and the expression of goodness about the mouth relieves the face from all approach to sternness. Does the admiration invariably excited in the breast of woman, by bravery in man, proceed

from the consciousness of her own physical weakness, and the confidence of protection which his strength affords her? is a question I have often asked myself. And after serious consideration, and mature deliberation, I am inclined to think that a less selfish sentiment gives birth to it. Yes, it arises from a pure admiration of what is noble and good, a quality which is inherent in woman's breast.

But to resume the subject of the Salle de la Commune; I saw there the portraits of Louis XVIII and Madame la Dauphine. Never was a greater contrast than they present. Louis's countenance is singular; and the artist has caught its peculiar expression. The generality of persons with such an enormous *embonpoint*, look stupid and heavy; but there is a lurking devil in his eyes, that bids defiance to the lethargic effect of obesity, and indicates no common vivacity of spirit. He is the very personification of a *spirituel bon-vivant*, who, while inordinately indulging his own weaknesses, would be a quick observer of, and pitiless railer at, those of others.

The Duchesse D'Angoulême's countenance cannot be examined without painful sensations. Sorrow has left indelible marks on it; and were the terrible trials of her infancy and youth unknown, one could not see her without being struck with the conviction that her life had been steeped in sadness. When I first beheld her in 1820, her smile seemed a forced effort over habitual grief, more expressive of cureless, hapless despair, than any symptom of woe I had ever noticed in others. There was resignation and not hope in that smile—it was that of a martyred saint, and not a future queen.

20th.—Spent last evening at Madame de L.'s, met there the Duc and Duchesse de C— G—. Madame was *dame-d'honneur* to Marie-Louise; and has all the air and manner of one accustomed to find herself *at home* in a court. She dresses *à ravir*, enters a room *comme un ange*, and talks *à merveille*, as a lady who sat next me assured me. Of the truth of the first and last I can bear witness, for she dresses with perfect taste, and in that

ordeal of feminine skill, only perfect in France, a *demi-toilette*, shines with true Parisian elegance. Her conversation is brilliant, but its tone so subdued that it impresses one with the idea of how very animated and amusing she could be among her own peculiar circle, with whom she was under no restraint. Her conversation resembled a veiled beauty, that only allowed sufficient of her face to be seen to make one long to behold the rest. This Duchesse was selected by Napoleon to fill the distinguished place she held near the person of his empress, and discharged its duties with great credit to herself. The Duc seems to be the quintessence of good nature, and both he and his Duchesse are very popular at Avignon, near to which they have a large chateau, and give frequent entertainments.

French women appear to be born with an inherent desire to please. Some people are so ill-natured as to call this ambition coquetry, but it arises from a more amiable feeling. The Duchesse de C—G—, after having enjoyed all the gaiety and splendor of a brilliant court, where she doubtless was much admired, is now apparently as contented with her provincial *soirées*, and as *amiable* and as *empressée* to please those she encounters, as if they were the *élite* of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Nothing can exceed the polite attention that strangers, if well recommended, receive at Avignon. To the English, the inhabitants display great civility, which I attribute to the good impression the Baronne de M. has made in favor of her compatriots. She is so beloved and respected in the town, that its inhabitants are disposed to think well of all who come from her native land, and to evince this opinion by their friendly reception. Nowhere can society be conducted on a more easy and agreeable footing than it is here. There are a few families possessed of large fortunes; and several are of ancient lineage, but with very contracted incomes. This disparity of wealth would in other countries preclude association; or at least render it an expensive indulgence to those with limited means. But here, the rich give luxurious

dinners and *soirées*, of which those of narrow fortunes partake; and in return entertain their opulent hosts at the expense of a little extra tea, a lamp or two more than usual, and a few glasses of *eau sucrée*. The idea of the poor emulating the affluent in their banquets, is unknown here; and, to their credit be it recorded, those accustomed in their homes to fine suites of rooms richly furnished, seem perfectly satisfied in the *petit salons*, poorly *ameublés*, of their less fortunate neighbors.

A round of *soirées*, in which each family receives their acquaintances, takes place during the winter season; but it is during the carnival that the greatest gaiety prevails. How rational is this system of not exceeding the fortune, by a profuse or unsuitable expenditure, and yet enjoying the pleasure of society. With us, the poor gentleman and his family would either decline accepting engagements which his means denied him the power of adequately returning, or he would disburse a sum in returning such hospitalities, as would seriously encroach on his income; for in England, people think it absolutely necessary to provide fare more suitable to the habits of their guests, than to their own resources. Nay, I am afraid that few guests would be found with us, who would relish repasts wanting the luxuries which habit has rendered necessary to their comfort. Our ostentatious dinners and *soirées* are well calculated to injure society, and, assuredly, have had that effect. The house, plate, and dinner of Mr. Thompson, with two thousand a year, must vie with that of Mr. Seymour with eight, and Mr. Seymour must emulate those of Lord A, B, or C, who possesses twenty. This erroneous system induces people to give one expensive dull dinner of pretension, instead of a dozen; that would not cost the sum expended on the one; hence ceremony is substituted for ease, begetting coldness and indifference.

21st.—I am as "*triste as a bonnet de nuit*," to use a French phrase I often have heard employed, though why a night-cap should be *triste*, does not seem evident. It is one of those phrases received into use without a due

examination of its aptitude; for the *tristesse* of a *bonnet de nuit* must depend wholly on the head that wears it. We have no phrase that conveys the same signification: we do not consider the hours allotted to repose as being dull; but then, we are a reflecting race, and are not disposed to find fault with aught that tends to make us think, even though it should not make us sleep. The French, *au contraire*, being constitutionally gay, are prone to regard the hours given to rest as stolen from amusement. Thence the night-cap is viewed as a symbol of dullness, and has given rise to the phrase "*triste comme un bonnet de nuit*." I have explained this momentous affair according to national prejudice, which invariably operates more or less in all our views and deductions. It is this national prejudice, which we designate with the high-sounding title of patriotism, that makes me view the gayer and happier temperament of our mercurial neighbors the French, with a sentiment bordering on pity, as I complacently compared it with our more dignified, but less enviable gravity. Nay, I more than once detected myself defending our climate, on the plea that its variability had something very *piquant* in it; and, for our dense fogs, I urged the palliation of their mysterious sublimity, which left so much to the imagination. A fog arising from the Seine, I admitted to some Parisians might be, and was a detestable thing—a mere Scotch mist, through which objects might be discerned—no mystery—no sublimity! But a London fog! with its mixture of gray, green, and yellow opaque, shutting out every thing, and bidding defiance to gas-lamps, was quite *autre chose*.

"*Mon Dieu!*" replied the French lady; "what droll people you English must be, when you can be proud even of your fogs!"

22d.—I could not yesterday note down "the secrets of the prison-house" I had seen. My spirits were depressed, and I endeavored to recruit them by trifling, as children do by playing, when sent to learn a task, leaving the punishment for their idleness to another day. "*L'Hospice des Insensés*," which I went over, was the cause of

this depression. Yet the cleanliness and good order that prevailed throughout was consolatory. After passing through a large court, we entered the kitchen, where the repast for the female maniacs was preparing, under the superintendence of four nuns, *Sœurs de la Charité*, of most prepossessing appearance. The eatables consisted of dressed vegetables and bread: both looked excellent, and the most fastidious person could detect no symptom of want of attention in their preparation. It was edifying, as well as interesting, to observe the cheerfulness and activity of these pious women, wholly engrossed in administering to the wants of the unfortunate patients. The scrupulous cleanliness of their persons, and the mild serenity of their countenances, as their black veils floated gracefully from their heads, lent an air of dignity even to the menial offices they were performing, that took from them every vestige of the vulgarity generally attending culinary details.

We were conducted by the good father who acted as our cicerone, to the *salle-à-manger*, where the male lunatics were partaking their dinner. Here I beheld, for the first time in my life, a vast number of my fellow-creatures, suffering under that most dreadful of all maladies, the privation of reason! Here the old, the young, the wild maniac, and the calm idiot, were mingled together in close contact, in soulless companionship. Countenances, animated by undue excitement, with eyes glaring with a frenzied light, were contrasted by faces on which the seal of confirmed imbecility was indelibly marked. Some wore the expression of careless, hopeless despair; and others were distinguished by a coarse and boisterous jocularly, excited by the follies of their companions, as if *they* were exempt from the fearful malady, the effects of which furnished their mirth. One fine looking young man, with a fearful brilliancy of eyes, approached and paid his compliments to us with a grace and good breeding that would not have disgraced the Tuileries. He entreated our assistance to free him from his hateful captivity; declaring, with a vehemence of manner which too well proved the disordered state of his mind, its perfect

sanity, and the cruelty and injustice of detaining him in a lunatic asylum. While he was addressing us, one of his companions stole gently behind him, listened to what he said, burst into a loud laugh, and assured us that there was not in the hospital so mad a man; and that he was the only person in the house who was not a lunatic. The first speaker cast a look of inexpressible rage on the second, then implored us not to attend to the ravings of a maniac, who wished to prove every one mad but himself, and withdrew to the other side of the hall.

One man, with a grave countenance, approached and asked us whether we could not find madmen enough in the world without coming there.

"The world is only a madhouse on a larger scale," continued he, "where the lunatics follow their own caprices; instead of, as in asylums like this, being compelled to follow those of others."

Having uttered this opinion, from the truth of which I, at least, was not inclined to dissent, he walked away with an air of great self-complacency.

The women are kept in a different quarter of the building. They exhibited all the different degrees of insanity, from raving madness down to morose melancholy. Some were young, and possessed good features; but wanting the heavenly ray of mind, the lamp that illumines the countenance, the mere physical regularity only served to make the absence of intellectual beauty more visible. Many were so wholly absorbed by melancholy, as to be unconscious of our presence; while others eagerly addressed us with entreaties for freedom, for money, or for coffee. What an appalling lesson on the infirmity of our natures, and the instability of our most boasted and glorious attribute—reason, did this scene convey! Yes, that divine gift which elevates us above the brute, which enables us to beautify the earth, and to read the heavens; that places science within our reach, and knowledge at our call, may in a moment be forfeited, and man, proud lordly man, with all his boasted powers, be reduced to the level of the beast of the field! How humiliating are such scenes, yet how salutary are the reflections to which they give birth!

The sense of our weakness seems more deeply impressed on our minds; and, bowed down in spirit by this consciousness, we turn to Him who holds life and reason in his hands; and who can at a moment deprive us of both. How fervent is the appeal which the soul lifts to its Creator, when surrounded by hundreds laboring under this fearful affliction; and we almost shudder while asking, what are we, O Lord, that we should be exempt?

The chapel of the hospital contains some good pictures, among which, two from the pencil of Guido, are the most esteemed; and two by that most effeminate of all painters, Carlo Dolci, whose warmest admirers are ever to be found among the young and the fair. An ivory crucifix, the work of Guillermin, ornaments this chapel; and is one of the most exquisite specimens of carving that ever was executed. Nothing can be more perfect than the anatomy of the figure, and the expression of the countenance. Canova pronounced this crucifix to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. There is a little history attached to the manner in which the hospital became possessed of this master-piece, that increases the interest with which it is beheld.

The committee of the hospital have the privilege of once in five years demanding the pardon of a condemned criminal, whose life is granted to their intercession. The nephew of Guillermin was among those sentenced to death, and the uncle applied to the committee, stating that if they would obtain the pardon of his nephew, he would present this crucifix to the hospital. His request was acceded to, the nephew's life was saved; and the graven image redeemed one of that mass for whose redemption the Saviour offered up life.

23d.—The more I see of French society, the more do I like its ease and agreeability. We yesterday had a party of our new acquaintances, *friends* they would style themselves, to dine at our inn; and good Madame Pieron, animated by that *amour-propre* peculiar to her compatriots, exerted her and her *chef de cuisine's* skill, to furnish a good dinner. Nothing could go off better: simply,

I believe, because each individual of the party was disposed to please, and be pleased; a determination that offers a wonderful specific for making every social meeting a pleasant one. What a pity it should not be more generally known! for, then, dull *soirées*, long faces and yawning mouths, would become more rare; and we should seldom see the looks which seem to say, "Amuse me if you can, I defy your most potent efforts." Ennui appears to be banished from French society; or, at least, I have never yet detected a simple symptom of it. The weather, that inexhaustible subject of conversation with us, is seldom referred to; and ill health is not made the excuse of a piteous monologue, more interesting to the speaker than to the listeners. A facility to be amused, is among the peculiarities of the French, and a very enviable peculiarity it is, notwithstanding that we in our superior wisdom are prone to consider it as an indication of their frivolity; and pique ourselves that we are not formed of such facile materials. No, forsooth, we must expend large sums, and time, and trouble, too, before we can condescend to be amused; nor do we often succeed even *then*. But we console ourselves by the reflection, that we have minds above such empty pleasures; and this sophistry soothes our pride.

Christmas seems a season of general festivity here. The note of preparation is sounding all around, and one cannot walk a step without seeing turkeys borne triumphantly from house to house. Great has been the slaughter of these birds, and many a gourmand in humble life smacks his lips in anticipation of feasting on one on Christmas day. Happy faces are to be met at each turning, congratulations are exchanged, and an extraordinary hilarity prevails. Every street boasts a vender of roasted chestnuts, which send forth their aromatic fumes from an iron pot placed on a rude brazier filled with burning charcoal; and lively croups are clustering round the old women who sell this favorite fruit, to indulge their appetites at the expense of a sous.

24th.—Christmas eve is solemnised with great pomp

and ceremony in all the Catholic chapels in France. I went to see the midnight mass celebrated at the fine church of St. Peter's, which was well lighted, and has a fine organ. The mass was chanted, and the organ pealing forth its mighty voice, had a fine and imposing effect. The women all wore black veils; which, as the majority of them were without bonnets, floating like scarfs from their heads, and leaving the faces, on which the light fell, exposed, added much to the picturesque appearance of the whole *coup-d'œil*. The effect of sacred music at night, and in a church, is solemn and beautiful. It excites a gentle melancholy, that disposes the soul to religious musings; and sends it on the wings of hope to those regions, where the dear and departed have only preceded us. I never could hear sacred music in my life without thinking of the friends I have lost, as if the sounds were a mysterious medium of communion between our souls; and, at night, it creates in me still more powerfully this sweet, but sad illusion.

Christmas Day.—All Avignon seemed to-day, on good cheer intent, and its results may now be distinctly traced in the snatches of song, peals of laughter, and joyous greetings, that are borne to us on the wings of the wind from the adjoining streets. No symptom of ebriety is visible in all this gaiety, which is the work of natural spirits, excited into more than usual exuberance by a good dinner. The French are not addicted to copious libations, and I have not seen an intoxicated man since I left Paris.

Madame Pieron, to do honor to our national customs, had concocted a plum pudding, not (*grace à Dieu*) *à-l'anglaise*, but as good a specimen of one, *à-la-française* as could be tasted. Commend me to a French plum pudding! at once rich and light; how far preferable is it to the palate, and how much less pernicious to the stomach, than the impenetrable lump of condensed and opaque fruit and fat served up on English tables. She, good soul, apologised for its not being *tout-à-fait à-l'anglaise*; but we did such ample justice to it, that she

must have been satisfied we liked it. The large logs of wood piled on the ancient gilded dogues on our ample hearth, make one fancy oneself in some old fashioned country house; and the rich silk hangings, and roomy cabriolet chairs, and *canapés*, which originally graced some lofty residence, support the impression. Mad. Pieron is very proud of this rich and tasteful furniture, which would really do honor to one of the last strongholds of *l'ancienne noblesse*, in the Faubourg St. Germain.

26th.—Went over the Hospital for Invalid Soldiers, to-day; and was highly gratified with the perfect good order, cleanliness and comfort that reigned in it throughout. Twelve hundred men are accommodated in this hospital; which is under the command of General de Villume. The married men are permitted to have their wives and children with them. Each soldier has a small garden which he cultivates, the produce of which assists in the maintenance of his family; and though no allowance for the women and children is given by the government, they seem in no want of the necessaries, nor, indeed of the comforts of life. It is said that there are at present not less than twelve hundred children in the hospital; all of whom are well clothed, and healthy in appearance. *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, those ministering angels, who are only seen when in the performance of their self-imposed duties, instruct the female children of the invalids in reading, writing, arithmetic and needle work; and the boys have a school in the hospital. Such of the invalids as are capable of working, find constant employment in public offices and from private individuals and as the invalids are lodged, clothed and fed in the hospital, the money they earn goes to the support of their families.

The apartments of the building are spacious and airy; two large gardens, into which they open, give exercise to the inhabitants. The married men are allowed to dine and sup in their rooms, and to share their repasts with their families, which, as their supplies are very

liberal, they can well do. Their dinners and suppers are sent to them from the hospital kitchen in large wooden boxes, well closed, laid on hand-barrows, and carried by two men. The unmarried invalids dine in a large mess-room, containing two rows of circular tables, each sufficiently spacious to accommodate twelve men. In the centre of each is an enormous round pewter tureen, as bright as silver, filled with soup and bouilli, the savory odor of which is well calculated to give an appetite. Each man has a large loaf of bread, and half a bottle of wine, furnished to him.

Dinner is served at twelve o'clock, and at four their suppers are sent to them. We were in the kitchen when this last meal was dishing, and a more perfect picture of cleanliness and good order could not be presented. One side of this vast *cuisine* was appropriated to the use of the invalid officers; and two white-capped and aproned cooks, with their *aides de cuisine*, were plying their professional skill on cutlets, *poulets*, *entrées* and *entremets*, with vegetables and sweet things in abundance. The cleanliness of the men, and the culinary utensils they employed, and the excellence of the *comestibles* they were arranging, left nothing to be desired by the most fastidious taste. Two officers superintend the quality and distribution of the dinners and suppers of the invalids; and nothing could exceed the precision with which every part of the business of cooking, dishing and despatching the viands to their different destinations, was performed. It was a pleasant sight to behold the large *salle-à-manger* filled with cheerful countenances. A gray-headed veteran, wanting an arm, was placed next a young soldier who had lost a leg; and the latter evinced an attention to the wants of the former which it was most agreeable to contemplate, cutting his bread and meat with a good-natured readiness that seemed habitual. At every side, old and young, alike maimed and disabled, met our glances; yet never did I witness an assemblage of more cheerful and contented beings.

We saw one invalid who had lost both arms and legs

from their sockets, presenting literally a torso with a head. His countenance is remarkably fine; and he is said to possess a constant cheerfulness of spirits and good temper. A fellow soldier is paid for attending him, and performs the functions of a nurse with gentleness and kindness; his helpless charge singing, whistling, and chatting with all his companions, with whom he appears to be a general favorite. We also saw a very interesting and venerable veteran, who has completed the remarkable age of one hundred and ten years. He fought in the battles of Fontenoy and Jemappes, two epochs very distant from each other. Notwithstanding that he has received no less than five balls, and innumerable sabre wounds, he still retains such an extraordinary degree of vigor and animation, that he might well pass for being only seventy years of age. He speaks six languages; and his memory is so good that he recounts many of the scenes of his early life, and the campaigns in which he has served, with vivacity and perfect coherence. He has been twice married, and was the father of twenty-seven children. He told me, that for many years he has rarely slept for more than an hour at a time; which he accounted for by his always dreaming of battles, in which he imagines that he takes so active a part that his slumbers are broken, and he awakes in a state of agitation. He is often heard in his sleep uttering exclamations and menaces, to supposed enemies; and is seen to brandish his arms, as if firing, or cutting with a sword. I never beheld any man, however young, who possessed the same degree of exuberant animation as this old soldier displays when talking of the past. It is really like the neighing of the old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

I smile now, on reflecting on the prejudices I formerly entertained against the soldiers of our Gallic neighbors. I believed them unprincipled, uneducated, and dissipated; and very religiously nursed the conviction, that one English soldier was a match for at least three French. I am now willing to accord to them, and it is surely no mean praise, an equal physical and moral force with our own troops; and this is the fruit of much observation,

with opportunities of making it such as are rarely allowed to travellers.

An acquaintance with the commanding officers of many of the regiments in garrison towns through which we have passed, afforded us facilities of judging the conduct and habits of the French soldiers; and the impressions received have been very favorable. A good understanding, approaching to friendship, subsists between the officers and soldiers; and it is difficult, with our notions of the distance and *hauteur* which a strict attention to discipline requires, to believe that a perfect subordination can exist where so much good will is visible. Yet such is the case. A frank, manly confidence is evident in the manners of the soldier towards his officer; but this demeanor is however entirely free from a disrespectful familiarity. It resembles the conduct I have remarked in dear England, from a very young officer to an old and brave colonel, a respect towards *him*, that did not interfere with *self*-respect. The soldiers, for the most part, can read, and write tolerably; are fond of reading, selecting generally campaigns, and memoirs of celebrated commanders, for their favorite studies. They are most powerfully actuated by an inordinate *amour-propre*; which, though it leads them to dare danger, even unto death, renders them impatient under control, unless the controller wields his power without any exhibition of arrogance. It also renders them violent and ungovernable under even slight personal insults, which almost invariably are followed by duels; the prevention of which is often found to be difficult, if not impossible. I have observed, with great satisfaction, the high estimation in which the military character of our nation is held by the French; for notwithstanding their extreme vanity, which might tempt them to deteriorate the reputation of other soldiers, they are always ready to render justice to the bravery and high discipline of ours, as well as to their probity and humanity.

27th.—Performed a feat to-day, which, now that I reflect on it, makes me wonder at my own courage. I rode

up to Villeneuve, an enterprise that has excited great astonishment among the dowagers and ancient spinsters of Avignon. Villeneuve was a fortress situated on a steep hill at the side of the river opposite to Avignon; and though greatly dilapidated, is still a great ornament to the place, particularly when seen at a distance. Its battlements command an extensive view, the beauty of which repays one for the trouble of ascending them. The approach to it is curious, being a narrow road cut through a bed of solid rock, with railroads formed for the wheels of vehicles to reach the fortress. The road is exceedingly steep, and extremely slippery; yet my good steed, Mameluke, carried me up and down without making a false step, to the wonder of many spectators, who seemed embarrassed which most to admire, his steadiness and sure feet, or the courage of his mistress; The French ladies are not bold riders, which is strange; for nearly all the fine points of view, and picturesque sites in France, can only be reached on horseback; the roads being impracticable in a carriage. I confess I was not sorry, when I found myself safely returned from my dangerous ride; and the fame my horsemanship has acquired, will long be remembered among people who have not often a subject of wonder to talk about.

28th.—Went over the public library. It is of considerable extent, and contains a large and valuable collection of books, as well as some rare and curious manuscripts. This library has been united to that of the Calvet; so named, from having been bequeathed to Avignon by the late Monsieur Calvet, who also enriched it by the bequest of his cabinet of natural history, medals and antiquities of Egypt, Greece and Rome. A MS. bible of the twelfth century, in fine preservation, a large and splendid bible, the date unknown, and said to have cost one thousand *louis-d'or*, with some rare missals, are shown as among the most valuable part of the collection. Monsieur Calvet inserted a clause in the bequest, that his library, &c. should never be merged in any other: a little piece of vanity very excusable in a man who had de-

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voted a long life, and a very large fortune, to the formation of this collection. To avoid infringing on this prohibition, the public library has been added to M. Calvet's, and the whole is called the Calvet Library. The medals are very fine, and well classed, so are the coins.

29th.—Went over the cathedral of Notre Dame de Don, a very ancient building, and a perfect *pot-pourri* of architecture; uniting so many different orders, that they present an *ensemble* of most "admired disorder." It is supposed to have been a temple dedicated to Hercules, a statue of him having been found there, with an inscription on the base. The porch of the church, which was once a portico; as well as the interior entrance, is evidently of a much earlier date than the rest of the building, and bears evidence of Roman taste and workmanship. The columns of the peristyle are said to be Saracenic. One chapel is ornamented with an exquisitely executed frieze of large oak leaves intertwined with a band, on which is an inscription. This frieze is in *alto rilievo*, and is continued round the whole of the chapel. As many, and as various, specimens of architecture and sculpture may be viewed in this cathedral, as could be found in several countries; but the mixture has as inharmonious an effect as a medley has in music, when, though the component parts may be fine, the *ensemble* is not agreeable.

The churches of St. Agricola, St. Pierre, St. Didier, and des Carnes, have little worthy of notice, except the doors of St. Pierre, which are of great beauty, being admirably sculptured with large figures. I love wandering through old churches. The reflections to which they give birth, transport us from the busy scenes of everyday life, to which we are but too prone to confine our thoughts, and force upon us the conviction of the transitoriness of human existence, and of that dread future, which we banish from our minds in the routine of pleasures and occupations in which we suffer ourselves to be engrossed.

The keeping churches open all day, and permitting

those who are disposed to enter, is, I think, a very salutary measure; it maintains the habit of prayer, and the reverence for religion, which must surely act as a check, if not as a preventive, to the indulgence of evil passions. I have seldom entered a church in France or Belgium without having observed a number of persons passing and repassing, all of whom devoted at least some minutes to prayer. The *modiste* with her *carton*, or the *cuisinière* returning with her basket of provisions from the market, would esteem it sinful to pass the ever-open doors of the church, without entering to beg a pardon or a blessing; nay, the *marmiton* with his apron on, and the artisan, who is taking to his employer the produce of his labor, will step in, and, lowly bending, utter a few short, but fervent prayers.

31st.—I took such a long ride yesterday, and had so agreeable a party at home in the evening, that I played truant to my journal. The French women are very pleasant companions; so easily amused, and so naturally disposed to be amusing. They have more animal spirits than the English; but it never degenerates into aught approaching boisterousness. But this extreme facility of pleasing and being pleased, argues a want of that sensibility which renders English women so captivating. A French woman seems born to amuse, and to be admired; an English woman to interest, and to be loved. A man must have a more than common share of vanity, who could imagine that a French woman, however she might profess to like him, would break her heart at his loss. She is too *spirituelle*, too vivacious, and too prone to be diverted, to indulge a settled melancholy; but an English woman, with her naturally soft and reflective character, her power of concentration, and the gentle pensiveness which is a characteristic of her countrywomen, conveys an impression that her happiness would be forever destroyed by the loss of the object of her affection; and this impression has a powerful influence over him who loves her. From what I have seen of French women, I can believe them capable of the most heroic sacrifices, the

most generous and noble actions; but I think they would like an audience to applaud the performance of their parts. I cannot picture to myself a French woman passing months in a sick chamber, noiselessly gliding to perform those duties which are so admirably fulfilled by English women. No, she presents herself to my imagination, brilliant and elegant, happy in the consciousness of being *mise dans la dernière mode*, content with her *modiste*, her *couturière*, and herself; and, *par conséquence*, with all the world.

The English woman is by nature timid, and doubtful of the effect she produces. She thinks more of the object she wishes to please, than of the means used to accomplish this desideratum. She is afraid *la dernière mode* may not suit her as well as it does others; she has not an implicit confidence in her *modiste* and *couturière*, and still less in herself: hence, she wants that *air dégagé*, that sparkling animation, which appertains to the French woman; and which is founded on the unshakeable basis of her vanity.

Jan. 1st, 1823.—A new year. There is something that excites grave and solemn reflections in this new page opened in the book of life. I never could understand how people can dance out the old year, and welcome in the new, with gaiety and rejoicings. If the departed year has brought us sorrow, (and over how few does it revolve without bringing it!) we look on its departure with chastened feelings; and, if its circle has been marked by some bright days, how can we see it die without indulging a tender melancholy? I felt all this last night, when the ghosts of departed joys stood before my mind's eye; and I breathed a heart-felt aspiration that the coming year may pass as free from heavy trials as the last. What a merciful arrangement of the Almighty is the impenetrable veil which covers our destinies! And yet there have been mortals who have desired to pierce it; and who have thirsted for that knowledge which, if obtained, might empoison the present. How worse than vain is this desire of prying into futurity!

Do we not know that our lives, and those of all dear to us, hang on so frail a thread, that a moment may see it cut by inexorable Fate!—that it is the condition of our being to behold our friends (the links that bind us to existence) snapt rudely asunder! And yet we would wish to lift the dread veil that hides the yawning graves, to be filled, perhaps in a few hours, by some one whose death renders earth a desert. Far—far from me, be this unenviable prescience; and let me not tremble for the future, by foreseeing what it contains.

My sombre reflections this morning were interrupted by a visit from the domestics of our inn, dressed in their holiday finery, each bearing a bouquet of flowers, and the upper servant a silver salver; on which was a large cornucopia of white satin, richly embroidered with flowers, and filled with *bonbons*, which he prayed me to accept as a trifling mark of the respect and *dévouement* of himself and fellow servants. The presentation speech was neat and appropriate; the compliments well turned, and the bows and courtesies that marked its close, graceful. It is strange to observe the superiority of manner which the lower classes in France possess over the same class with us. Every person in humble life with whom I have been brought in contact this side of the water, has that conventional good breeding only found with us among the upper classes—and not always with them. Every French man and woman can bow and courtesy gracefully; enter and leave a room without embarrassment; and turn their conversation either in a deferential or complimentary manner, as occasion requires. Yet the servants are far inferior to ours in that calm and regular discharge of their duties, which marks the conduct of a well ordered establishment. The politeness of a French servant is that of one member of society to a person more elevated than himself. If a question is asked of a French servant, instead of confining himself, as in England, to a laconic and respectful reply, he will enter into a diffuse explanation: civil, it is true; but too verbose to be tolerated by those accustomed to the concise answers and deferential demeanor, of the English

domestic. The French servant intends no want of respect by his loquacity, and would be surprised and mortified if checked in it.

2d.—Nearly the whole of yesterday was passed in receiving visits and *cadeaux, pour le jour de l'an*. Madame, Monsieur and Mademoiselle Pieron had each a bouquet to present, and with it, a copy of verses. Our new friends at Avignon were not less generous; consequently our rooms are so filled with flowers, that it is difficult to believe we are in January, instead of June. It is the universal custom of the French, of all classes, to present to each other, on the first day of the year, gifts in token of good will and attachment; and though the evidences may be as fragile as the sentiment that prompts them, the usage is nevertheless, a pleasant one, conveying reciprocal gratification at slight cost. The servants in the provinces subscribe to buy a rich bouquet, and a large cornucopia of *bonbons*, which they present with a letter, expressive of their attachment, signed by each individual of the establishment to the mistress of the chateau, on *le jour de l'an*, and the anniversary of her birthday. There is something affectionate and touching in this custom, which is indicative of the good feeling existing between masters and servants.

Nowhere is servitude rendered so easy and agreeable as in France; the masters taking a lively interest in the welfare of their domestics, rebuke any symptom of extravagance which they may exhibit, and assist them with their advice in the management of their private affairs, or in the establishment of their children whenever they deem it necessary. The mistress of a house regulates the dress and expenditure of her female servants, is often requested by them to buy their habiliments, and will bargain and abate the price; stating that such or such a sum is too much to charge a servant. The servants repay this kindness by considering the house of their employers as a home, only to be forfeited by ill conduct; and not murmuring at, or attempting to infringe on, the system of

economy established. In short, they look on the fortune of their employers as a fund in which they have a common interest; *they* do not calculate on the prospect of finding a richer or more extravagant master, nor do they dread being discharged, unless they behave ill. This mutual confidence begets a species of familiarity more like friendship than that distant behaviour which exists in England between master and servant: but as the French understand each other, it is never meant nor mistaken for impertinence; although we are sometimes somewhat surprised, if not shocked, at witnessing it. A French lady of the highest rank will call her maid, *ma chère*; and a French nobleman will tell his valet, or laquais, that he is *un bon enfant*, or *un bon garçon*, without thinking it indecorous.

3d.—If so objectionable a word as *talented* could ever be employed with propriety, the French seem to be precisely the persons to whom it is most applicable; they possess so many accomplishments, such a versatility of superficial acquirements, and such a good-humored readiness in making them available. Every house among the upper class contains a tolerable versifier, ready to pen a sonnet, write an epithalamium elegy, or monody, as the occasion may require; which, if not remarkable for poetic fire, are at least very readable, as *vers de société*. The men, as well as women, are nearly all musicians, draw with spirit and accuracy, can get up a concert on the shortest notice, and fill the albums of their friends, as well as their own, with clever sketches.

But it is their acting that most surprises a stranger. French men and women seem really born to act. Each goes through his or her *rôle* with an ease and vivacity that I had hitherto thought was confined to professional performers, and only to the best of them. No awkwardness, no shyness, and yet none of that over-acting, which so often spoils a too confident actor. A *comédie larmoyante* they enact *à merveille*; but it is in pièces representing the manners of actual life, in which vivacity is tempered by quiet satire, that their chief excellence lies; for it is only in them that their perfect acquaintance with the

bon ton of society is rendered completely available. In deep tragedy, where the passions and not the manners are the principal features, a want of knowledge of conventional refinement may be overlooked; and many actors and actresses, denied the opportunity of acquiring it, have yet arrived at a high degree of perfection in the serious department of histrionic art. But in genteel comedy this qualification is indispensable; and hence it is that amateur actors in France are so good. English ladies, however high-bred, always retain a certain timidity, (and it is one of their greatest charms,) which precludes that perfect ease so essentially necessary in dramatic exhibitions. And this national peculiarity is not confined to the upper classes. I have remarked it on our stage; where, in genteel comedy, I have been seldom permitted to indulge the illusion that the female representatives of the characters were *not* acting. In tragedy, the passions excite the performers into a temporary oblivion of their individuality; and, consequently, the majority of them excel in serious parts; as also in the broad comic line, in which we have had several remarkable actors.

These reflections were excited by having last night been present at the Baronne de Montfaucon's at the performance of a *comédie*, followed by a comic opera. The Duchesse de Caderousse Grammont enacted the heroine, the Baron de Montfaucon the hero, and Madame de Leutre the *servante*. The other parts were well filled; and the whole went off so admirably that I doubt if at the Théâtre Français at Paris it could have been better acted. The performance of the Duchesse de Caderousse Grammont reminded me very much of the manner of Mademoiselle Mars; in short, it was that of a perfectly high-bred fine lady, with all the airy elegance and sparkling vivacity of a beauty and a *bel esprit* conversing in her own circle. A peculiarity struck me, which the managers of amateur performances would be right glad, I am persuaded, to see carried into practice in England; namely, that there was no emulation among the actors or actresses, as to which should enact the principal parts. The distribution of the characters was left entirely to the manager; and all are,

as I am told, invariably satisfied with his allotment. Hear this, ye amateur performers in England! where all would fain fill the principal rôles, to the no slight annoyance of the unhappy manager, who has so many vanities to conciliate that the pieces are seldom cast as they should be.

The French are more partial to difficult than harmonious, and to loud than soft music. Perhaps it may be deemed a criterion of their musical taste, that they do not particularly admire Mozart! Mozart, who finds an admirer in every English ear, whether in the palace or beneath no canopy but that of the dark and hazy atmosphere; from the refined auricular organ which conveys sound to a duchess, down to the lowest auditor of the street-roving musician, who gathers applause and half-pence every time he plays one of that inimitable composer's airs.

4th.—Dined yesterday at the Baron de Montfaucon's; a very agreeable party. The conversation brilliant and lively; forming a pleasant *mélange* of literature, *les beaux arts*, music, and antiquities. The French certainly shine in conversation. They sustain it without effort, change it when no longer amusing, and never permit those dull pauses, so often observable in English society, and which produce an awkwardness, difficult to be conquered, but easy to be avoided. Apropos of antiquities, the Baron de Montfaucon this morning sent me a present of a cinerary vase of glass, finely formed, with two handles, and filled with dust—human dust—reduced by the process of fire to a fine powder. This vase was found on his estate, close to the spot traversed by Hannibal, and bears testimony of the perfection at which the ancients had arrived in their manufacture of glass. Various objects of rare antiquity have been found on the Baron de Montfaucon's property; but the vase presented to me is the largest piece of glass they have yet discovered. I wish it was safely lodged in London, for I am uneasy at the perils by sea and land which it will have to encounter ere it shall arrive.

Nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of our acquaintances at Avignon. Invitations come pouring in upon us every day; and the consequence of our acceptance of them would be a round of gaiety at the houses of all the people we know. The perfect harmony and good understanding that subsists between the persons here, is truly marvellous. No political discussions disturb the social reunions; no defamation, the tranquillity of families. I have not heard a single scandalous anecdote repeated of any one member of the society, though they are all given to be communicative: hence, one must conclude, either that extraordinary virtue precludes a foundation for such comments, or that an extraordinary goodness prevents them from revealing their neighbor's faults. Whichever may be the cause, the effect is certainly very agreeable.

It is strange how soon one becomes habituated to a place. I really feel as much at home at Avignon as if I had spent years here; and shall not leave it without regret.

Among the most agreeable of the military here, is Comte T. Sebastiana, brother to the General of that name at Paris. He commands a Corsican regiment stationed here, and is an acquisition to society. Comte Buotafoco, grandson to the correspondent of Rousseau, belongs to the same regiment, and is a well educated gentlemanly man.

6th.—The public theatre has opened here, and is, as the *Morning Post* would state, fully and fashionably attended. We visited it last night; and although the company are of a very inferior description, the performance was above mediocrity. Yes; the French are born actors, and fill the rôles assigned to them as naturally as if they were not acting.

The habit of seeking amusement seems to be innate in this people. To find a domestic circle assembled round their fire-side would be here a difficult matter. They must either give, or go to, a *soirée*, or the theatre; no one ever thinks of staying quietly at home, unless com-

pelled by indisposition; and even then, unless his malady is deemed contagious, his chamber is nearly filled by his acquaintances. They appear to have an inherent dread of solitude, or the privacy of a mere family circle. The more I observe this peculiarity, the more I am convinced of the truth of the story related of a French nobleman *de l'ancien régime*; who had been long accustomed to pass his evenings at the house of a lady to whom he was supposed to be much attached, but whom he could not marry, on account of a slight obstacle in the shape of a husband. When, however, on the removal by death of this seeming impediment to his happiness, a friend congratulated him, and expressed his conviction that now *Monsieur le Duc* would marry *Madame la veuve*, he replied, "*Mais non, mon cher; car si j'épouse Madame, où passerai-je mes soirées!*"

This perplexing question was considered by all to be an unanswerable objection to the connubial engagement.

I have nowhere observed a greater degree of harmony than seems to subsist here between families. A lady to whom I made the observation answered, "It is true, relations do agree perfectly well with us; but the fact is, we live so much in public, that we have not time to quarrel. We cannot *emuyer* each other by long dull evenings; when, tired of others, and ourselves, we avenge our ill-humor on each other by saying a thousand spiteful things, or doing a thousand tormenting ones. Under the tedious influence of a domestic imprisonment, husbands, brothers, and brothers-in-law, forget the distinctions of sex in their female relatives; or, at least, are too apt to neglect the habitual politeness the recollection of it should excite. They make no ceremony in your country, I am told, of yawning, or slumbering in their presence; or of taking possession of the easiest chair, or most comfortable sofa, in which to pore over a newspaper, or to court the influence of sleep. We preclude the possibility of such irregularities by never being at home of an evening, except when we have company; and this habit, I assure you, is the secret of our good intelligence."

9th.—Took a long ride to-day. The olive trees, which are abundant in the country around Avignon, prevent its bearing that desolate aspect which a landscape generally assumes in winter; and, though their foliage is not of the most vivid green, still they have a good effect, now that all other trees are stripped of their leafy honors. The gardens, too, look verdant. The arbutus, laurel-rose, and lauristinus, flourish here, and nearly prevent our missing the plants and flowers they supersede. I have nowhere seen the laurel-rose grow so luxuriantly as in this neighborhood, and it is singularly beautiful. I mean to try if I cannot introduce it in Ireland, where the arbutus and myrtle flourish so well. Apropos of Ireland, the people here often remind me of the Irish. The same vivacity and gaiety of disposition, with the same tendency to excitement; a similar desire of enjoying the present, though its enjoyments may be purchased at the expense of the future; and a quickness of feeling, and a liability to angry emotions, with a facility to be appeased, mark the lower classes here. But they do not seem prone to that short-lived but deep melancholy to which the Irish are subject; and which urges them to seek in ebriety a relief from depression. They have more fancy and less imagination; and their spirits, arising from physical rather than mental sources, are more stable than are those of our more impressionable islanders. In judging of a nation, as well as of individuals, a sufficient allowance is seldom made for peculiar temperaments; and yet how greatly are both influenced by them! Half the crimes that sully Ireland, and which are attributed to political excitement, have little reference to this imagined fruitful source of quarrels, but spring from the natural proneness of the people to indulge irritable feelings. Theirs is indeed a poetical temperament; easily urged to anger, and as easily appeased by kindness. Would that the latter experiment was more frequently tried!

10th.—Our Corsican acquaintances related to us last evening several interesting details of the Bonaparte family. Even while yet a mere child, Napoleon was distinguished

from his companions by a decision of character, and promptitude of action, as well as by a *fiercé*, that led him to usurp a command over those with whom he was brought in contact, very remarkable in so young a boy, and strongly indicative of his future career. The mother of Napoleon, on returning from church, was suddenly seized with the pangs of labor, and gave birth to him in her *salon*, before she could be removed to her bedchamber, on a tapestry carpet, on which was represented the heroes of Homer. This circumstance was frequently referred to when Napoleon, in after days, became the hero of deeds equally worthy of being made the subject of an epic; and was, by the superstitious, considered to have been an omen of his destiny.

The Corsicans—officers as well as the private soldiers here—are remarkable for their physiognomies, which partake of the French and Italian character of countenance, and yet are different from both. They are darker than the Italians, even more animated than the French, and more impetuous than both; they possess an uncommon degree of quickness of apprehension and comprehension; but are self-opinionated, and impatient of control. The regiment here, nevertheless, is extremely well conducted, and appears to be much liked by the inhabitants; among whom Colonel Sebastiani, who commands them, is a general favorite.

12th.—It is difficult to convince the French that people *can* prefer staying home to going out to *soirées*; and, although their politeness prevents their giving utterance to their opinions on this point, it is easy to perceive that they think the preference rather absurd. Now that the *season*—for even Avignon has its fashionable season—has commenced, gaieties, on a more extended scale, are going forward; balls interrupt the more sedate *soirées*; and it is evident that the younger part of the society rejoice in the change: nor do the more mature regret it; for in France people do not consider their dancing days to be over as soon as with us; and ladies and gentlemen trip it on the light fantastic toe at an age, when the gout precludes the men, at least, in England, from such

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an amusement. *Apropos* of gout: it might lead to beneficial results, were it more generally known that this disease is of rare occurrence in France. Query, is it not because the use, or abuse; of stimulating wine is avoided?

13th.—All that we hear in praise of French dancing is borne out by what I have seen even in this provincial town. Nothing can be more graceful, or unaffected; no attempt at display is visible; no *entre-chats*, that alarm people with tender feet for their safety; and no exhibition of vigor likely to bring its practisers to the *melting mood*; a mood never sufficiently to be reprobated in refined society. The waltz in France loses its objectionable familiarity, by the manner in which it is performed. The gentleman does not clasp his fair partner round the waist with a freedom repugnant to the modesty, and destructive to the *ceinture* of the lady; but so arranges it, that he assists her movements, without incommoding her delicacy or her drapery. In short, they manage these matters better in France than with us; and though no advocate for this exotic dance, I must admit that, executed as I have seen it, it could not offend the most fastidious eye.

The French toilette, too, even at this distance from the capital, is successfully attended to: an elegant simplicity distinguishes that of the young ladies, whose robes of organdé or tulle, of a snowy whiteness, well buckled *ceinture*, bouquet of flowers, well cut shoes, and delicately white gloves, defy criticism, and convey the impression of having been selected by the Graces, to be worn for that night only. No robe of materials too expensive to be quickly laid aside, or *chiffonnée* and *fanée* by use, here meets the sight; no *ceinture* that betrays the pressure it inflicts; and no gloves that indicate the warmth of the wearer's feelings, or those of her partner, are to be seen. The result is, that the young ladies are simply and tastefully attired, with an extreme attention to the *freshness* of their toilette, and a total avoidance of finery. A much greater degree of prudery, if it may be so called, is ex-

exercised in France than in England, with regard to dress; the robes of ladies of all ages conceal much more of the bust and shoulders. They claim some merit for this delicacy, though ill-natured people are not wanting who declare that *prudence* has more to say to the concealment than modesty; the French busts and shoulders being very inferior to the English. Of the former I have had no means of judging, because they are so covered by the dress; but of the latter, all must pronounce that they are charming. Great reserve is maintained by the French ladies in society: shaking hands with gentlemen is deemed indecorous; but to touch a lady's hand with the lips, while bowing over it is considered respectful. The conversation of young ladies with their partners in the dance, is nearly confined to monosyllables; and when ended, they resume their seats by the side of their respective mothers, or *chaperons*, only speaking when spoken to, and always with an air of reserve, which is never laid aside in public.

16th.—How different is all that I see, from what I had imagined, of French manners and customs! of which, in England, people form truly erroneous opinions. There, those who have never resided in France, suppose that in it a much greater latitude in respect to demeanor prevails than with us; but judging by what I have observed, I consider that here a stricter attention to decorum, in externals at least, is exhibited. I am, however, far too patriotic to admit that this reserve and decorum arises from, or indicates, a superiority of the French ladies over our own in moral worth or real modesty; for, in these qualities, none can exceed ours: the frankness of their manners, and the freedom allowed them in society being irrefragable proofs of the just confidence reposed in them by those to whom they are best known. But to strangers, who behold only the surface, the impression produced by the extreme reserve of young French women, is, that they are more carefully brought up than ours are, and impose a greater restraint on their male acquaintances.

18th.—A box of English books and newspapers—what a comfort! Strange how the love of home grows on one when absent from it! Like the effect produced by absence on lovers, all faults are forgotten; and all merits remembered with increased fondness. The very smell of the brown paper in the packing-case breathed of London, the recollection of whose dense fogs and smoky coal fires, I can at present dwell on with something approaching to good-will, because they are so mingled with pleasant reminiscences. And now I can read the papers, which prate of the whereabouts of many dear friends. It is like hearing Parisian anecdotes six months old, in the province, when they are forgotten in the capital. I can ascertain when the king took his airings, where Lord A. dined, and Lady B. *déjeunée'd*; who are among the fashionable arrivals and departures, and a hundred other equally interesting particulars. Commend me to *The Morning Post*, which keeps the world *au fait* of how patricians are passing their time; and wafts over to me the intelligence of their doings even at this remote spot. The habit of noting down the movements of fashionable people is one of the customs which the French people cannot comprehend. The aristocracy with them has ceased to possess power, or to inspire interest; hence, they are surprised that people can attach any curiosity to their movements in other countries, and are disposed to ridicule rather than imitate our practice. They shrug their shoulders, smile, and exclaim, "*C'est bien drôle*;" and rejoice in the perfect freedom from notoriety which they possess. They ask many questions relative to fashion and fashionable people, terms very embarrassing to their comprehension. "Is fashion," demand my French acquaintances, "confined to the aristocracy? is wealth an indispensable requisite for its attainment? and is beauty deemed necessary?"

When told that none of those advantages are positively essential; nay, that a fashionable person may be destitute of them all, they are astonished: but when informed that individuals in possession of all three, are frequently not

considered fashionable, there is no bound to their surprise.

"What, then, is fashion?" ask they.

To the simple answer that it is a conventional mystery, and, like many of those practised by the soothsayers of old, which even the framers, while juggling others, did not quite understand, they exclaim,

"Yes, you English are the strangest people in the world! and this slavery to fashion proves it. But how does a person become fashionable without rank, wealth, or beauty?"

"A lucky introduction to one or two individuals belonging to a society deemed *à-la-mode*; half a dozen people proclaiming the person to be charming, *spirituel*, or full of talent; until the whole circle, growing accustomed to hear it, at last repeat it in the most devout good faith to others. Hence, it travels into the papers; the person is seen in a few distinguished houses, asked to others because seen in them; and finally becomes thoroughly *répandu* in society, although, were the claims for this popularity analysed, they would be found very few and trifling. Perhaps it is to this very mediocrity, that the fashionable people owe their success; for having no qualities calculated to excite envy, they are allowed to pass current like an ordinary coin, when a fine medal would be strictly examined."

"What is a *bore*?" asked one of my French female friends last night. "At Paris," continued she, "I have heard English people, when talking to each other, say, What a bore he or she is! Now pray give me your definition of a bore?"

"A person who tells you about *himself*, when you wish to hear only of *yourself*," was my simple explanation, which made them smile.

One said, "*Ah! oui, vous avez raison; Monsieur —, par exemple, est un bore.*" What made it more piquant was, that a few evenings before, one of the company, the same lady who approved my definition, had denounced an acquaintance as a person *bien ennuyeux*, who knew little of the usages of good society, for he had usurped

the conversation for a quarter of an hour, talking of himself all the while.

20th.—As the time draws near for quitting Avignon, I begin to regret the many amiable and agreeable acquaintances we shall leave behind. They appear, and in truth I believe are, equally loth to see us depart; for without arrogating to ourselves any very extraordinary powers of pleasing, we must have assisted to enliven the monotony of a provincial town; where the same faces, and the same opinions, are as well known as the hangings of the rooms their owners occupy. The French are prone to seek and to find amusement in all things; a fresh visitor, a new source of conversation, gratifies them, and they are gracious and kind to those who furnish them. I shall depart from Avignon with regret, taking, and leaving behind, kind recollections.

23d. — staid with us two days, on his route to Italy. Poor man, he looks as if his search after health would be a fruitless one. How a long residence in England narrows the thoughts, if not the feelings! He could talk of nothing but London and its exclusive circles; to which people are only proud to belong, *because* they are exclusive. Vanity of vanities! The exclusive circle reminds one of free-masonry, where the mystery and difficulty of entering forms the chief attraction; and the ceremonies of which the neophytes are bound to conceal, in order that others may be equally induced to fraternize. When poor — has spent some months at Rome or Naples, he will be able to talk of the principesse, duchesse, marchese, or contesse, with some dulcet names attached to them, with as much unction as he now names the leaders of fashion in London; and the exchange will, at least in sound, be more harmonious. Strange, that people should imagine the circle in which *they* live, to be *the* world: the spider probably thinks that the web it has created is the universe! — is a man by no means deficient in intelligence or education, but he was wasted the powers of his mind by dwelling in a narrow focus,

and by adopting the conventional notions of its members. It would be difficult to persuade him that persons who do not belong to the *clique* to which he appertains, can be distinguished for attainments or agreeability; although he is ready to admit that many of those who do, are sadly wanting in those qualifications. Yet how many are to be found who resemble — in this respect, without possessing his mildness, good breeding, and good nature!

25th.—There is really no end to the kindness of our new friends at Avignon. All manner of edibles are showered into our hotel as presents—fish, game, fruit, preserves, cakes, and wine; and, what is more acceptable than all, *fresh* butter, that being a rare luxury here, and only attainable by those who have estates in the neighborhood.

Among other gifts, is a rare and curious book of plates, with epigraphs, a political party satire on James II, entitled *Le Théâtre d'Angleterre*. Some of the prints are very amusing, although not very reverential towards majesty. Some fine specimens of colored glass, of the fifteenth century, have also been presented to me; so that I shall have many tangible, as well as mental, *souvenirs* of Avignon.

27th.—The Rhône has shown itself to-day in more than usual grandeur. Two days of incessant rain, a rare occurrence here, has swoln it far beyond its ordinary bounds, and it rushes rapidly along; its turbid water, of a dark yellow color, resembling gold that has lost its brightness. The boats pass on its bosom with a fleetness quite surprising, and the boatmen seem to like the velocity with which they are swept along. The sight is really an imposing one; and the animated groups that hover by the sides of the impetuous river, enjoyed it, apparently, as much as we did. The fashionable ladies of Avignon now exhibit *les dernières modes de Paris*; not those of a past season, but *fresh as imported*, being sent, not through the medium of a milliner in the town, but direct from the magazines of Herbault and Victorine to their respective

customers. Even in this remote and retired place, fashion holds her subjects in control; and each of the gentle sex is anxious to propitiate the capricious divinity by courting her smiles in the newest bonnet, mantle, or shawl, that she has invented.

29th.—The carnival has commenced, for even Avignon indulges in this pleasure, which resembles the saturnalia of the Romans, when the slaves were allowed to forget their bondage; all ranks and classes partaking in the somewhat riotous gaiety of this celebration. Young ladies are getting ready their simple but becoming *robes de bal*; and matrons their more costly ones of satin and velvet. The diligence from Paris arrives laden with packing cases, containing hats, caps, wreaths of flowers, and tasteful dresses, to be exhibited at the fêtes to be given during the carnival. And all the results of this preparation, attended with no inconsiderable expense, will meet no other eyes than those accustomed to behold the wearers every evening during the winter. This increase, therefore, of expenditure, surely indicates a strong wish to please either their friends or—themselves. The truth is, women have an innate love of dress; and, I believe, many a one might be found who would attire herself with a careful attention to taste, though her mirror alone was witness to the effect produced.

31st.—The *vent de bise* has set in and realised all the fears we entertained of its severity. Nothing can be more detestable or perfidious; for while a bright sun lures one from the fireside, this treacherous wind rushes from behind the corner of the first street you enter, and penetrates through every muscle of the frame, making the cheeks blue, the nose red, and the eyes tearful. Every soul one encounters in the streets, looks like a gorgon; curls are blown into straight and lanky locks; bonnets are twisted into most uncouth shapes, and draperies are driven from the limbs they were meant to cover. In short, the streets present figures that strikingly resemble some of the good prints of a windy day.

The inhabitants, although accustomed to the visits of this rough and disagreeable guest, betray no inconsiderable dread at his approach; and each person one encounters exclaims, "*Ah, quelle horreur! le vent de bise est venu.*"

Our east wind is not to be compared with the *bise* in its chilling coldness; although I think its effects on the spirits is much more depressing. Here, the people complain of the wind incessantly, but it leaves them the power of complaining; while an east wind, with us, attacks the trachea, and deprives one nearly of the capability of expressing the injury it inflicts, even when most tormentingly incited to it by physical suffering. The streets and roads, which, two days ago, were inundated with water and mud, are now as dry as in summer; so completely has the wind parched up the watery substance that covered them.

I believe that a gloomy person is a creature unknown among the French. Whatever cause for discontent or affliction which may occur, the effect is an increase of animation. Joy and sorrow find the same safety-valve for the escape of undue excitement. "*Je suis si malheureux,*" or "*Je suis si content,*" is uttered with an earnestness that leaves no doubt of the truth of the assertion, whatever suspicions it may excite as to the duration of the sentiment that prompted it. The suppression of external symptoms of grief or happiness among the French is rarely practised. They give utterance to their feelings with a *naveté* resembling that of children; and this *naveté* has a peculiar charm, as an indication of an amiable confidence in the interest of those to whom it is evinced. We betray a deeper knowledge of human nature, by concealing, except from a few dear and chosen friends, our sorrow and our joy.

February 8th.—A long chasm in my journal, the result of indisposition. The *vent de bise* has proved too severe even for my northern nerves; and I have been unable to read, write or think, under the severe cold it

inflicted. I am told change of air will cure me; and mean to try its effect in a few days.

12th.—*Mardi-gras* was ushered in with various ceremonies, offering a strange mixture of devotion and profaneness. Processions of the different religious orders, male and female, bearing crosses and other symbols of their faith, were met at every street by groups dressed in the most fantastic and grotesque masquerade habits. All this was not pleasing to English eyes, and was calculated to convey no very favorable notion of the religion that tolerates it. It was curious to see scaramouches and other ridiculous masks bowing to the cross and saintly banners of the church, as they came in contact, and then turning away to perform the antics of their rôles.

Aix, 17th.—The parting from our friends at Avignon yesterday was more painful than one could have imagined a parting could be, from persons to whom three months ago we were strangers. But there is truth in the old adage, that "Liking begets liking," and we experienced too many proofs of good will from our acquaintances, not to feel a lively interest in their welfare, and a strong sympathy in their regret at our separation. The pockets of our carriages were plentifully filled with cakes, bonbons, orange-flower water, and bouquets of flowers, each fair friend bringing an offering for our journey; and many were the reiterated good wishes and kind adieus that greeted our ears as we drove off from the hotel, in which we had spent many agreeable days.

And all this has passed away like a dream; and here we are *en route* again. The road between Avignon and Orgon has nothing to diversify it, except the wooden bridge, of an immense span, which crosses the Durance; and the convent of the Chartreuse, which is romantically situated. The aspect of the country is wild and dreary, bounded by barren hills, with sombre olive trees and cedars, which are so few, and far between, that they only

increase the gloomy character of the scenery. Our courier having advanced rapidly before us, we found an excellent dinner, and a blazing wood fire; a dinner so good as to lead to the belief that an inn producing such a one must afford tolerable sleeping rooms. But this was far from being the case; and more wretched apartments, or more miserable-looking beds, than those allotted to travellers, I never beheld. It is a remarkable circumstance that, while even in a bad inn in France a good dinner can generally be obtained, the sleeping and sitting rooms are destitute of all comfort: whereas, in England, it is precisely *vice versa*. The rooms and furniture in an English inn present really a respectable appearance; while the dinners are in general execrable, and served with a pretension that renders one still less disposed to pardon their badness. Soup tasting of nothing but pepper, fish not often fresh, the everlasting beefsteak, with its accustomed garnish of horse-radish, an unsuccessful attempt at cutlets *panné*, half-boiled vegetables, and a stale tart, is the general bill of fare served up: and all this melancholy resemblance of a dinner is introduced with a flourish of gaudy plated covers, borne by two or three well dressed waiters, headed by the master or mistress, who seem to think that the showy covers are more important than the viands they conceal. The table presents a goodly appearance until the dishes are uncovered; when, lol the paucity and ordinary quality of their contents sadly disappoint the incipient hopes and aspirations of the hungry traveller; whose expectations of a plenteous repast have been most powerfully excited by the attendant finery. Then comes the bill, as ample in its dimensions as the dinner was scanty; every item being a separate charge, and the total amounting to a sum for which an excellent dinner might have been furnished. Yes, with all my love of England, and no one loves it more, I must confess that there are some things in it that require correction; and bad dinners, and expensive charges, are amongst the number.

In a French inn, the table linen is not remarkable for its fineness or whiteness, but still it is clean; the viands

are not served up under richly chased plated covers, nor are the knives of a good appearance; and the dishes are not brought up by two or three well dressed waiters. But a good soup, a *fricandeau à l'oseille*, or *chicorée*, with *côtelettes à la-minute*, *poulet à la-Tartare*, *pomme de terre à la-maitre-d'hôtel*, followed by a smoking hot *soufflé à la-vanille*, consoles one for these good things being placed on the table by a *garçon* in a jacket of coarse materials, assisted by a girl whose dress is more picturesque than neat: and, subsequently, a small piece of paper, on which the sum of five francs per head for each guest is inscribed, is a crowning grace to the whole, and saves time and money. That they manage a dinner, at least, better in a French inn than with us, surely every traveller who is capable of judging of one must admit.

Aix is a place of considerable extent, and has one extremely fine street, which is separated from the boulevards at each side of it by rows of large trees; similar ones dividing the boulevards from the paved narrow street, at each side beyond them. A long line of remarkably fine houses bound the view, running the length of the street, and three handsome fountains grace the centre. The effect is very striking; and conveys more the idea of a quarter in some large capital, than the principal street in a provincial town.

18th.—The sun shines so brilliantly, and the air is so mild, that one might fancy it the end of April, instead of February. How delightful to anticipate the genial spring by two whole months! If this weather will but last, it is worth coming to France to enjoy it; at least to persons like me, who suffer from cold. The climate is, I am told, infinitely superior to that of Avignon; and I can readily believe this, from the specimen we have had already, the difference in warmth being very great. The town is of considerable extent, the streets good and clean, the shops apparently well stocked, and the *cafés*, those indispensable luxuries of French towns, thronged with guests, sipping their mocha or lemonade. House rent is so very moderate here, and provisions so cheap and

abundant, that many families make it their winter residence.

The cathedral is worthy of notice, for its admirably carved doors, and its fine remains of ancient architecture. The cloisters are very interesting. They form a square, in the centre of which is an open space; the arcades are supported by double columns of good proportions, and excellent workmanship; the capitals of which are of different orders, some crowned by grotesque figures, and others by foliage. In one of the aisles of the church a circular dome has been erected, sustained by eight stupendous Corinthian columns, six of which are of marble, and two of granite. They are very ancient, and were formerly appropriated to some other building. Fine as they are, they must be acknowledged to be misplaced in their present situation.

A curious picture, said to be painted by King Rénne, ornaments the church. It is inclosed in a very singular old frame, which opens in the centre; and on fête days, or on the visit of strangers, it is unlocked, that the picture may be seen. The memory of the good King Rénne is still revered at Aix, and his accomplishments as a poet, painter, and musician, are recorded. He was a warm encourager of, if not one of the Troubadours of Provence; and Jane de Laval, his consort, emulated him in her love of the fine arts. Aix was also the residence of Raimond Berenger, of the House of Barcelona, and last Count of Provence. He was an admirer and patron of poetry, and is said to have cultivated the gentle art with no mean skill; but for this assertion we have only tradition, as no specimen of his verses is given by St. Pelaie. Beatrix, Countess of Provence, his wife, is included among the Troubadours, and the only specimen of her poetry given, by no means justifies this distinction, either in the sentiment or expression, for it contains an encouragement to a timid lover, that argues little for the modesty of the writer. Beatrix was celebrated for her beauty, talents, and generosity. To her husband the poets owed an exemption from all public taxes. It was this Raimond who was reproached by Dante, in his sixth canto, "del Para-

diso," for his conduct to Romieu, in which the ingratitude not unfrequently attributed to the great towards those who have served them, was said to have been strongly marked. It is, however, but justice to add, that Raimond, becoming subsequently sensible of his error, generously recompensed the services of Romieu by the grant of the town of Vence, and other possessions. A considerable portion of the exterior of the church is highly decorated in the florid gothic style. An octagon tower, the most ancient part of the building, is of plain and simple architecture, more remarkable for solidity than for beauty.

19th.—delivered our letters of introduction to the Marquis, de L. and to M. Revoil, which brought us both these gentlemen shortly after, with polite offers of enacting the parts of ciceroni to us during our sojourn here.

There are no less than seven private collections of objects of art and antiquity at Aix, each and all worthy of attention; but M. Revoil's is the most perfect of its kind. It embraces pictures and enamels by the earliest masters, with those of a late date; forming a series illustrative of the history of the progress of the two arts. Among the enamels, we noticed the portrait of Dianne de Poitiers, with a child. They are drawn as Venus and Cupid, and nothing can be more graceful or happily portrayed. It would be tedious to enumerate even a quarter of the treasures in this collection; in which are comprised ancient armor, chased and ornamented, warlike implements of every description, *armoires* of finely carved ebony, filled with all the paraphernalia of female toilets of early date; mirrors of polished steel, pins, combs, rings, and costly ornaments; vases, enriched with antique gems, small busts of onyx, sardonyx, and white cornelian, set with precious stones; daggers mounted, with carved handles of ivory, mother-of-pearl, steel, amber, silver and gold, many of them with jewelled settings; watches of every age; keys of every description; and, in short, every object of art and taste, from the grand to the minute, that could serve as specimens of the articles used in the past ages. All the things are so well classed and arranged,

that they serve to form a sort of history of each century, by displaying the objects of use and luxury, and marking the progressive improvement made in them.

M. Revoil is considered one of the best modern French painters, and at Paris his pictures are eagerly sought, and liberally purchased, by the most fastidious connoisseurs. On looking at his collection, one is surprised that so extensive and choice a one could have been brought together in the life of one individual, or by a person whose wealth was not very great; but it is a proof of what industry, indefatigable zeal and good taste can accomplish, when they are combined. The fifteenth century was, indeed, an epoch rich in art; and the beautiful specimens of it here assembled impress the beholder with an increased veneration for the worthies of that period, and the artists who wrought for them.

20th.—M. Revoil accompanied us in our peregrinations to-day, and it would have been impossible to have found a more enlightened or erudite cicerone. He has studied Aix and the different treasures it contains *con amore*, and explains them with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired. Our first visit was to the collection of Monsieur Sallier, which contains pictures, statues, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, vases, lachrymatories, and sarcophagi, all of great rarity and beauty. The gem of his collection is a small statue of Jupiter, found at Orange; which, for dignity and expression, could not be surpassed by a statue of large dimensions. It is partly draped, and the execution of the folds is admirable.

The collection of the Marquis L. is confined to medals, in which it is very rich. The owner exerted towards us all the attention which the French are never backward in paying to those well recommended to them; and has impressed us with a very favorable opinion of his hospitality.

We have had nothing to complain of at Aix, except the impossibility of procuring either cream or butter, or, at least, any that is palatable. There is only one cow

in the town, which is the property of an English family settled here; and goats, of which there are an abundant stock, serve but as sorry substitutes; their milk destroying the flavor of tea and coffee. The inhabitants of Aix are quite satisfied with goat's milk, proclaim that it is far more wholesome, and quite as agreeable; but in the latter assertion I cannot coincide with them. The butter is brought from a distance, and is abominable; but to its bad quality habit has inured the people here; and our landlady seemed to think us very fastidious when we desired it to be removed from the table, where its odor was really offensive.

MARSEILLES, 22*d.*—Travelling is the true secret of multiplying enjoyment, by furnishing a succession of new objects. I feel this, as fresh scenes are presented to me, keeping the mind in a continual state of agreeable excitement, without fatiguing it. The approach to Marseilles is striking, and the first view caught of the sea from a steep hill at some distance is truly grand. The blue waters extend boldly to the left, until they are seen mingling and confounded with the distant horizon; while, to the left, Marseilles, with her forest of masts, and stately buildings, bounds the prospect. Villas, thickly scattered round the environs, greatly ornament the scene, by affording a pleasing contrast to the view. The quays offer a never-failing object of interest. Here crowds of persons of all nations may be daily seen, all apparently absorbed in business:—the Turk and Armenian, in their picturesque costumes, are seen mingling with Italian sailors, in their bright scarlet caps, and English ones, with the round glazed hats, trim jackets, and white linen, conspicuously displaying that personal cleanliness for which they are remarkable. Merchants of all countries, servants of all nations, are bustling about; the *mélange* giving animation to the varied picture, which forcibly reminded me of many paintings of the old masters, in which similar scenes are represented.

The inns are good, and the one in which we have taken up our abode is excellent. The cook gave us a good

specimen of his talents last evening, on our arrival; and maintained his reputation to-day by a *déjeuner-à-la-fourchette*, that would not have dishonored Monsieur Ude himself. How much more rational are *déjeuners-à-la-fourchette* than luncheons; the first succeeding to a single cup of coffee or tea, taken some three hours before, and the second being the successor to a plentiful morning repast, producing repletion, with its long catalogue of evils.

Drove to-day to the Villa or Château la Pannis, in the environs of Marseilles, and saw some good pictures; but a Georgione, radiant as sunshine, threw all the others into the shade. It positively was dazzling;—such golden hues, and such carnation tints—none but one of the Venetian school, and one too of the very best of it, could ever have achieved. I was tempted to break the tenth commandment, and to envy the Marquis La Pannis the possession of this beautiful picture.

23d.—Went to the museum, which has some good specimens of Grecian sculpture and sarcophagi, and then visited the public library, which is extensive, and has many manuscripts, but none very remarkable.

Visited the coral manufactories, and saw that marine substance converted into every possible shape that fancy could devise, or industry could execute; it forms a considerable branch of commerce here, and is in great demand among strangers.

The *mistral* or *vent de bise*, which is so much felt at Avignon, is scarcely less powerful or less dreaded here. It prevails during a great part of the year in Provence; but is most prevalent along the banks of the Rhône, on whose breast it disports with no gentle gambols, but with the anger of Boreas, in his most ill-natured moods. So destructive are the effects of this wind to the eyes, that the greater number of the class most exposed to it are martyrs to diseases of these organs. Yet, though so pernicious to the sight, it is not without its advantages in other respects; as it purifies the air, and renders the excessive heat less injurious to health. It generally

blows after heavy rain, all traces of which it dispels with a rapidity almost incredible.

Marseilles has less of the characteristics of a large city than any town of its extent that I know, but bears in every street the impress of a sea-port. Sailors of every grade, from the yellow faced admiral, whose countenance has been bronzed by exposure to tropical climes, down to the rosy-cheeked midshipman, whose plump face has not yet lost the sleekness peculiar to childhood, and whose curly locks look as if a mother's hand had often played with them, are met at every step; bustling along with that heaving motion which would always indicate their profession, even without the uniform that belongs to it.

Sailors of every nation are a fine race; but, without undue partiality, I may say, that none can be compared with our own; and as I heard some of them conversing as they walked, in those accents and that language dear to me, I felt as if each rough face was that of an old friend, with whom it was a pleasure to meet. It is in a foreign land that we most love our own, and turn with kindness to every individual belonging to it. Precious and mysterious sympathy implanted in our hearts for wise purposes, cold must be the heart where thou art not cherished!

TOULON, 25th.—The route from Marseilles to Toulon, for the first few miles, is rendered tedious and monotonous by being inclosed between stone walls. The villas too, scattered at either side of the road, are disfigured by the same hideous barrier which gives them the appearance of prisons. With all the advantages of climate and situation, the total want of taste and neatness evident in the generality of country houses in France, renders them little desirable as residences. Often therefore in passing through beautiful and romantic scenery, disfigured by edifices bidding alike defiance to taste and comfort, I have wished that some of our picturesque Elizabethan structures, or pretty cottages, were transported thither, and interspersed through the rich

landscapes which only require their presence to be perfect.

Aubagne, two posts from Marseilles, was the birth-place of the Abbe Barthélemy. The house in which he resided still exists; and, as I viewed it, I thought of the pleasant hours passed in reading Anacharsis' *Travels*, with a sentiment of gratitude towards the memory of its author, that gave the abode an additional interest for me. The neighborhood of Aubagne is remarkable for its romantic features; and De Lille has celebrated the valley of Gemenos, which is in its vicinity.

As we advance more southward, a considerable difference is visible in the appearance of the country. The olive trees are larger, and their green is of a less sombre hue than those around Avignon; and the almond-trees, with their delicate and snowy blossoms, form a beautiful contrast to the dark foliage of the other trees. The fields too, are clothed with vegetation of the most lively and brilliant verdure, and the climate is more genial.

The approach to Toulon is striking and picturesque, being a narrow ravine, bounded at each side by steep rocks of fantastic forms, rudely piled in large masses, some overhanging the road, half poised, as it were, in air.

26th.—This is a town of considerable extent, and the modern portion of it is well built, and remarkably clean. Three sides of the town are bounded by lofty mountains, and the fourth is open to the sea. Male foreigners are not permitted to see the arsenal; but ladies are more gallantly treated, and an intelligent guide was appointed to attend my female friends and self over the whole building. The first place shown to us was the sculpture hall, which is divided into two compartments. One is occupied by persons employed in carving the different ornaments for ships; and in the other are arranged with the utmost order, models and skeletons of ships, with all the parts from the hold to the most minute rope, each object marked and numbered to explain its use. Every modern invention and improvement that has been applied to ships

is exhibited in miniature; and mechanism, to judge by the specimens here displayed, seems to have attained no ordinary degree of perfection in France. The sides of this fine hall are covered with carved figure-heads and sterns for vessels, on which much workmanship and gilding has been lavished. Among the best, are some colossal figures by the celebrated Puget. The drawing-room of one of our neatest English houses could not be more perfectly free from the least soil than was this hall; and the compartment occupied by the sculptors wore an air of cleanliness and order that I thought incompatible with the habits of artisans.

We paused to examine the works in hand, some of which were executed with a spirit and skill that emulated those of Puget. Some panels with *bassi rilievi*, admirably carved, would not have disgraced Fiamingo.

From the hall of sculpture we proceeded to the guard-room, which was also scrupulously clean. The beds and tables were so well contrived, that they might be turned up or down in the space of two minutes. The knapsacks of the soldiers were hung at the heads of each bed, and the apartment was so well ventilated, that its atmosphere was pure.

We next visited the building allotted to the *Galleriens*, and were gratified by observing that the captivity of these wretched beings was rendered less disagreeable by their having the benefit of cleanliness and good air. Their dormitories are of large dimensions and are arranged in rows, the bedding clean and white; but our humanity was not a little shocked at beholding the large staples attached to the foot of each bed for fastening the chains of the convicts, so that even in sleep, they feel the galling fetters of slavery. The great number of these unhappy men are linked in couples; those sentenced for life are distinguished by green cloth caps, and the whole are dressed in a brick-colored cloth. It not unfrequently occurs that those paired, but not mated couples, quarrel and proceed to personal violence; in which case, they are treated as refractory dogs would be under similar circumstances.

Those who have any trade are allowed to practise it, provided their conduct is found deserving of this indulgence; and we saw several ingenious toys and trinkets, the produce of their industry, by the sale of which they earn a considerable sum. Those who have not been brought up to any trade are employed in laborious occupations.

The celebrated Comte de St. Helene is among the convicts; and shrinks from observation with a sensitiveness that precludes the indulgence of curiosity—at least, in every humane person. Another individual was pointed out to us as having acquired an unenviable celebrity by his crimes. The appearance and manners of this convict were those of a gentleman, notwithstanding the hideous dress he wore. He was employed in engraving a cocoanut, and displayed great taste and skill in the execution of his task, and presented it for our inspection with a grace that would not have shamed a finished courtier. This man once possessed a large fortune, and had been mayor of Dijon. His wife had great wealth independent of him, and he sought every means to induce her to resign it in his favor. She resisted all his entreaties and threats; and was shortly after found dead in her apartment, with her feet and legs scorched. The body bore the marks of strangulation, as also of fire; for the assassin had attempted to consume the corse, in order that it might be believed that she had been accidentally burned; but all his efforts to ignite the body were fruitless. He was taken up on suspicion of the murder; and though the proofs of his guilt were not sufficiently strong to convict him to death, they were deemed conclusive enough to draw on him a sentence of condemnation to the galleys for life. This man's countenance would have puzzled Gall and Spurzheim, so calm and benevolent was its character. One cannot help wishing that crime had fixed an indelible stamp on the physiognomies of those who so cruelly violate the laws of humanity, to serve either as a beacon to warn us of danger; or else as a visible sign of that internal torture which we would fain believe must spring from the commission of guilt. It is revolting to

witness the calmness that should only accompany conscious innocence, marked on the front of guilt and vice. When remorse or its effects are visible, we forget the sternness of justice in commiseration for the criminal; but when obduracy or indifference are evident, disgust and horror alone prevail.

A large hall is filled with convicts, who are employed in hackling, and dressing flax and hemp; another apartment contains some two or three hundred spinners, who use wheels similar to those common in Ireland; and in another hall are looms, at which several hands are employed. A tread-mill is also established here, turned by three men, who are changed every three hours.

The *salle des armes*, or armory, was the next object that attracted our attention. The arms are arranged in three parallel lines, the centre wide, with a less at each side. In the middle of the interior line is a highly ornamented pedestal, on which stands a finely executed marble bust of Louis XVIII, surrounded by military trophies formed by swords and bayonets, diverging into rays, the whole surmounted by white flags richly embroidered. At the end, is a large figure of Bellona, richly habited; and at the other terminations, are figures in fine armor. The arms in this room are as bright as silver; and the effect of the whole is very brilliant.

The timber-yard and forges are on a large scale, but immeasurably inferior to those at Portsmouth. The *cor-derie*, or rope-walk, surpassed our expectations. It is built of stone, and is constructed in three parallel lines, divided by pillars that support the roof, which is arched and groined. This room, if room it may be called, is above two thousand feet in length, and people seen from one extremity of it, at the other, have the appearance of puppets. This building was planned by Vauban, and does credit to his skill as an architect. We were shown the process by which cables are manufactured, as also the *voilerie* in which the sails for ships are made. The forges and joiners' shops next claimed our attention. They are on an extensive scale, and good order prevails over each. We then visited the magazine, the various contents of

which are arranged with an exactness that precludes the possibility of mistake or confusion. The dock is about three hundred feet long, and one hundred wide; in front is a sluice-gate, which may be opened or shut as required; and at the back, is a building containing a vast number of pumps. By the sluice-gate the basin is filled with water, when ships require admission into it; and by the pumps it is emptied, when they stand in need of repair.

28th.—We saw eight very fine ships of one hundred and twenty guns each, and several ones of a less calibre. We went on board one of the first mentioned, named *Le Royal Louis*, a very magnificent vessel, at least as far as decoration is concerned. It strikes me that the whole of the arsenal, as well as the ships, have a pretension to ultra good order about them which indicates that the navy, with our Gallic neighbors, is as yet but an affair of luxury; while with us there is much less display, but infinitely more utility.

The *Duchesse de Berri* came to France in this ship, which was splendidly furnished for the occasion; and the gallery that surrounds the state cabin, which she occupied, was filled with the rarest flowering shrubs and exotics. Little could she have anticipated the melancholy event that awaited her! but happily the book of Fate is sealed; or few even of the most prosperous could support the anticipated knowledge of their destinies. Providence has mercifully so constituted us, that our minds adapt themselves to calamities, because our sensibility of their poignancy is dulled by some mitigating circumstance attending them, and by the previous experience of minor afflictions. But, although the graduation of suffering may inure, or enable us to bear them, an aggregate view of the misfortunes all are born to undergo, would be more than humanity could support. The Bourbons, like the Stuarts, seem fated to many trials. Heaven send they may have more wisdom to profit by them! Misfortune should teach us to avoid every road that may lead to its portals; and I trust Louis XVIII has acquired this wisdom.

Toulon is indebted to Louis XII for its origin as a harbor; and to Francis I for the completion of the tower commenced by Louis. Henry IV fortified the town, but Louis XIV has been its greatest benefactor; for to him it owes all the various works that now enrich it. Napoleon also was among the patrons of Toulon; for, grateful for the fame acquired here in early manhood, he planned and caused to be erected a fortification that attests his skill as an engineer. The climate is much milder than at Marseilles, and many curious plants are indigenous to the soil; delicate exotics, too, which, in other parts of the south of France, gardeners have failed in rearing, here flourish. The botanical garden, though not extensive, contains many valuable specimens of shrubs, plants, and flowers, as well as trees. The palm-trees are large and healthy, and the tea and coffee trees, the latter, covered with berries, thrive well.

• **FREJUS, 28th.**—The country between Toulon and this place is the most interesting that we have yet traversed in France, particularly towards the latter part of it. Large rocks are scattered along; nearly covered with aloes of luxuriant growth, which add much to the picturesque effect of the scenery. The entrance to Frejus is very striking. To the right, a fine view of the sea presents itself; and to the left, some remains of Roman buildings, consisting of a pile of broken colonnades. The ruins of an amphitheatre, an arch, a temple, and an aqueduct, are still visible; the latter must have been of considerable extent, as many of its arches remain, the intervals between them filled up by fragments of stone overgrown with ivy, or broken by groups of olive trees, mingled with the melancholy cypress, which harmonises well with these interesting monuments of antiquity. I have never seen a more picturesque scene than was here presented to me. The blue waters of the Mediterranean, sparkling like sapphire beneath the rays of the sun, spread themselves out until their hues mingle in the far distant horizon with the fainter blue of the clouds; while innumerable white sails are wafted over their surface, looking like birds

skimming some immense lake. When the eye turns to the other side of the picture, snatches of a rich landscape are seen through the different arches of the ruins, which are festooned with ivy and drooping wreaths of wild flowers. There is no such beautifier of scenery as Time; he wreathes the ruin with parasitical plants, and gives to the oak its grandeur. Beneath his touch the feudal castle loses its harshness, and the abbey receives a more mellowed tint. It is on us poor mortals alone that his power is terrific; for in destroying every beauty, he gives not even a picturesque effect to the ruins he has made. Whoever saw a picturesque looking old man, or woman, except in a picture? and to produce this effect, the painter is obliged more to imagine, than to imitate.

Frejus was much favored by Cæsar, who commenced a port here, which was completed by Augustus. It is reputed to have been of immense extent; and it is said that Augustus sent to it three hundred vessels, taken from Antony at the battle of Actium. A fleet was kept here, which served to defend the coast as far as Marseilles; so that this now deserted place was once considered an important one by the masters of the world. Here was born Julius Agricola, the conqueror of Britain, and the father-in-law of Tacitus the historian. *Conqueror of Britain!* I do not like the sound; it is, God be thanked, one unknown to English ears for many a century. May it ever, ever, so continue!

It was at this port that Napoleon landed in 1799, on his return from his unsuccessful expedition in Egypt: and that he embarked, in 1814, to take possession of his narrow dominion at Elba. Frejus could, therefore, have no agreeable associations for his mind, being the scene of two of the most mortifying events in his life. The climate of Frejus is considered to be peculiarly unhealthy; yet the appearance of the place, or its inhabitants, bears no indication of the truth of this imputation. The soil is fertile, and the sea breezes invigorating; so that the insalubrity of the neighborhood appears to be an unaccountable phenomenon.

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CANNES, *March 2d.*—Nothing can be more agreeable than the situation of the Pinchina, the inn where we have taken up our abode for a few hours: it fronts the sea, of which it commands an extensive view, with the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, which seem placed as if to guard it. I should like to visit St. Marguerite, to see the chamber in which that, as yet, unsolved enigma of modern history—the man with the iron mask—was confined; but the sea is too rough for so timid a sailor as I am to venture on to-day, even for the gratification of my feminine curiosity.

The route from Frejus to this place passes through a very picturesque country, and affords a fine view of the sea and land. The mountains of St. Tropez and Les-trelles add much to the beauty of the prospect. As we approached nearer to Cannes, cedars were mingled with the orange and lemon trees, which, even at this early season, look well. Of all that I have seen of France, this part of it is by far the most beautiful, and resembles the notion I have formed of Italy. The beach is animated by groups of fishermen busily employed in arranging their boats, while the women are seated on benches that front the sea, placed close to the long row of mean houses in which they reside, occupied in knitting, making nets, or in plying the distaff. Their dress, although sadly deficient in cleanliness, is picturesque; and the huge piles of fruit exhibited near them for sale adds to the picture.

At a short distance from Cannes, one of our postilions pointed out the place where Napoleon landed, on his disastrous return from Elba.

“He took some slight refreshment,” said the man, “and then bivouacked on that spot;” directing our attention to a small field surrounded by olive trees, close to the beach. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scene, the tranquil character of which must have offered a painful contrast to the internal agitation of its beholder—returned to the country that had rejected him, to plunge it in all the miseries of a civil war, and to accelerate his own destruction.

NICE, 4th.—I never saw any scenery that could surpass that which presents itself to the eye on crossing the mountains that lead to Antibes; and the eye is not the only organ of sense that is gratified; for the most grateful odors are inhaled at every step. The arbutus, myrtle and jessamine grow in wild profusion at each side of the road; and the turf is bedded with wild thyme and innumerable other odoriferous plants and heaths, that exhale their perfumes. Orange trees are seen in greater abundance as Antibes is approached; and the dark green of their foliage relieves the sombre hue of the olive. Antibes has nothing to recommend it except its situation and the port, which is of a circular form, with an extensive quay, and a range of arcades whose whiteness and good proportions have a light and elegant effect. Viewed from the distance, these arcades appear isolated; and look like fairy palaces rising from the sea. Two Roman towers must also be noticed, an examination of which cannot fail to gratify an antiquarian.

The prospect from the height above Antibes, is one of the finest I have ever seen. Hills covered with wood, whence a spire, village, or chateau, is seen to peep forth—the blue waters of the Mediterranean spread out in front, and the snow-crowned mountains of the maritime Alps rearing their heads to the clouds, form a magnificent picture.

From Antibes to Nice the road passes through a beautiful country, the sea always in view—at one turn of the route seen through trees, and at the next, boldly dashing against the shore. At St. Laurent du Bar, a long wooden bridge spans the river Var, which divides France from Piedmont. At this boundary a custom-house is established.

5th.—The situation of this place justifies its reputation as a healthful residence; yet the climate is much less genial than I was led to expect; for though we have a cloudless sky and sunshine, a piercing wind meets one at the corner of every street, and reminds one that an extra pelisse or shawl is very requisite. I cannot think that

Nice can be a suitable winter residence for consumptive people, unless they confine themselves to the house, or only venture out in a close carriage. The town is so built that those who traverse it are exposed to frequent and violent currents of air, which are fraught with danger to an invalid; nor are the houses well calculated to exclude cold. Yet, winter after winter, poor sufferers who tremble at a breeze in their own comfortable home, with all appliances to boot, to enable them to resist it, are sent from England by the mandate of physicians, who know little of Nice except in its geographical position, to fade and die afar from the home they yearn to see again.

I am filled with pity when I meet some fair English girl with the bright hectic tinge on her delicate cheek, and the lustrous eyes, which betoken the presence of that most perfidious and fatal of all diseases, consumption, mounted on a pony, led by a father, a brother, or one who hoped to stand in a still more tender relation to her. I tremble when I see the warm cloak in which she is enveloped, swept by the rude wind from her shrinking shoulders, and hear that fearful cough which shakes her tortured chest. A few weeks, and such invalids, (and alas! they are many,) are seen no more; and the mourning parents retrace their route with the bitter knowledge that they left their home in vain, nay, that the change of climate which they fondly anticipated would have preserved their darling, had accelerated her death. Every turn here presents the sad view of some valetudinarian tottering along with feeble steps; and faces, on which death has set his seal, pale shadows, that alas! will soon disappear. Such sights make the heart sad; and who can turn with delight to the glowing landscapes around Nice, or the sparkling blue waters that lave its coast, when our paths are almost momentarily crossed by those who bear about with them the visible symptoms of approaching dissolution.

6th.—Nice, though an extensive town with several streets, and one large square, is more deficient, in not

only the elegancies but the comforts of life, than a place could be imagined to be, where so great an influx of wealth is poured in from England; and by persons peculiarly requiring some portion at least of the comforts to which they have been habituated. The streets are unclean, and the large square is the most cheerless and filthy I ever saw. How different would Nice be with a colony of English tradespeople! there would not then be the disgusting discrepancy that now exists between the beautiful country around and the town that disfigures it. Comfort, homely, but indispensable blessing, England is thy dwelling-place! there thou art wedded to good taste, and worshipped as the penates of happy homes: but rarely art thou encountered in other lands; where grandeur strives in vain to compensate for thine absence.

7th.—How strange it seems to us English, to be compelled to sit and take our repasts in a bed-room! This, we are, *bongré, malgré*, obliged to do in our inn; for there is not a room in it that has not one or two beds. We have made an agreement to-day, to pay an extra price for having the two beds that at present encumber our would-be *salon*, removed; but this arrangement was not effected without much difficulty, and many objections on the part of the landlord, who seemed to think us not a little fastidious for exacting such a sacrifice on his part.

“But should more travellers arrive, it will be very inconvenient to keep them waiting while the beds are putting up,” said our host; who could not imagine, that although we paid for an exclusive use of the room by the week, during the day, that he had not a right to turn it to his profit during the night. But a threat of our leaving the inn unless the suite of apartments which we occupied were appropriated solely to us, finally induced his entire compliance to our wishes; and, while I now write, I hear the operation of removing the beds proceeding in the adjoining chamber.

9th.—The rides about Nice are delightful, but the drives are limited to the high roads, which are much less

interesting. The town is surrounded by a range of hills, covered with olive and orange trees, and thickly dotted with villas encircled by gardens. The atmosphere is so peculiarly clear that distant objects are seen with a distinctness that brings them in a rich contrast with the foreground; and the sea, always beautiful, and never to be beheld without renewed admiration, looks like an azure mirror placed by Nature to reflect her works. A marble cross marks the spot at Nice where an interview took place between Francis I, Charles V, and Pope Paul III. As I stood on the spot, I could call up to my mind's eye these three remarkable men; but I found my fancy more disposed to dwell on the chivalrous sovereign of France, than on the mighty warrior of Spain, who exchanged a throne for a convent, or the churchman who established the Inquisition. I believe all women feel a stronger interest towards the memory of two French monarchs of ancient days than to any of their contemporaries. I refer to Henry IV, and Francis I. Both were distinguished by a bravery and courtesy that have a peculiar attraction for my sex; and the weaknesses of which they are accused, are precisely those which women are most disposed to pardon, except in the persons of their suitors, or their husbands.

10th.—We have made a very agreeable acquaintance here, in the Count Andriani, an Italian, and one of the most extraordinary examples of the triumph of mind over physical suffering, that I ever met with. He has been for many years a martyr to gout, and has tried the effects of all climates to gain a respite from this fearful scourge. But, in vain have been his efforts; and he has now been confined to this hotel for many months; his malady being so much increased that he dare not attempt moving. He seldom knows more than a few hours cessation from acute pain, yet during such intervals he is as cheerful, and his conversation is as brilliant, as if he were totally free from disease. He has lived much in England, and mixed intimately with the Whig Aristocracy, to whom he is exceedingly attached. His political bias confined

him almost entirely to the society of those whom he denominated the Liberals; but he is free from prejudice, being a perfect cosmopolite. His information is as versatile as profound; his manners polished and vivacious; and his conversation pregnant with anecdote. He is wheeled into his *salon*, which he has had arranged à l'anglaise every hour that he is free from pain; and those who have the privilege of admission, assemble round his easy chair, and bring him all the news of the day. He has a reception every evening, and nothing can be more agreeable than to make one of the party, which is composed of two or three ladies and as many gentlemen. Count Andriani is a tall dignified-looking man, with a clever and intellectual countenance; but his form is so attenuated by disease, that he looks like an animated shadow.

11th.—Went to Villa Franca to-day. It is a beautiful spot, has a considerable harbor, and a bay bounded at three sides by a chain of hills, covered with wood; the trees of which seem bending, as if to lave their branches in the blue waters. This bay has the appearance of a lake, and is so sheltered that its limpid surface is scarcely rippled by the breeze. Beyond the wooded hill, the ocean is seen glittering beneath the rays of the sun; and the barrier which divides the bay from the open sea being one unbroken mass of foliage, has a most charming effect. The harbor is strongly fortified; and the lighthouse, white as Parian marble, which stands on the highest of a mass of rocks that project into the sea, as well as the fortress, adds much to the picturesque beauty of the picture. The villa in which Lady Olivia Sparrow resided, was pointed out to us; and it was pleasant to observe the high estimation in which the character of that lady was held. Her extensive charities have left an impression at Villa Franca that will not be speedily or easily obliterated. The carubia tree grows in wild luxuriance around Villa Franca, and the brilliant green of its foliage contrasts well with the sombre hue of the olive, and white blossoms of the almond trees. In the harbor, we saw

the yacht in which the Rev. Mr. Way is about to sail, on his self-imposed mission to convert the Turks; and the beautiful vessel of Sir Thomas Maitland, on board of which we went. Its fitting-up unites elegance and comfort; and I can fancy few things more agreeable than sailing in it, among the Ionian Isles, where he is said to live *en souverain prince*.

12th.—Met, at Comte Andriani's, last evening, the Duc de Vallambrosa. How sonorous is the name, and how rife with associations! "Thick as leaves that fall at Vallambrosa." One looks with curiosity, if not with interest, at a man who bears a cognomen rendered dear and familiar to our ears by our Milton's having used it, and having visited the spot so named. The Duc de Vallambrosa has been in England, and speaks the language with facility. He won my good will by his warm praises of my country and its inhabitants; and after this bribe who could do otherwise than think well of him? Not I, I am sure.

Comte Andriani speaks English with a purity and ease seldom met in a foreigner; but he has studied it *con amore*. The Comte de Rhode, a Prussian, who was many years ambassador from his court to Portugal, formed one of the society last evening. He is profoundly, and, I should say, painfully erudite; for being naturally *un peu lourd*, his power of displaying the extent of his *savoir* does not equal his desire. Nothing can be pleasanter than to witness the adroitness with which Comte Andriani helps him out in his narrations and illustrations. It is the very perfection of tact.

13th.—Made an excursion to the Convent de Cimiers to-day. It is one of the attractions of the environs. The route that leads to it presents many picturesque points of view; and the building, although a simple structure, is worthy of notice. It is adorned with paintings *al fresco*; the chapel is large, and has four altars; the principal one richly decorated, and the others crowned with natural flowers, which have a very good effect. The convent

has arcades all round it, the interior painted with scriptural subjects, and the garden commands a view of the sea, seen over a thickly wooded landscape, that heightens its beauty. The perfect cleanliness and repose of this convent, with the beautiful scenery around it, renders it one of the most charming spots in the neighborhood of Nice.

At a short distance stand the remains of a Roman circus, which is supposed to have once formed the centre of the city of Cemenelion, the capital of the country inhabited by the Védianti, and which was ravaged by the Lombards under their King Alboin. The Saracens destroyed the place, leaving only a few fragments to attest its former importance. The amphitheatre was of an elliptic form, and must have been of considerable extent.

14th.—Last evening, the Comte Andriani had so violent an attack of the gout that apprehensions were entertained for his life; he is, however, relieved from pain to-day, and we have sat with him for an hour. He spoke with such animation of the scenery we have been visiting the last few days, that one of our party remarked, that the constant confinement to which his malady condemned him, must be a severe privation.

"So I thought," replied he, "until long habit had reconciled me to it. But the truth is, it is only invalids like myself who know how to appreciate *enjoyments*. Many sources of gratification, unknown to me in days of health, now console me for its absence. The cessation of pain gives one a pleasure rarely known to those unacquainted with suffering; nay, the very uncertainty of the duration of this reprieve makes it more prized. Books never had such attraction for me as since I have been confined to my room; and the society of the kind persons who cheer my solitude has a zest I never derived from conversation, when I could roam from salon to salon in search of it. The warnings I have had that this shattered frame cannot long resist the attacks of the rude assailant who has undermined it, gives me a tenderness towards my friends that renders their society a source of

great gratification: so that after all I am not much to be pitied, although I sometimes suffer acute torture."

This is true philosophy; and there was something touching in hearing it from a man whose person presents indelible proofs of the severest physical pain.

We yesterday visited the grotto of St. André, which is about a league from Nice. The road passes through groves of olives, intermixed with orange trees, and large clumps of carubias, broken by rocks overgrown with aloes, and crowned by pines and cypress trees. The Château de St. André is built on a steep rock that overlooks the village, the houses of which are placed at its base. This rock appears like a natural barrier to protect the narrow defile that leads to the grotto. It is covered with large aloes and the cactus, amid which springs of water, clear as crystal, rush from various fissures; falling with a sonorous murmur into a canal, which passes by an aqueduct of a single arch, surmounted by a second arch, which serves as a bridge to cross from one side of the valley to the other. Two waterfalls rush from this aqueduct, and unite themselves to a rapid and transparent stream.

The ascent to the château is steep and winding, and impassable for a carriage. The terrace commands a magnificent view, as do the windows, looking down on a valley, bounded at each side by a chain of rocky mountains, from whose sides myrtles spring in luxuriant masses. The mountain pines too, intermixed with groups of cypress and evergreen oaks, are so plentifully scattered around, that the rocks here lose their natural aspect of sterility. Through this valley, the stream formed by the waterfalls before-mentioned winds swiftly along; now sparkling beneath the sunshine, and then lost in the foliage of the clumps of trees that grow near its banks, and showing in the distance like a silvery serpent trailing itself among flowers. The blue Mediterranean terminates the prospect; and renders this one of the most beautiful scenes that the eye ever dwelt on.

The château has some good apartments, and might be rendered a delightful residence: its only inhabitants at

present are a curé and his elderly housekeeper, who both seemed gratified with our admiration of their abode. The curé had one of those countenances that we see in the pictures of Rembrandt, in which contemplation and benevolence are evident. His manners were simple yet dignified; his language pure, and even elegant. He was the very individual one would have selected for such a dwelling; and his housekeeper, with her neat black gown, snowy cap, kerchief, and apron, looked made to fill her situation. In going over the château we passed through the rooms occupied by the curé. In one was arranged his books, implements for writing and drawing; some plants were on the window-sill, and a hortus siccus in which he had been arranging them, lay open beside them. Two or three volumes of ancient history were on his table, and a large MS., on which he had been busy, stood open; his pen was laid near it, the ink still undried. How I should have liked to have read his lucubrations! He pointed out to us the most remarkable views which the terrace commands, with the taste that denoted a lover of fine scenery; and noticed the antiquities in the environs with all the knowledge of an antiquary. The stipend allotted to this curé is twenty-five napoleons a year, a sum we should think scarcely adequate to maintain two persons of the most frugal habits; yet, with this scanty income, he seemed perfectly contented.

The grotto is about half a mile from the chateau; and the approach to it is as difficult as it is picturesque. Here the valley assumes a much wilder and more sublime character. A narrow footpath, for the chief part formed on a wall, barely wide enough to admit of one person's passing, is the only road that leads to the grotto. To the left of this wall is an abrupt and dangerous precipice at the bottom of which rushes a rapid torrent, that in some places is impelled tumultuously over the rocks, whence its white foam is dashed on high; and in other parts, descending with velocity into deep chasms in the rocky bed of the torrent. On the other side of the precipice rises a stupendous mountain that excludes the view of all but the clouds. On the right of the pathway

is a canal cut in a ledge of the rock, over which ascends the chain of mountains that form the other barrier of the valley. Thus a false step might hurl one from the path into the precipice on the left, or into the canal on the right.

The rocky mountains here are nearly covered with myrtles and various other aromatic shrubs and plants, that are indigenous, and grow with a luxuriance I never saw equalled, while large pines and other trees break the uniformity of this mass of underwood. Patches of the bare rock are occasionally seen, with springs of water, clear as crystal, gushing from their fissures, and scattering their sparkling drops over the shrubs, which, as the sun beams on them, look like large emeralds spangled with diamonds.

An aqueduct, about one hundred feet high, spans the precipice and unites the mountains. It consists of two arches, of fine proportions, and a magnificent evergreen oak, that bends gracefully at one side, nearly covers with its branches half of the first arch, and with its dark foliage forms a beautiful contrast to the white stone of which the aqueduct is formed. There is barely room for one person to walk on the aqueduct, which has no parapet or defence of any kind; and on arriving at the centre, it was really appalling to gaze on the fearful abyss that yawned beneath. The rocks near this spot are as white as marble, and in many parts form dangerous chasms, the sight of which adds to the alarm experienced on looking down from the narrow ledge on the aqueduct; an alarm increased by the loud noise of the rushing waters around. Having crossed the aqueduct, we proceeded about five or six hundred feet along a path no less dangerous or difficult than that already passed, which brought us to the entrance of the grotto that forms the extremity of the valley. This entrance is low, and in the form of a wide arch extending the whole width of the grotto, which is about forty feet wide, sixty in length and thirty feet in height. From the roof innumerable stalactites are suspended; around which, lichens and capellaires hang in wreaths resembling vines, but more closely

united, and their leaves of a more vivid green, half concealing the glittering crystals round which they cling. The water is precipitated with great force at the remote end of the grotto, where daylight streams in; and all egress, except by the arch entered, is impossible. The beauty of the interior repays the trouble and fatigue of the excursion.

On our return through St. André, we were met by a troop of children, laden with bouquets of flowers, prepared as offerings for the strangers. They were attired in their holiday clothes, and the money we distributed amongst them, although but a few francs, sent them joyfully to their homes, laughing and singing by the way; their cheeks as fresh and rosy as some of the flowers they gave us.

15th.—The Duc de Vallambrosa dined with us yesterday. He speaks in terms of warm eulogy of England, and laments that the extravagance of the charges, not only for the luxuries but the necessities of life, preclude foreigners, who have not the purse of Fortunatus, from residing there. The want of *restaurateurs* or *cafés*, where strangers might find something better than tough beefsteaks and underdone mutton chops, is much felt in London. At some of our best hotels, it is true, very good dinners may be procured; but they must be ordered some hours previously to their being required, and the expense is heavy, *too* heavy, for those who are not rich: whereas, in every foreign capital, a repast may be found ready to be served at a few minutes' notice, and at very moderate prices.

It is gratifying to observe the number of foreigners who can now speak English, and who enjoy our literature. Even Shakspeare, the most difficult of all our great writers to be understood by strangers, is no longer a sealed book, and is appreciated as it deserves to be.

One of the advantages of foreign society is, that literature forms much more the topic of conversation than in England. It serves as a sort of freemasonry that brings people acquainted; who, having no subjects of local inte-

rest in common, might feel embarrassed in their first intercourse. Scott has created a bond of union, a sympathy as strong as it is gratifying, between England and the Continent. Every one reads, every one talks of, and every one admires, his works. They furnish an unfailing subject of conversation between French, Italians, and Germans, who all express a sentiment of grateful attachment to an author who has afforded them so many hours of rational amusement. In England, and particularly in London, we have so many topics of local interest, and above all politics engross the mind and conversation so much, that literature is only slightly touched on. The last new novel of Scott's, like all the former ones, is pronounced to be excellent, and although it occupies the minds of nearly all the reading community during the hours devoted to its perusal, is much less talked of than on the Continent, where stirring subjects more rarely occur to break the associations it awakens. Here the perusal of each new work of this mighty magician, forms an epoch in the lives of his readers; is dwelt on with grateful feelings, and referred to for months after. Scott is indeed justly appreciated in this country, where his works have made him as many friends as readers.

Byron is much in vogue in France, and a lively curiosity exists respecting him. The French regard him as a most mysterious character, in which much of evil and good, the former however preponderating, is mingled. There is no tale too marvellous to gain credence with them, if coupled with his name; nay, I have met persons who believe that "Lara" is founded on an incident in the life of the poet, with little change except the name of the hero. They venerate Scott; they wonder at Byron. One, they desire to enjoy health, to furnish them with many more volumes to charm their leisure hours; of the mental sufferings of the other, they could hear with comparative philosophy, in the anticipation that such excitement may produce some new and graphic picture of the feelings of its author. They are, if a homely comparison

may be allowed, like those pseudo-humane persons who reflect with indifference on the tortures of the bird whose increased liver furnishes their delicious *pâtés de foie gras*, provided they can indulge in this dainty.

17th.—Made an excursion yesterday to the Grotto de Falicon. This expedition can only be effected on horseback; and even in that way, offers insurmountable obstacles to a timid rider. It is approached by a mountain track, which presents a succession of wild but beautiful scenery. The grotto is formed in the side of a steep and rocky mountain, and is entered by ladders fixed by the guides. Having descended the first ladder, which rests on a narrow platform, another ladder is found, by which a descent to the floor of the grotto is accomplished. These ladders are far from being in a sound state, several of the steps being held together by cords; but the guides so loudly and frequently assure the timid adventurer that there is no danger, that although he sees a yawning abyss, into which a single false step, or the fracture of one of these frail pieces of wood, would precipitate him, he is induced to venture on, ashamed to betray his fears. How often does this false sense of shame impel us to act contrary to the dictates of our judgment; and how frequently does the opinion of those for whom we entertain little respect influence our decisions!

The grotto or cavern is of vast dimensions, divided by huge natural pillars of a conical shape, which support two arches. Innumerable stalactites hang from the roof, the effect of which is very curious. At one side of the grotto is a chasm of inconsiderable circumference, into which the guide throws a stone, which is heard descending for the space of two minutes. This chasm is said to be unfathomable, but the opening is so small that its appearance is not striking. The grotto itself scarcely repays the risk and trouble of the descent, but the scenery beheld on the route to it is worth being explored.

18th.—Spent last evening with Comte Andriani. His guests all described the sights in the neighborhood which

they had visited. Some gave graphic sketches, but others very faint ones, and admitted that they felt little interested by what they had taken so much trouble to see.

"Why go?" asked Comte Andriani.

"Oh, because Monsieur B. or Madame C. was always talking about it."

"*Bonne raison* for not going," resumed our host.

"But then we shall be asked so many questions respecting it."

"Why not do as an English acquaintance of mine once did," said Andriani; "he went with a party to see a mine; but on being shown the tub in which he was to descend, Heaven knows how many feet into the bowels of the earth, he declared his intention of remaining where he was, and advised his friends to adopt the same prudent course. 'But what shall we say to those who know we came to see the mine, and who will ask fifty questions?' 'Why, say as I shall, to be sure; that you did see it; that the descent *was* fearful; but that *you* risked it. You thus save at once the peril, and your reputation.'"

It is incredible how many persons submit to trouble and danger, to witness sights for which they have no taste, and the impression of which a few hours efface; and encounter all this self-punishment and vexation in order that they may acquire the power of saying they saw as much as, or better still, more than, certain individuals of their acquaintance. Comte Andriani mentioned a curious instance of the vanity of some friends of his; who, on hearing of the death of a very clever person with whom they were on terms of intimacy, and who was returning from a long voyage, agreed that their escape from the necessity of listening to the details of places which they never saw, and were not interested about, was no common consolation for his loss. "Also," continued these dear friends, "poor —— would have assumed such an air of superiority over us in boasting of his travels!"

19th.—Went yesterday to see the English cemetery, which might be received as a proof of the salubrity of the

climate of Nice, as it does not contain above forty graves. It is about half a mile from the town, is enclosed by a high wall, and has some simple but neat monuments. There is something peculiarly affecting in beholding the grave of a compatriot in a foreign land. The mind reverts to the poor invalid, who had left his country, in a fruitless search after health, to find his last resting place far from his native shore. If he had journeyed alone, how many anxious thoughts may he not have sent back to those friends he was never again to behold; and if he were accompanied by some dear object who had watched every variation of his pale countenance, and felt the bonds of affection press more closely on the heart, as they were about to be rent asunder for ever, how bitter must have been the pangs of both, at the dreaded thought of separation. How often do the anticipations of a lonely journey back to home, that home, near which the dying one will not rest, rush to the memory of both, while each, anxious to save the other's feelings, avoids touching on the subject that fills the hearts of both. There are probably few graves in this simple cemetery that have not been bedewed by the tears of affection; and to which the memory of some tender friend does not often turn, from the distant home, now rendered sad by the loss of the object here interred.

20th.—Heaven defend me from seeing any more grottos, at least any to which the access is so difficult as the one of the château Neuf; to which, in an evil hour, I was induced to wend my way yesterday. People talked of, and praised it so much, that to get rid of the subject, I consented to form one of a party to the spot.

After traversing the first two miles, which passes through olive groves, orange orchards, and gardens glowing with the blossoms of the peach and cherry, the scenery assumes a wild and savage aspect: mountains rising over mountains, some half rent asunder by volcanic action, with foaming cataracts rushing through the wide chasms. A few gigantic pine trees are scattered at intervals; and their twisted forms evince the rude assaults of

the winds which they have weathered. The mouth of the grotto is so small that it can only be entered by a person's crawling, not on the hands and knees, but perfectly prostrate; a posture as uneasy as it is unseemly. After having thus dragged one's slow length along for about five minutes, the entrance is achieved; and one is repaid by the first view of the grotto, which is truly surprising. The guides illuminate it before you enter, and the effect is striking. The interior is divided into various compartments, most of them arched and supported by several columns, and having a thousand stalactites of the most grotesque forms, depending from the vaulted roof. It bears a strong similitude to the interior of a gothic church; and many of the huge pillars being fluted, and all the compartments arched, increases the likeness. It takes above an hour to make the circuit of it: but every step is replete with interest, and the effect of the lights and shadows is fine beyond description. Still I must confess, that the prostrate position by which access is alone to be attained, is so repugnant to my taste, that I should not be disposed to undertake the expedition again, even with an entire knowledge of all the beauty of the scene.

On the brow of a steep and barren mountain above the grotto, stands the château Neuf, which forms a most picturesque feature in the landscape, which is one worthy the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. The château is much decayed, and is, at present, the residence of a peasant and his family. Not a tree, or a vestige of cultivation, marks the vicinity of this desolate spot. A few patches of arid and stunted grass on which some meagre sheep and goats browse, herded by boys as meagre and wild as the animals they guard, add to the sombre aspect of the dreary scene.

The dress of the peasantry around Nice is picturesque; the women wear large straw hats, shaped like cones; which protect the face and neck from the sun; a chemise worked round the breast, a full plaited petticoat of some bright color, and a bodice fastened by bows of ribbon.

The men wear jackets and trousers, with scarlet woollen caps, edged with black.

The route from Nice to Florence, by the Col de Tende, being impracticable owing to the snow, and having a strong objection to a voyage in a felluca, we determined to proceed to Genoa by the route of the Cornice; which admits of but two modes of conveyance, a *chaise-d-porteur*, or on horseback, or rather muleback. To-morrow we set out; and I shall regret nothing, but our amiable acquaintance Comte Andriani, whose health is so precarious as to hold out little hope of our ever meeting him again.

MENTONE, 22d.—The views presented to us on our route to this place far surpassed our expectations; although they were not a little excited by the descriptions given to us of it. We were enabled to travel in light carriages of the country as far as Mentone; but here we must have recourse to mules, which our courier is now busily examining. The road as far as this town is remarkably good, and bears the indelible mark of *him* who planned it:—boldly designed, and solidly executed, with a disregard of difficulties, or a complete triumph over them, it reminds one of that daring man who said that he disbelieved in impossibilities. The dimensions of the road are on a grand scale:—rocks, valleys, and mountains seem to have been no impediments to his scheme; the first was perforated, blown, or pulverised; the second spanned by a bold arch; and the third levelled, to carry his purpose into effect. Yes, Napoleon was the best of modern road makers, and surpassed even the Romans in this respect; for his roads are monuments, as well as admirable means of communication—the sinews of commerce and civilisation. After two or three miles, we passed behind Villa Franca, and the bay broke on us in all its beauty. The *fanal*, or lighthouse, seen from this point has a very fine effect. The road winds along, forming a cornice on the ledge of the rocks, and seldom, and but for short intervals, losing a view of the sea.

An hospital erected on a steep rock, with two other

rocks near, but not joined, constitutes a very striking feature in the scenery; and the chain of vast rocks which form the boundary of the sea, which dashes against their base, covering them with foam, has a magnificent effect. The village of La Turbie is the next object that attracts the attention; but before reaching it, a fragment of an ancient building is passed, called the Chapel of St. Catherine. It consists but of a few feet of a wall, covered with paintings illustrative of the life of the saint from whom it takes its name; and which, though ill drawn, are not destitute of grace and expression. The line of road passed direct through this chapel, leaving the fragments we noticed alone standing. The coachman, who drove us, pointed to it, shook his head, and, after a moment's silence, remarked, that it was not wonderful that such an act of sacrilege brought a heavy punishment on its perpetrator. "The saints," continued he—and he crossed himself as he spoke—"are not to be insulted with impunity."

One of the most picturesque ruins imaginable crowns La Turbie. We longed to learn something of its history; but those we questioned could give us no information, except that which our eyes conveyed, and which the stupid man stationed at the custom-house pompously repeated—"That it was a very fine and ancient ruin, well worth the attention of travellers." This he reiterated with an air of as much self-complacency as if he had given us the most interesting details. This ruin stands on an eminence which commands all those around it, and can be seen from the sea at a great distance; which leads one to believe that it was a *fanal*, or lighthouse. It must have been on a grand scale; and is of Roman workmanship.

Soon after leaving La Turbie we caught a view of the village of Monaco, which stands on a sort of cape, that advances into the sea. At a distance it looks like a town built for children; and its pigmy white houses peeping out from groves of olive, orange, and lemon trees, have a beautiful appearance. The climate becomes still milder as we advance, and the vegetation proves its warmth,

being far more advanced than at Nice, and infinitely more luxuriant in its growth. The *arbutus* and *carubia* flourish here, and mingled with the olive, orange, and lemon trees, clothe the very rocks with their verdure, which lift their heads through the rich foilage that surrounds them. Terraces surmounting terraces are, by the industry of the peasants, brought into cultivation; soil is conveyed to these terraces, which are formed on the ledges of rocks; and, aided by the fertility of the clime, they yield an abundant harvest. At each step some new and attractive view fills the traveller with admiration, and begets the desire of fixing on some one of the various beautiful sites for a residence; where "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," existence might glide tranquilly and sweetly away. Numberless pretty fountains are erected on the route, and tasteful and well-constructed bridges span the ravines.

We passed near to a village named Roque Brune, built in the midst of a pile of rocks, with which the houses are so mingled that they appear one mass; except where, as in many instances, the rocks are covered with plants and aloes, which produce the most picturesque effect.

We arrived at Mentone, delighted with our first day's journey, which, for beauty of scenery, is unrivalled. The abundance and luxuriant growth of the trees, the genial warmth of the climate, the magnificent views, and the blue Mediterranean, render the route of the Cornice the one that all who love nature must prefer.

Near the entrance to Mentone stands the *château Monaco*, which was nearly dilapidated in the revolution. The new road of the Cornice passes through the courtyard of this *château*, where, as our guide told us, the grand *manège* once stood, entirely doing away with its privacy. A fine collection of pictures and statues once ornamented this abode; but they were mutilated or totally destroyed. Even the gardens, which were rich in rare plants and shrubs, were devastated, and nothing left to indicate their former beauty, but the orange and lemon trees, which flourish so abundantly here. The Prince of Monaco has commenced repairing the house; and, with a

true foreign taste, has begun by regilding the ceilings, and cornices of the apartments, before the essential repairs have been accomplished. The basins, which formerly supplied the water-works which were wont to be displayed on fête-days for the amusement of the rustic neighbors, are now overgrown with rank-weeds, and filled with frogs; whose croaking notes are heard at a considerable distance, and add to the gloomy feelings which the sight of this ruined abode are so calculated to engender. Revolutions may always be traced by the ruin and devastation they leave behind. How many residences, once splendid, and filled with works of art, are to be seen in France, in a state of utter ruin! How many hills, once covered by woods, are now bare and desolate! The entire face of vast districts is wholly disfigured by the reckless hordes, who, emancipated by the revolution, spread their work of destruction far and wide. It is only in dear, happy England, that we escape such sights; and thankful should we be for the blessed exemption!

Mentone is a town of considerable extent; its quay is large, but has more the appearance of an esplanade, than of a structure intended for the purposes to which it is devoted. The houses that occupy one side of it are composed of stone, and are seven and eight stories high. Above these rise others built on the rocky eminence which forms the centre of the town; and the cathedral, with two or three other churches, painted in rich and varied colors, crown the whole. Among the churches are scattered high palm trees, whose picturesque forms and dark foliage come out in bold relief against the cloudless sky, and give the picture a moresque and striking character. The view from the cathedral is magnificent both of land and sea; but I turned from the former, with all its rich and diversified hues, to behold the beautiful Mediterranean, blue as the heavens that canopy it, and dotted with white sails, which, in the distance, look like birds cleaving the air. We ascended to the topmost towers of the cathedral, our *cicerone* having, and with reason, vaunted the view it commands; but he did *not* inform us, that this tower was the belfry, and that the

hour for tolling the enormous bell, was fast approaching. We were descending the spiral staircase, delighted with the prospect we had beheld, when this terrible bell was put in motion. Never shall I forget its effect! The senses were stunned, and the power of hearing seemed a malediction! The tower rocked to each movement of its heavy and noisy guest, and vibrated to the deafening peals it sent forth; while we felt overpowered by the tremendous clamor, and rendered giddy by the movement of the building, of which each fresh peal made us acutely sensible. Our *cicerone* seemed totally regardless of what occasioned us so much annoyance; and merely shrugged his shoulders when he perceived that we bore it less patiently than he did.

The ruins of the château Cupouana forms a very picturesque feature in the view of Mentone. Placed on an eminence, it commands a prospect of the town, its environs, and the sea. It is so ancient that its construction has been attributed to the Romans. It has been purchased for a cemetery, and one part is appropriated to the remains of a number of persons, soldiers and others who were killed during the revolution. This pile of bones lies exposed to the elements; and serves as playthings to the children who frequent the spot. Some of the skulls, bleached perfectly white, had colored rags twisted fantastically around them, which added not a little to their revolting appearance. Groups of rosy-cheeked urchins were employed in twining wreathes of ivy and shreds of colored cloth on many of the skulls, while we paused to look on them. Infancy thus playing with death in its grimmest shape, offered a curious object; and one that a German painter would have liked to portray.

On returning to the inn we met a religious procession conveying the Sacrament to a dying person. Some twenty little boys carrying lanterns, although the sun was brilliantly shining, preceded the priest and his attendants; whose grave and melancholy countenances were contrasted by the careless gaiety of those of the children, who appeared pleased with their burthens and the permission of forming a part of the procession. To see this

train hurrying along, the rapidity of their pace indicating the danger of the person to whose relief they were proceeding, while nature seemed bursting into luxuriance beneath the radiance of a spring day, in an Italian clime, the trees covered with blossoms, the birds sending forth their notes of joy, and the sky and sea, blue and tranquil as an azure mirror, suggested many sad and painful thoughts. Yes, in the midst of this reanimation of nature, when the earth and sky seemed glad, a poor fellow mortal is about to close his eyes for ever! This glowing scenery, on which he has perhaps dwelt with pleasure, *he* will never again behold, and those blossoms that give such promise of fruit, long, long before they have faded, *he* will have passed away. On looking at the beautiful scenery around me, and reflecting on the dying person, I was reminded of the charming and affecting picture of a landscape in Arcadia by Nicholas Poussin, in which is a simple tomb, near to which stand two shepherds reading an inscription that appeals so much to the feelings, "I, too, was an Arcadian."

The number of chapels on the road is really surprising. There is scarcely a mile that does not present one, or a niche, with a picture, or small statue of a saint, or a crucifix. Even the gates to fields and gardens have each a niche on the top containing the image of some saint; and every bridge has a small chapel, or recess formed for the same purpose. The chapels on the road side generally consist of one small chamber, open to the road, or only inclosed by a latticed door; they contain an altar, over which is placed a picture or image, and the altar is covered with flowers, the humble offerings of the simple and pious neighbors.

Our inn here, the Hôtel de Turin, although scrupulously clean, is in a state of primitive simplicity, worthy of the patriarchal times, but little in accordance with ours. An amusing proof of this was given when our courier asked for a tea-pot; for our good hostess looked confounded; and when he began to explain the kind of utensil he required, she stopped him, by declaring with an air of no little pride, that she knew well enough what he meant;

for that the good Lady Bute had made her a present of one, which all the English who stopped at the Hôtel de Turin had admired; but which in an evil hour had been broken by having been placed on the fire to boil water. "Ah! Signor, I was so proud of it, for there never was such a thing at Mentone before or since; but accidents will happen."

At Mentone the costume of the women is pretty and becoming. The young wear their hair simply braided, with bunches of natural flowers placed over one of the ears; the children's heads are arranged in the same manner, and they look like those in a picture of Watteau. The women of a more advanced age, wear handkerchiefs of the brightest colors twisted round their heads, like turbans, or nets of a dark hue.

This is really the first place in which our canteen would have been necessary; but it has been shipped with the carriages, as we were assured that on the route to Nice we should have no occasion for it. *Mem.* Never believe what people tell me about roads or inns, but always provide myself with every portable aid to comfort, and protection against possible disasters.—I slept here for the first time on a mattress filled with the straw of Indian corn. They use no other in this simple place, and I reposed as well on it as on the most luxurious couch. The mattress consists of a sack of clean coarse material, open at one end, into which a sufficient quantity of straw is put to fill it, and fresh straw is put in for each new guest. How an English housemaid would wonder to see a fine lady content with such a bed! but they who travel on mules over mountains and moors must not be particular.

On the left of the road to Ventimiglia, on the summit of a high rock, is a château, called Castel Dacio; also a tower, and a building, which looks as if designed for an observatory. Such objects, interspersed among high promontories, steep rocks, and fine trees, have a beautiful effect; and being situated so near the sea, look still more picturesque. Quantities of petrified shells are seen where the rocks have been cut; and, as the sun shines on them,

they present a variety of rich hues. On arriving near to Ventimiglia, a fortress is discovered on an eminence to the left. It is well situated as a protection for the town, which, however, requires no other defence than the steep rocks with which it is surrounded.

VENTIMIGLIA, 26th.—About six miles from Mentone, on the road to this place, is the Bridge of St. Louis, built across a ravine, on rocks, whose height is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high. It consists of a single arch, of an immense span, and of so admirable a construction, that it emulates the works of the Romans. The water falls in cascades into the ravine beneath; over which an aqueduct is constructed, which adds much to the beautiful effect of the bridge. A large and curious grotto, or gallery, is cut in the rocks near the bridge; but we had only time to look at it *en passant*. The Pont de St. Louis and the aqueduct were constructed by the command of Napoleon, and will serve as a durable monument of his hardy and enterprising mind. Travellers in France and Italy will often find occasion to recal his memory with gratitude; for he has rendered many a journey easy and agreeable, which, without his aid, would have been a toilsome and dangerous pilgrimage. It is to be hoped that the King of Sardinia will complete the road so admirably commenced by Napoleon. But should he determine to undertake this most useful task, many years must elapse before it can be accomplished, as works are but slowly carried on here; some eight or ten laborers being employed where one hundred ought to be.

At Ventimiglia the women commence wearing the style of head dress which prevails through this part of the country; namely, a large scarf of flowered chintz, with a rich border, in which the brightest colors are introduced. This is placed across the head, and covers the shoulders and bosom. Its effect is very becoming. We were overtaken on the route by Mr. H. F. and his travelling companion Mr. W., who are also proceeding to Genoa. The former is lively, and *très spirituel, mais un peu espiègle*. He abounds in anecdotes; some a little

malicious, but all amusing and well told. The inn here is extremely bad, in all respects, except not being unclean: indeed, we have been agreeably surprised wherever we have stopped, even for an hour to refresh our mules, at observing the perfect attention paid to cleanliness. The furniture in all the inns is of the simplest and most ordinary kind; but nowhere have we seen aught approaching to the untidiness and dirt we had so much reason to complain of in France, where the beds alone seem to be attended to.

We walked out this evening on the beach, and seeing a church open, on the very edge of the sea, we entered it. It was lighted by a single lamp, which cast a dim light around, and showed us several women veiled, and kneeling; many of them half concealed by the deep shadows thrown by the columns and the flickering of the lamp. No priest officiated at the altar, and a solemn silence prevailed, interrupted only by the breaking of the waves against the shore, or the murmur of the whispered prayers and sighs of the women. The place, the hour, and the deep abstraction of the congregation, rendered this one of the most touching scenes of religious worship I ever witnessed, or ever participated. So fervent and so wholly engrossing was the devotion of the women, that they never noticed our entrance; and it was not until they arose to depart that they became sensible of our presence. Soon after our return to the inn, some six or eight of them brought us bouquets of flowers, which were offered with a grace peculiar to the peasants of this country.

The custom that prevails all over the Continent, of leaving the churches open during the day and evening, is one of the few religious usages that I should like to see adopted in England, as I am persuaded it would be attended with a beneficial effect. How frequently, when harassed by the cares and annoyances of life, from which not even the most fortunate are exempt, might our thoughts be turned to another channel, and our minds be tranquilised, by resorting to a temple sacred to the Divinity: a place that shuts out the poignant sense of present misfortunes, to which we are so prone to succumb, by lifting

our aspirations to a Sphere, where the mourner ceases to sorrow; and the weary are at rest. How can we be engrossed by selfish cares, when we enter a temple consecrated to Him, who came on earth to teach us how we ought to suffer! a temple, venerable from having been the asylum where many an oppressed heart has sought relief by an unchecked and pious avowal of all its secret sorrows at the throne of a merciful and heavenly Judge, in the humble yet confiding hope of alleviation from that source whence alone it can be obtained. Generations and generations have passed away, of individuals bowed down by sorrows, heavier perchance than those which we have to bear, who, perhaps, on the spot where we now kneel have implored the mercy of the Almighty. How trivial appear our troubles, when we reflect on the inevitable and rapid flight of time, and think that in a short period we too shall have passed away, like those who preceded us; and others, occupied by the same pursuits, and wearied by the same cares, will take our places. Life at such moments seems but as a fast, fleeting dream, and eternity is the only unchanging, enduring reality. We are, alas! but too prone to forget this knowledge; and to permit ourselves to be all engrossed by the pains or pleasures of this world, so that we require to be reminded of another, by having the house of God continually open to us.

ONEGLIA, 27th.—The route between Ventimiglia and this place is quite as picturesque and beautiful as between the former and Mentone. We noticed several groves of palm trees, high, and of luxuriant growth, and which, growing near the sea, gave the picture an oriental aspect; but the palm is, in my opinion, seen to most advantage when standing apart, or mingled with other trees of a different species.

There cannot be a more agreeable mode of travelling than on mules; their pace, which is an amble, a movement between a quick walk and a trot, is not fatiguing; and the animals are so sure footed that they seldom make a false step, even on the worst roads. Our party con-

vists of thirteen persons, and to these two muleteers are allotted, whose duty it is to whip the mules, and to lead them over any parts of the road that are considered dangerous. It is distressing to see these poor men trotting along, covered with dust, and half dissolved beneath the rays of the sun, which is really scorching, although we are only at the end of March. The civility, alacrity, and good humor of these hardy mountaineers, is not to be surpassed; and I never heard a complaint of fatigue escape their lips. The saddles on which women ride here, resemble the pillions used in Ireland, except that they have backs and sides formed of leather, and stuffed with hair. The rider sits sideways, with her feet supported by a band, which is suspended, like a stirrup. This mode of riding a long journey is much less fatiguing than on an English side-saddle, though the appearance, particularly *au galop*, is much less graceful.

The route sometimes diverges from the seaside, and passes through ravines, thickly wooded, over a turf, which, when pressed by the feet of the mules, exhales the most delicious odor of the wild thyme, and various other aromatic herbs that grow so abundantly here. But the sea is seldom lost sight of for more than fifteen or sixteen minutes, and the return to it always gives pleasure. Until I saw the Mediterranean I had no notion that a sea could be other than a *sublime* object; this is a *beautiful* one; and its blue and placid loveliness might encourage the first mariner who ever launched his fragile bark, to trust its tempting surface.

The route, if route it can be called, for in many places it is but a wild track, often passes over the ledge of rocks hundreds of feet above the sea, which is on the right of it; while the rocks themselves rise so high above the track to the left, that nothing but the heavens and the azure mirror that reflects them, is visible. The heat, during the time occupied in traversing such parts of the route, is very great; for the high barrier of rocks that towers above it, intercepts the air, and reflects the rays of the sun like a burning glass. The very sea seems heated, as if the sun had cast on it some portion of its

glowing warmth. The track often descends to the sandy beach, on which a very narrow portion is left uncovered by the briny element, that bathes the feet of the mules, two only of which can pass abreast on the sand. On traversing just such a spot as this described, to-day, a human skull was thrown between my mule's feet, by the waves. The place where this incident occurred was peculiarly wild and picturesque, and well accorded with the reflections which this poor wreck of mortality was so calculated to excite. A range of rocks rose to a stupendous height on the left, excluding the view of every object but the sky; while to the right, the sea was spread out, leaving only a space of sand uncovered at the base of the rocks, sufficient to admit one mule to pass at a time. When the skull was thrown between the feet of my mule, it snorted, started, and nearly unseated me; and I confess I was nearly as much startled by this sombre apparition as the animal I rode. How many fanciful conjectures presented themselves to my mind relative to the being to whom this skull had belonged! The most probable seemed that the individual had fallen a victim to some storm, and that the action of the ocean and its inhabitants had dismembered and decapitated the trunk. And this poor empty case, which now retains only the form of humanity, a casket rifled of all that made its worth, has been cared for, fondly loved, and tenderly pillowed on a mother's breast: a wife's too, perchance has sustained it, who little dreamed that countless waves would sweep over it, and that monsters of the sea would banquet on it! What sharp agony may have shot through the brain it once contained, on seeing the approach of a death from which there was no hope of escape! The eye-balls, that once filled these empty sockets, had glared in the fearful throes of nature, shrinking from the presence of the king of terrors, and glanced in wild despair, from the boiling, hissing surges that every instant threatend destruction, up to the frowning skies, that lowered as if in anger at the wretched mortals exposed to the fury of the elements beneath. How many thoughts of loved objects, never again to be beheld, rush into the mind at such an hour.

The *past* is all crowded into the memory with a vividness that renders the present more appalling; and the prayers, rather shrieked, than uttered, are wrung from the heart by the extremity of mortal agony and despair. Vainly, ah! how vainly has the return of this poor sufferer been expected and desired! Far from home, the victim's remains are scattered o'er the deep; and remote shores receive a portion of that frame which never can be gathered to its native earth. Little thought the fond mother, who had watched the infancy of this luckless being, that a creature so loved would become the prey of the devouring deep; and that the limbs which had been kissed with all a mother's tenderness, would one day be rudely torn asunder, and driven, by relentless waves, to different lands. An all-wise Providence, knowing our weakness, has mercifully shut the book of fate from our sight; for who could bear to look forward, and see in dread array the ills we are doomed to undergo!

The number of towns scattered along the coast, add much to the beauty of the scenery; their sites are generally on some eminence, commanding a prospect of the sea; and the whiteness of the stone, and the open colonnades of many of the houses, have a very fine effect. About a mile from Oneglia stands Port Maurice, which seems a flourishing place. On a high rock that overhangs the ocean, and with a long colonnade in front, a very handsome church has just been completed. Towns or villages of considerable size are to be met at every six or seven miles along this route; but they have no inns where a traveller could remain for a night, although small albergas afford the means of refreshment for the mules and muleteers.

NOLI, 29th.—Left Oneglia at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and arrived at Finalé, at half-past five. It is a place of considerable extent, and beautifully situated. On entering, we met processions of white, red, and gray penitents; for this being passion week, religious ceremonies and duties occupy all the monastic orders. A hood covers the head, with holes cut through it for the eyes;

and the monks thus habited present a very extraordinary appearance.

The rooms at Finalé were so untempting, that we determined to proceed on our route, and commanded our dinner to be served on a large balcony of the inn, overhanging the sea. Dining in the open air at half-past five on the 27th of March! How incredible this would appear in England! and yet it is the simple truth. Although the dinner was not the most *récherché*, a long journey on our mules had given us appetites to enjoy it; and the view from the spot where we partook of it added to the pleasure of the repast. We beheld the sun sink into his ocean bed, while the waves were tinged with his last rays. Our host, who attended us at dinner, spoke so much in praise of the church of his native town, and seemed so desirous that we should see it, that *malgré* we had no great curiosity, and that the shadows of night had already descended, we yielded to his entreaties. The church was partially illuminated, which enabled us to perceive that its pillars and altars were of the richest marbles, and painting and gilding had not been spared in its decoration. There is, to say the truth, too much decoration in foreign churches, where the glare and glitter remind one more of a place dedicated to theatrical exhibitions than to the most solemn and important of all duties—prayer.

We left Finalé late in the evening, and proceeded to Noli, where our courier had preceded us, to make the necessary preparations for our passing the night. We traversed a route presenting equally beautiful and romantic scenery to that which we had previously passed, and which, beheld by moonlight, lost none of its charms. Never had I seen this lustrous orb rise with such splendor. It seemed to ascend from the ocean, and when only half revealed, the effect was indescribably beautiful. But when arisen above its glassy surface, which was silvered all over with her beams, making the sea, as far as the eye could reach, appear one vast sheet of molten silver, and casting a broad mellow light on the rocks and masses of wood, the scene was magical; and rendered

perfectly intelligible to me the Italian ambassador's declaration, that the moon in his favored land was brighter than the sun in ours. How different was the glorious luminary that shed a radiance over our path, and whose beams infused a genial warmth through the atmosphere, to the cold pale orb we behold in our chilly climate, when not even warm cloaks can prevent our feeling the freezing blast, if we venture to brave the night air in March!

The variation in the scenery of the route along the Cornice is as striking as it is beautiful. In some parts the rich and fertile landscape is exchanged for one in which nought but the sea, the sands, and the lofty rocks that rise as a barrier to defend the land from its approach, are visible. These rocks are in many places above six hundred feet high; their color is of a deep red, mixed with black and light gray, and their *ensemble* looked magnificent by moonlight. No herbage or trees are to be seen for two or three miles to break the sublime grandeur of the scene; but a few wild aloes, that grow prodigiously high, spring among the clefts of the rocks, and add much to the picturesque effect. No sound is heard in these deserted parts of the route, save the murmur of the waves, as they break upon the shore, and the echo of the footsteps of the mules. I observed that not only our party, but the muleteers also, became silent as we traversed these solitary places. Their wild sublimity checked the cheerful loquacity, in which at other times they were prone to indulge, and they, like us, seemed to feel the influence of the scenery.

Between Finalé and Varigotte we passed through a grotto or tunnel, formed by piercing a huge rock that protruded on the line of the road. It is of considerable height, and wide enough to admit of three or four horses travelling abreast. Farther on we traversed two other grottos, one about twenty feet in length, and the other above three hundred. This last is an admirable proof of what may be achieved by the perseverance and industry of man, who has conquered what must have appeared an insurmountable obstacle to the formation of this route.

On entering this grotto, we observed the light which was admitted by the other entrance, and which, seen at the distance, looked round and bright as the moon. When arrived at the middle of the grotto, we were nearly in obscurity; and there was something *Radcliffish* in the darkness and shadowy appearance of our party, the echo of whose voices sounded very sepulchral as they reverberated beneath the arched roof. Many of the chains of rocks that bound the coast of the Mediterranean, between Finalé and Noli, are of stupendous height; some large chasms on them resembling immense portals and windows; while the road, which is formed on a ledge, appears like a balcony overhanging the sea. Seen by moonlight, they give the idea of some gigantic palace, the residence of the genii of the place.

Noli is about a mile from the last and largest of the grottos, and is a long straggling village built on the beach, immediately fronting the sea. The inn was crowded with guests, who were occupied in supping, singing, and smoking, and was redolent of the mingled odors of garlic, tobacco, and fried fish. At one table a party were devouring macaroni in a similar manner to that in which an Indian juggler swallows steel; and at another were seated half a dozen persons partaking the contents of a large earthen bowl, the savory steams of which proclaimed that garlic was one of its principal ingredients. Various small circles were celebrating their bacchanalian orgies round separate tables, and sang, or more properly speaking, roared a sort of wild chaunt, compensating by animation and noise for the great deficiency of harmony; while the smokers sent forth blue curly exhalations, that partly veiled them from sight. Our passage through the chambers occupied by these groups, although far from being agreeable to us, did not at all disturb them: indeed, they seemed not to notice our presence. We found the noise and effluvia of the house so overpowering, that we were, although fatigued, glad to exchange it for a walk on the shore; where we encountered a numerous procession of monks of the order of White Penitents, followed by nuns and others, amounting to above two hun-

dred, bearing huge wax candles lighted, and carrying large crucifixes, and various other symbols of their religion. They walked two by two, chaunting psalms; and, as they slowly moved along, their white robes floating in the air, the lights gleaming, and their voices swelling on the breeze, while the murmuring waves rolled gently forward as if to meet them, and broke in snowy wreaths at their feet, I thought I had seldom beheld a more interesting scene.

VOLTRI, 30th.—From Noli we proceeded this morning to Spotorno, Vado, Genolla, and Savona, and arrived at this place to a late dinner. We have been to see the cathedral, which is a very fine one, and as richly decorated as paintings and gildings can make it. The inn, too, is better than those we have lately encountered, and the aspect of the country, though equally beautiful, is less wild, owing to being much more thickly inhabited. Here we are to take leave of our mules, and proceed to Genoa in coaches of the country. I shall abandon these sure-footed and patient animals with regret; for a more agreeable mode of traversing a fine country cannot be devised; and it is but justice to them to state, that the *obstinacy* imputed to them is, in my opinion, either a slander, or, at least, a gross exaggeration; for, in the experience of six days, we have not witnessed a single symptom of it.

We passed many fortifications erected on the rocks and coast, between Noli and this place, which add much to the picturesque effect of the scenery, Desirous as I am to see "Genoa the Superb," with its street of palaces, and the treasures of art they contain, I confess that its being the residence of Lord Byron gives it a still greater attraction for me. His works have excited such a lively interest in my mind, and the stories related of him have so much increased it, that I look forward to making his acquaintance with impatience. Should he decline seeing us, as he has done to many of his acquaintances, it will be a great disappointment to me; but I will not anticipate such an annoyance. I long to compare him with the

beau idéal I have formed in my mind's eye, and to judge how far the descriptions given of him are correct.

GENOA, 31st.—The first view of Genoa from the Voltri road is charming. It looks like a fairy city of white marble rising out of the sea, the blue waters of which are only one shade deeper than the cerulean sky with which at a distance they seem to mingle. The approach from Voltri is very fine, presenting palaces with their gardens at each side of the road; and the walls for the most part being painted with landscapes and figures, which, though gaudy, have a gay effect. It was light when we entered this place; and the lamps and lights in each house were reflected in the water with an effulgence that looked magical. We arrived in time to witness a grand procession passing through the streets to the principal church. Innumerable dignitaries of the church in rich dresses, attended by priests, monks, and youths, robed in white, each carrying an immense wax-light, were followed by a number of priests bearing the symbols of their religion. In the centre of the procession was a gilded litter, and on it was placed two figures of the size of life, representing a dead Christ supported in the arms of the Virgin. The litter was covered with flowers and rich ornaments, and the Virgin was dressed in cloth of gold, the head, neck, and arms covered by a profusion of pearl beads and trinkets. The ghastly image of the Saviour, smeared with blood, and covered with thorns, formed a fearful contrast with the rich habiliments of the Virgin, and the glowing tints of the flowers; while the embroidered vestments of the priests, and the white robes of their followers, were illumined by the blaze of the countless number of wax-lights that surrounded them. Two regiments, in their best uniforms, attended the procession, which moved along with a choral swell of sacred music, the whole scene having more the character of a triumphal entry than a solemn religious ceremony.

Our inn, the *Alberga del la Villa*, appears like a palace, after those to which we have lately been accustomed

Painted walls and ceilings, abundance of gilding, lofty and spacious rooms, and marble balconies, meet my eyes at every side; and when I approach the window, I see the sea in front of it reflecting a thousand lights from the shore.

Our old acquaintance, Lord William Russell, is, I find, in this hotel; and has sent to say that he wishes to see us, as he leaves Genoa early to-morrow. I am *en robe de chambre*, having just come out of my bath, consequently cannot receive his proposed visit; but Lord Blessington has gone to him. I regret not being able to avail myself of this opportunity, for he is very agreeable and intelligent; and it is pleasant to meet London acquaintances of his stamp, so far from home.

And am I indeed in the same town with Byron! and to-morrow, I may, perhaps, behold him! I never before felt the same impatient longing to see any one known to me only by his works. I hope he may not be fat, as Moore described him to be at Venice; for a *fat poet* is an anomaly in my opinion. Well, well, to-morrow I may know what he is like: and now, to bed, to sleep away the fatigues of my journey.

April 1st.—I have seen Lord Byron; and am disappointed! But so it ever is, when we have heard exaggerated accounts of a person; or when, worse still, we have formed a *beau idéal* of him. Yet most people would be more than satisfied with Byron's appearance, and captivated by his manner; for the first is highly prepossessing, and the second is graceful, animated, and cordial. Why then has he disappointed my expectations? and why is it, that on thinking of those portions of his writings that have most delighted me, I cannot figure the man I have seen as their author. No, the sublime passages in "Childe Harold," and "Manfred," cannot be associated in my mind, with the lively, brilliant conversationist that I this day saw. *They* still belong, in my fancy, to the more grave and dignified individual, that I had conceived their author to have been; an individual resembling Phillips' portrait of Byron, but paler and more thoughtful. I

can imagine the man I saw, as the author of "Beppo" and "Don Juan." He is witty, sarcastic, and lively enough for these works; but he does not look like my preconceived notion of the melancholy poet. Well, I never will again allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see; for disappointment never fails to ensue. And yet there are moments when Byron's countenance is "shadowed o'er with the pale cast of thought," and at such moments, his head might well serve as a model for a sculptor or painter's ideal of a poet; but in an instant, an arch smile replaces the pensive character of his countenance, and some observation, half fun and half malice, chases the sombre and more respectful feelings, which were beginning to exist for him. His head is peculiarly well shaped, the forehead high, open, and highly indicative of intellectual power; his eyes are gray and expressive, one is visibly larger than the other; the nose looks handsome in profile, but in front is somewhat clumsy; the eyebrows are well defined and flexible; and the mouth is faultless, the upper lip being of Grecian shortness, and both as finely chiselled, to use an artist's phrase, as those of an antique statue. There is a scornful expression in the latter feature that does not deteriorate from its beauty, and which is not assumed, as many people have supposed, but is caused by the peculiarity of its formation. His chin is large but well shaped, and not at all fleshy, and finishes well his face, which is of an oval form. His hair has already much of silver among its dark brown curls; its texture is very silky, and although it retreats from his temples, leaving his forehead very bare, its growth at the sides and back of his head is abundant. I have seldom seen finer teeth than Lord Byron's, and never a smoother or more fair skin, for though very pale, his is not the pallor of ill health, but the fairness peculiar to persons of thoughtful dispositions. He is so exceedingly thin, that his figure has an almost boyish air; and yet there is something so striking in his whole appearance, that could not be mistaken for an ordinary person.

This description is perfectly exact, and would convey

the impression of more than usual personal attractions, which Lord Byron may certainly claim; and yet his appearance has, nevertheless, fallen short of my expectations. I do not think that I should have observed his lameness, had my attention not been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity—a consciousness that gives a *gaucherie* to his movements: yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. His are the smallest male hands I ever saw; finely shaped delicately white, and the nails, *couleur de rose*, showing pearly half moons at the bottom, and so polished, that they resemble those delicate pink shells we find on the sea-coast. He owes less than any one of my acquaintance to his toilet, for his clothes are calculated to disfigure, rather than to adorn him, being old fashioned and fitting ill. His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate; and his enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*; and a want of the self-possession and dignity that ought to characterise a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet.

When we arrived at the gate of the court-yard of the Casa Sahuggo, in the village of Albano, where he resides, Lord Blessington and a gentleman of our party left the carriage and sent in their names. They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron, who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Lord Byron requested to be presented to me; which led to Lord Blessington's avowing that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the court,

and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate, and beheld him approaching quickly towards the carriage without his hat, and considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen. "You must have thought me quite as ill bred and *savage* as fame reports," said Byron, bowing very low, "in having permitted your ladyship to remain a quarter of an hour at my gate: but my old friend Lord Blessington is to blame, for I only heard a minute ago that it was so highly honored. I shall not think you do not pardon this apparent rudeness, unless you enter my abode—which I entreat you will do;" and he offered his hand to assist me to descend from the carriage. In the vestibule stood his *chasseur*, in full uniform, with two or three other domestics; and the expression of surprise visible in their countenances, evinced that they were not habituated to see their lord display so much cordiality to visitors.*

Our visit was a long one; for when we proposed abridging it, he so warmly urged our stay, and had so many questions to ask about old acquaintances and haunts, that the time passed rapidly. His memory is one of the most retentive I ever encountered; for he does not forget even trifling occurrences, or persons to whom, I believe he feels a perfect indifference. He expressed warmly, at our departure, the pleasure which our visit had afforded him—and I doubt not his sincerity; not that I would arrogate any merit in us, to account for his satisfaction; but simply because I can perceive that he likes hearing news of his old haunts and associates, and likes also to pass them *en revue*, pronouncing, *en passant*, opinions, in which wit and sly sarcasm are more obvious than good nature. Yet he does not give me the impression that he is ill-natured or malicious; even while uttering remarks that imply the presence of these qualities. It appears to me that they proceed from a reckless levity of disposition, that renders him incapable of checking the *spirituels* but sarcastic sallies which the possession of

* As the Conversations with Lord Byron have been published, the reader is referred to them.

a very uncommon degree of shrewdness, and a still more rare wit, occasions; and seeing how he amuses his hearers, he cannot resist the temptation, although at the expense of many whom he professes to like. We are to see him to-morrow at our hotel; for he has asked at what hour we would admit him.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the position of Genoa, were it not for one blemish; but even this, at a distance, adds to the beauty of the general effect. I refer to the near vicinity of the bold and bleak range of the Apennines, that form its back-ground. When beheld from a distance, the city, which is built on an amphitheatre, with the fine bay bathing its foundations, looks as if placed on an island between two seas; the mountains behind it being as blue as the Mediterranean in front, and both mingling, as it were, with the horizon. The white buildings rising one above the other between these vast masses of blue, have a beautiful effect, until viewed on the spot; when the contrast offered by the splendid palaces and the bleak sterile mountains, at whose base they rear their heads, is violent and disagreeable; the one offering a view of nature in her roughest, wildest form, and the others presenting specimens of all the refinements and graces of wealth and art. On looking at the Apennines from the ramparts to-day, I was reminded of the truth of Rogers' lines in the "Pleasures of Memory:"—

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in her azure hue.

For this chain of mountains, so "beautifully blue" in the distance, are, when seen near, of a cold grayish tint, and have a cheerless and frowning aspect. It is not mountains alone to which distance lends charms, it gives a halo to anticipated happiness, that reality dissolves; gilds the visions of hope, and disarms grief of its stings; subduing the memory of sorrow to a pensive, but not unpleasing recollection.

END OF VOL. I.

